

SMASH

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JUNE
NO. 43

COMICS



10¢



SPECIAL!
MIDNIGHT ... in the
mysterious case of
"The **MURDER MASK**"



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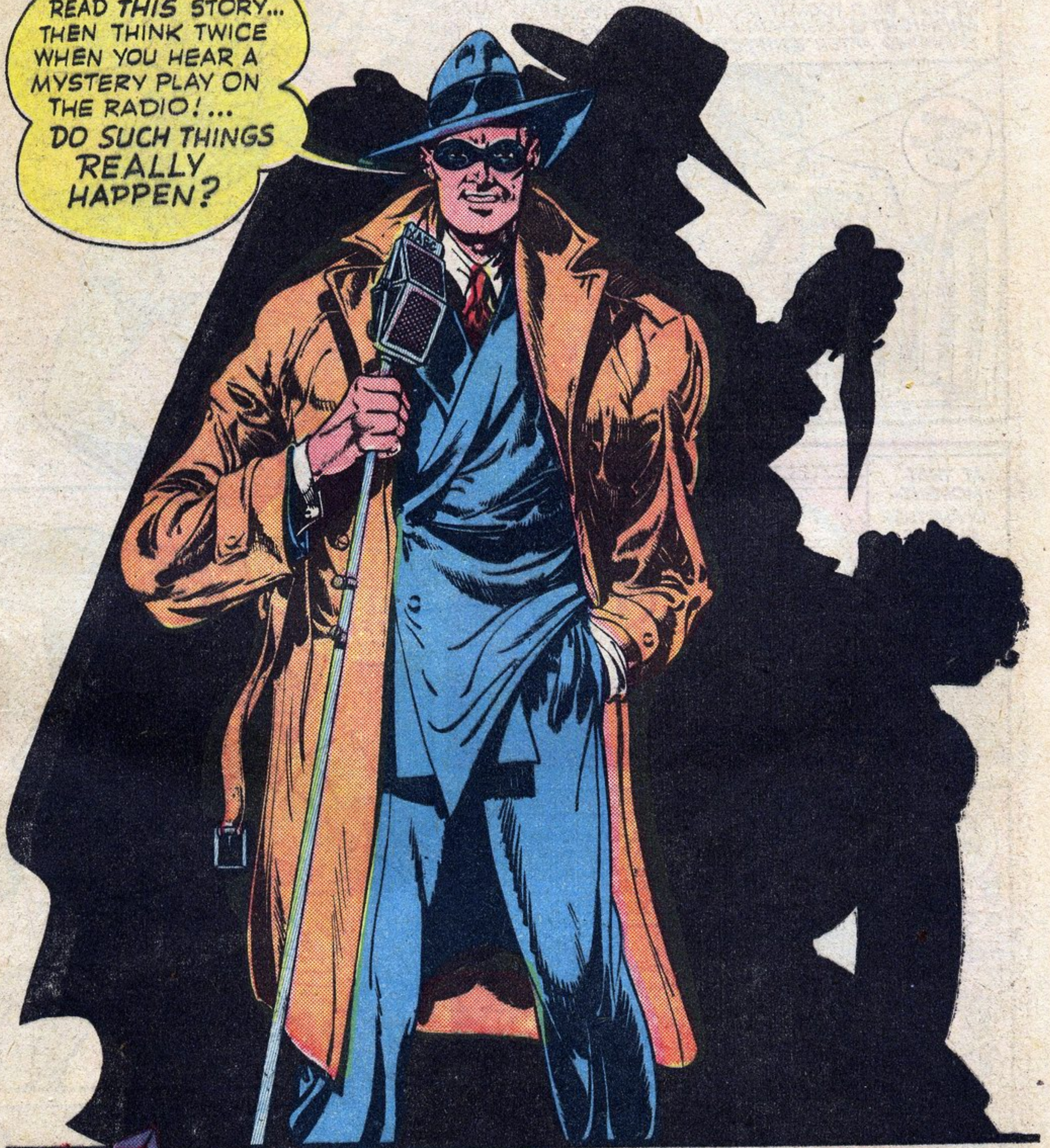
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Quarterly

UNCLE SAM
Quarterly

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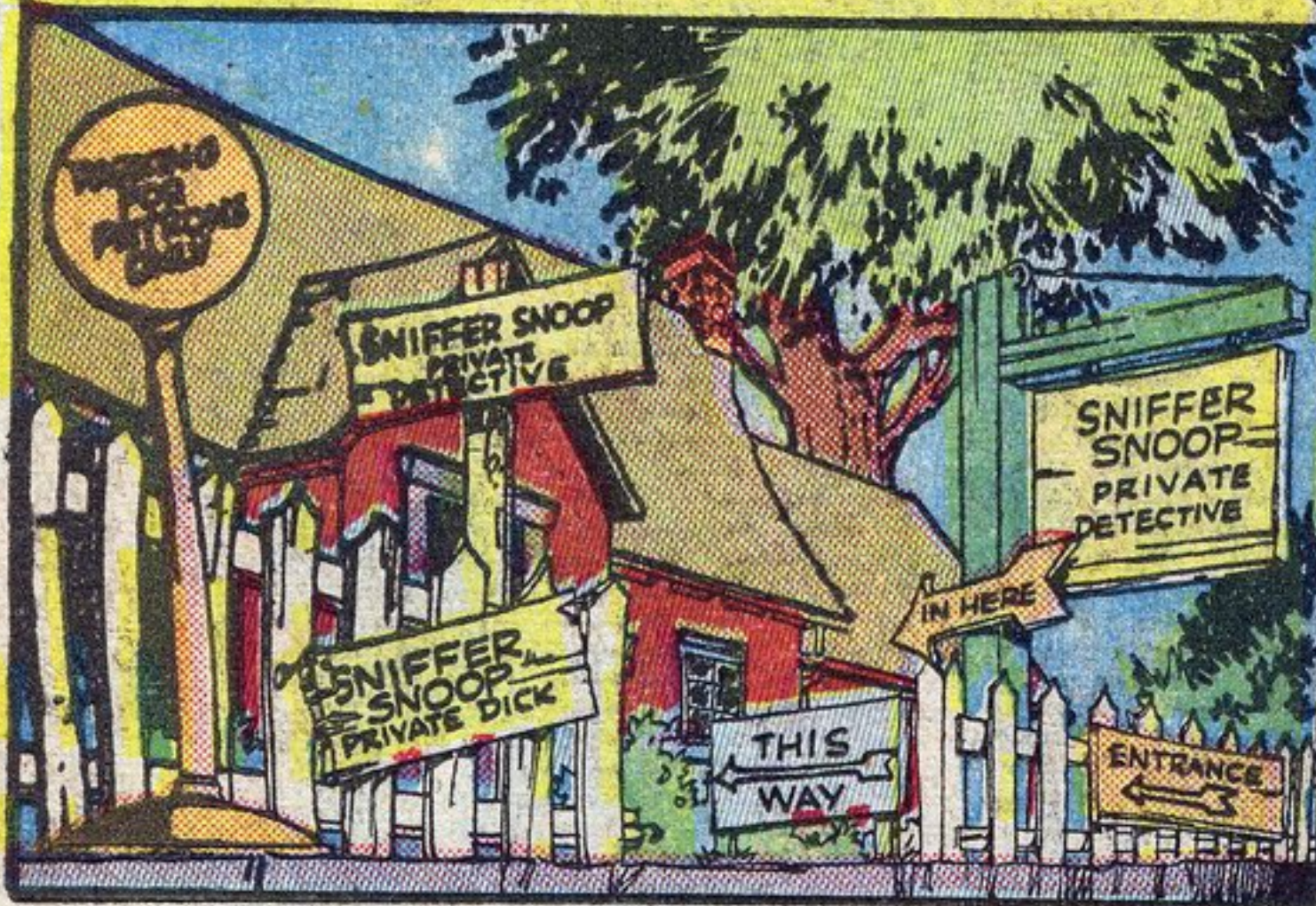
READ THIS STORY...
THEN THINK TWICE
WHEN YOU HEAR A
MYSTERY PLAY ON
THE RADIO!...
DO SUCH THINGS
REALLY
HAPPEN?



MIDNIGHT

By
PAUL
GUSTAVSON

REMEMBER THAT PEACEFUL RETREAT MIDNIGHT LIVES IN? -- AND REMEMBER "SNIFFER SNOOP". THE GUY WHO TOOK IT UPON HIMSELF TO BE MIDNIGHT'S ASSISTANT? WELL, THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED AFTER SNIFFER SNOOP MOVED IN!



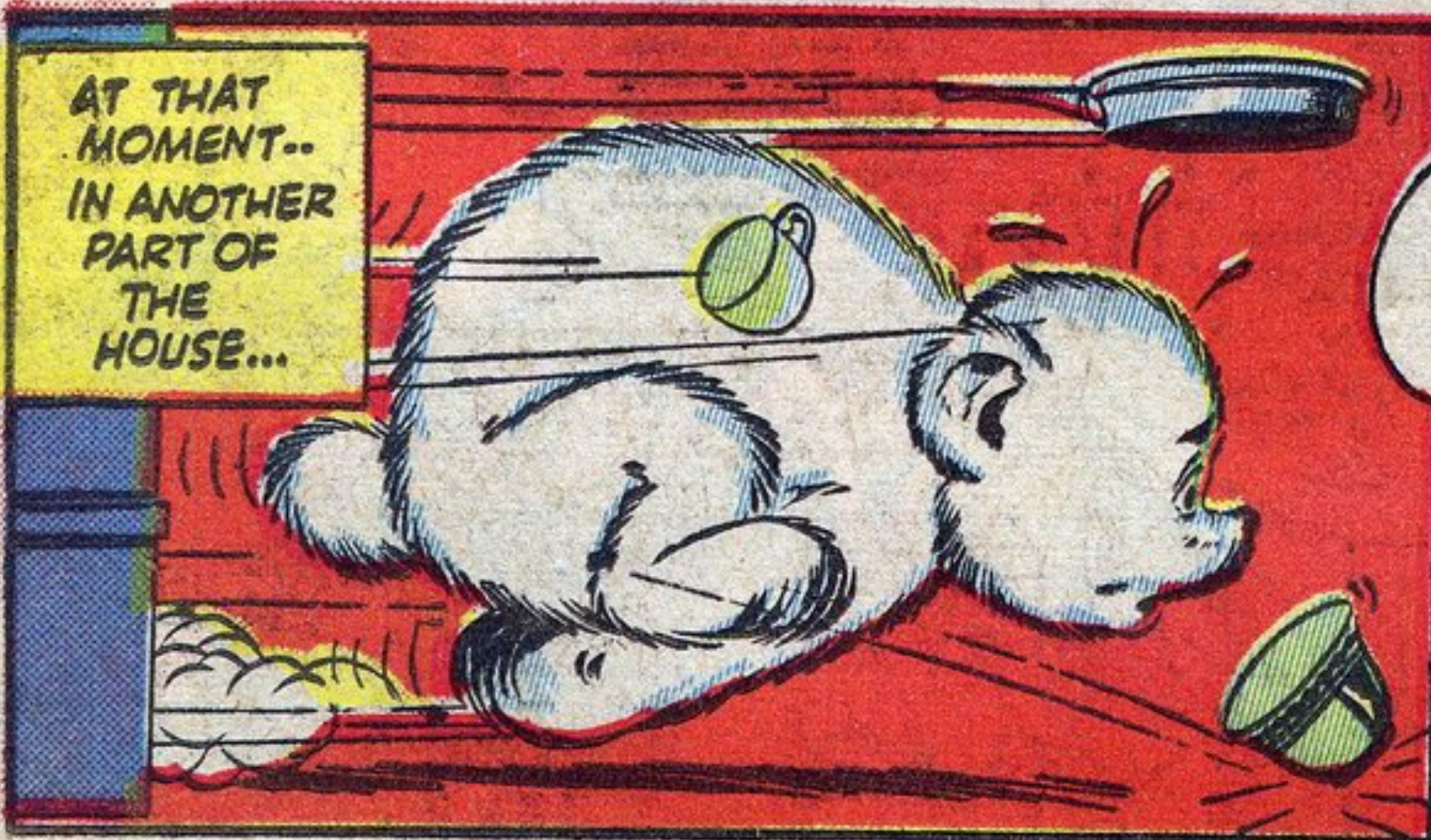
...AND INSIDE, THINGS ARE EVEN WORSE

OW!

DAG BLAST IT.. ANOTHER ONE OF SNIFFER'S SIGNS!



AT THAT MOMENT.. IN ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE...



YOU BALLOON-FACED QUADRUPED EAT ALL OUR SUGAR, WILL YOU ???!



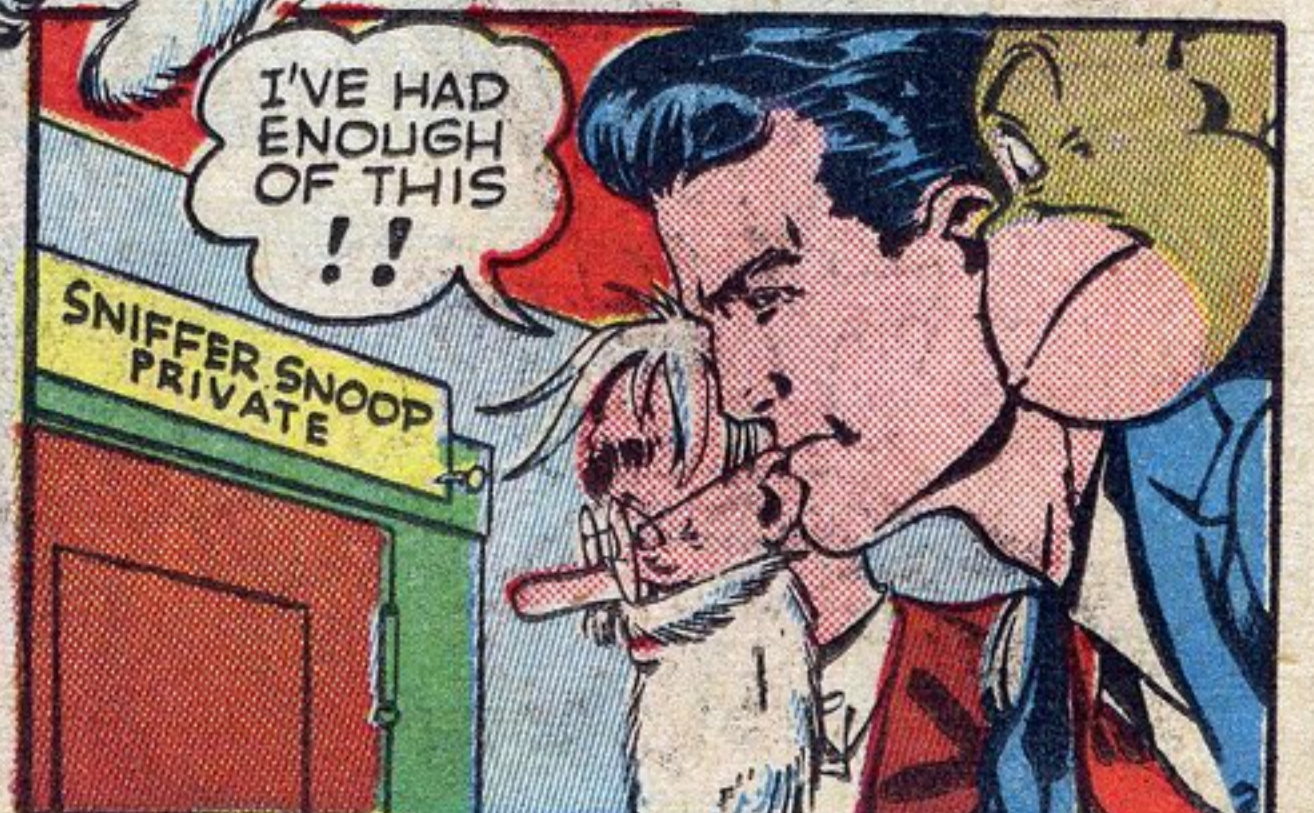
NOW WHAT?



FINGERPRINT POWDER-- IT'S ALL OVER MY APPARATUS! WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT SAWED-OFF SNIFFER SNOOP!



I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS !!







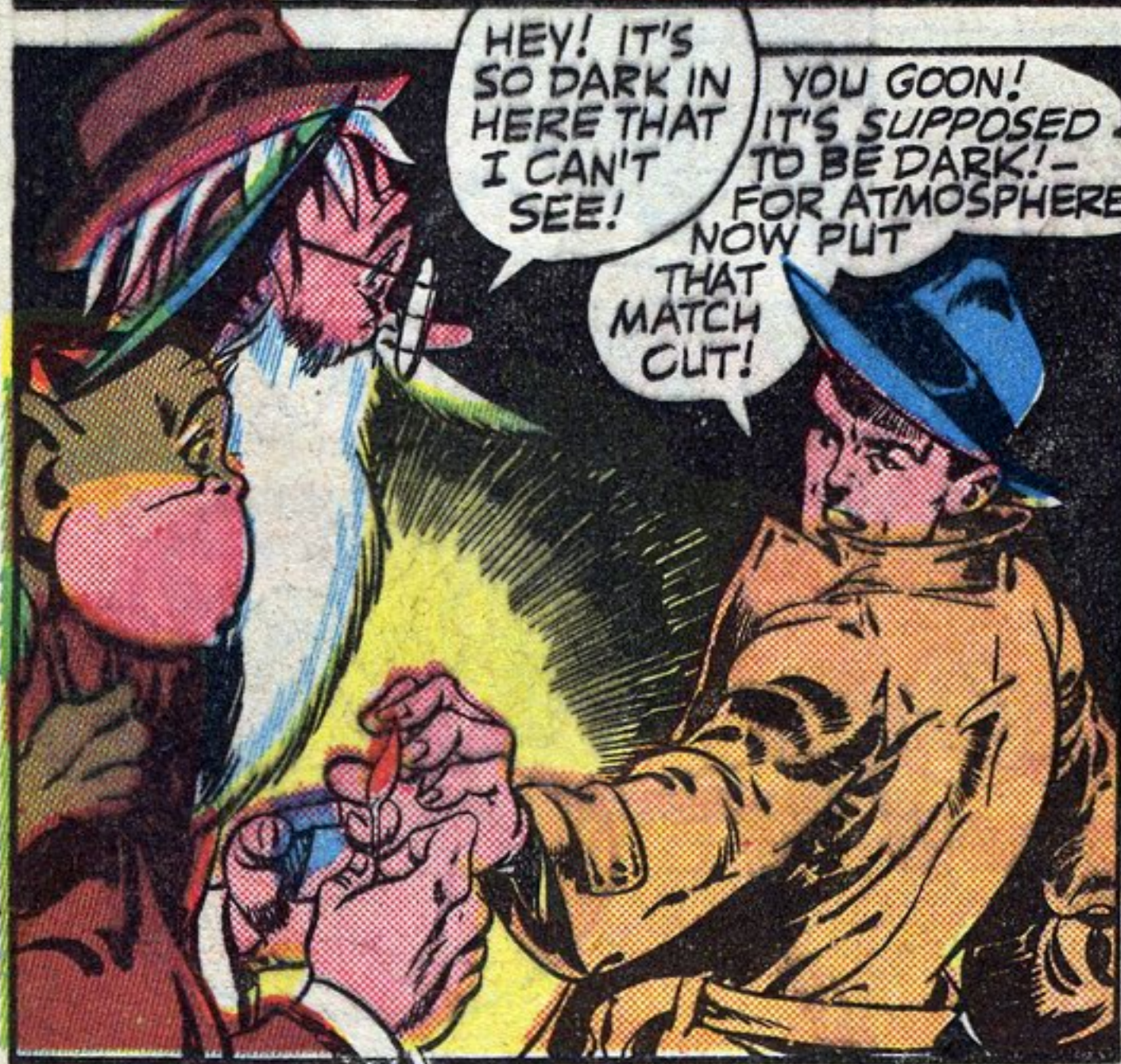
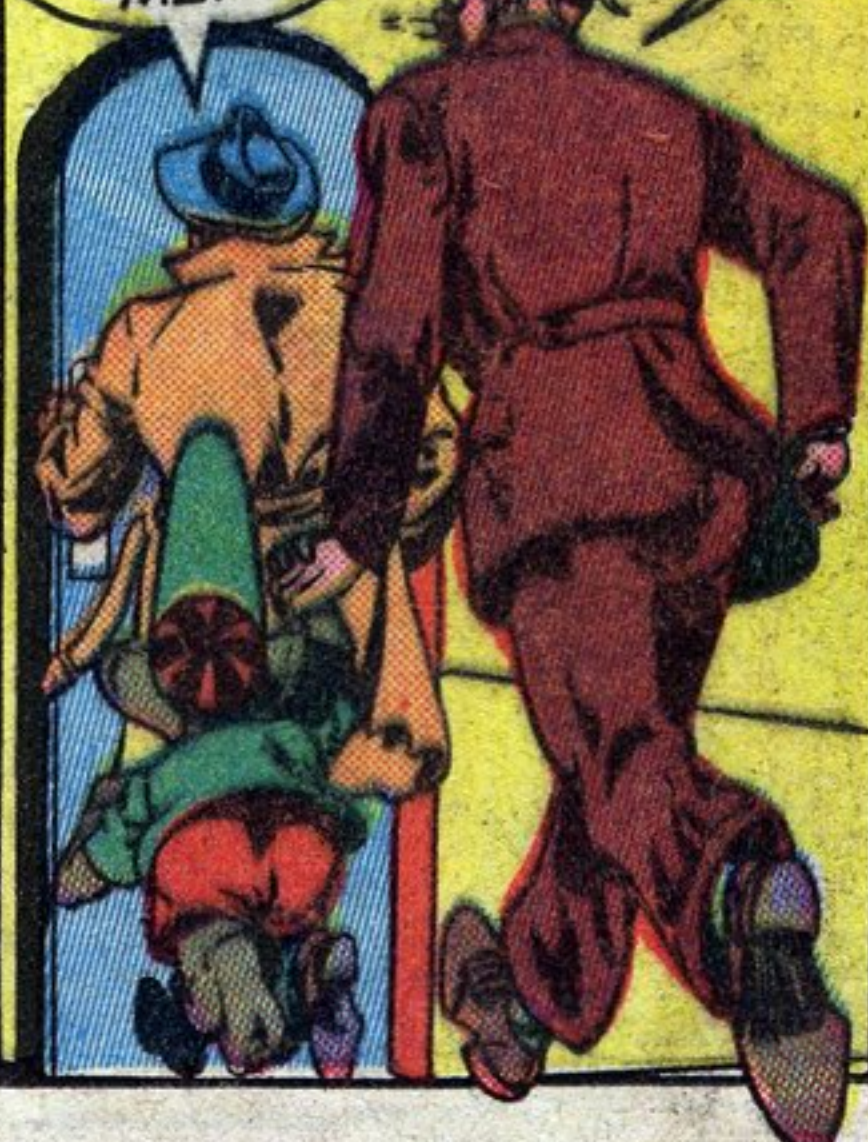
DAVE CLARK-- I'M GONNA FIRE YOU SOME DAY! YOU'RE ON THE AIR IN LESS THAN 45 SECONDS!

TAKE IT EASY!-- I'VE NEVER BEEN LATE FOR A BROADCAST YET!



YOU TWO CAN SIT ON THE STAGE NEXT TO ME!

OKAY!



HEY! IT'S SO DARK IN HERE THAT I CAN'T SEE!

YOU GOON! IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE DARK!-- FOR ATMOSPHERE!

NOW PUT THAT MATCH OUT!

THE FAMILIAR CHIMES OF "XABC" RING OUT... A HUSHED AUDIENCE MOVES FORWARD IN ITS SEATS--AND, AS A LIGHT FLASHES ON THE STAGE, HEADS TURN SHARPLY TOWARD DAVE CLARK!



AND SHORT SECONDS LATER, A WOMAN'S SHRILL SCREAM PIERCES THE ATMOSPHERE!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE RADIO AUDIENCE--- STATION "XABC" PRESENTS THE -----

BUT BEFORE DAVE CAN FINISH THE ANNOUNCEMENT, THREE SHOTS RING OUT IN THE BALCONY OF THE STUDIO!...

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!





TERROR-STRICKEN, THE AUDIENCE GAPES BACK INTO THE DARKNESS—WHEN THE GLARE OF A SPOT-LIGHT AGAIN ATTRACTS ITS EYES TO THE STAGE—

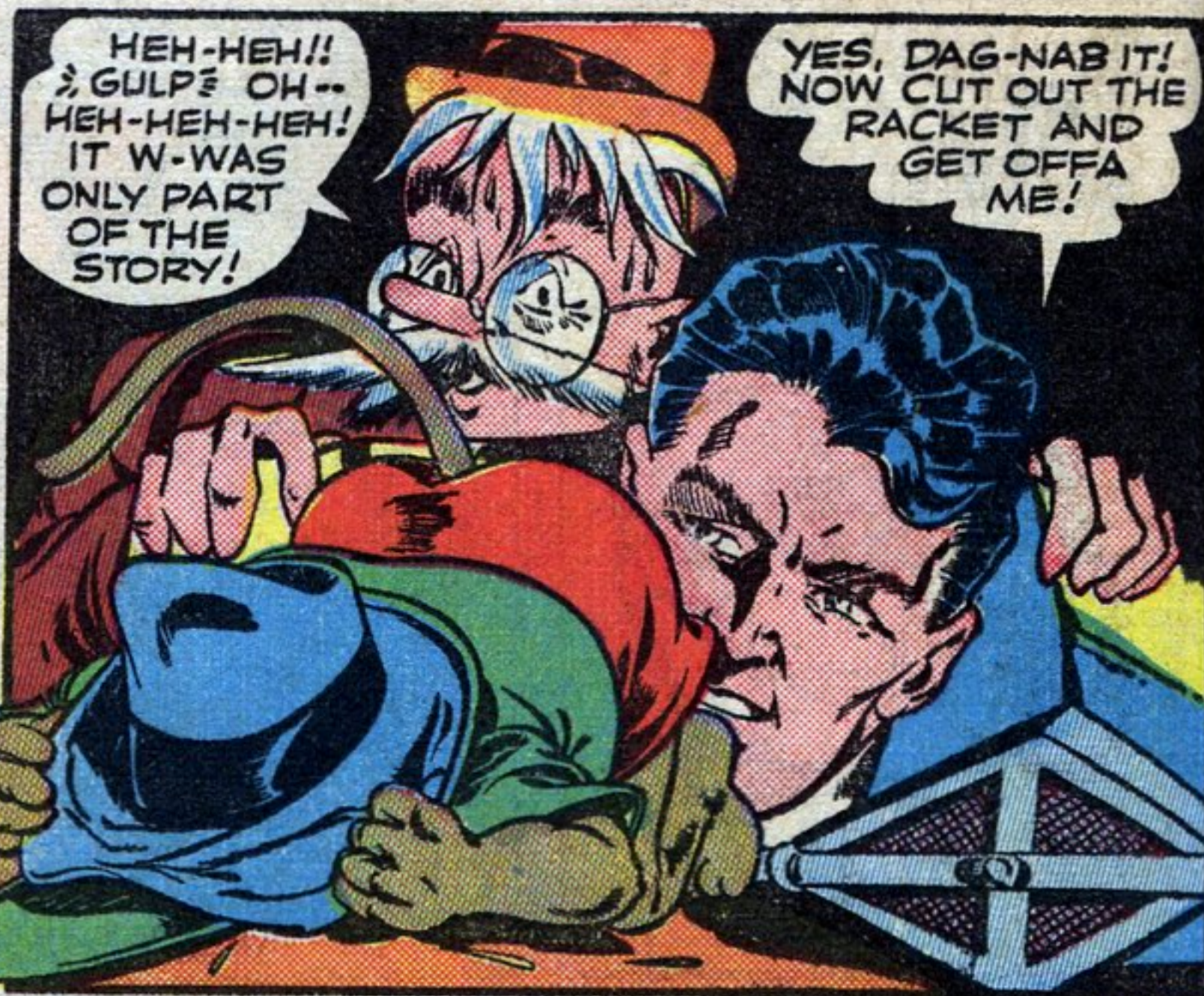


...WHERE A TOWERING FIGURE GLARES DOWN AT THEM ... THE MAN OF MYSTERY--
THE MASK!!





QUIET! HEH-HEH-HEH!
YOU ARE
FRIGHTENED! HEH-
HEH-HEH! -- YOU SHOULD
BE! -- BECAUSE FIVE
MORE OF YOU HERE
IN THE AUDIENCE
ARE GOING TO
BE **KILLED!**



HEH-HEH!!
GULP! OH--
HEH-HEH-HEH!
IT W-WAS
ONLY PART
OF THE
STORY!

YES, DAG-NAB IT!
NOW CUT OUT THE
RACKET AND
GET OFFA
ME!



GULP!
I'LL BET
THIS IS
GONNA BE
A WHOPPER
OF A
MYSTERY
STORY!

YEAH! WHAT TH--?
HEY! MY SCRIPT
DOESN'T CALL FOR
ANYBODY GETTING
SHOT AND FALLING
OUT OF THE BALCONY!
HANG IT! MY STUPID
BOSS MUST HAVE
GIVEN ME THE
WRONG SCRIPT!



THERE'S ONE CONSOLATION
ANYWAY!-- THIS STORY
HAS EVERYONE HERE
SCARED OUT OF
HIS WITS!



EVERYONE???
OH, MY GOSH! HERE'S
SNIFFER SNOOP!!

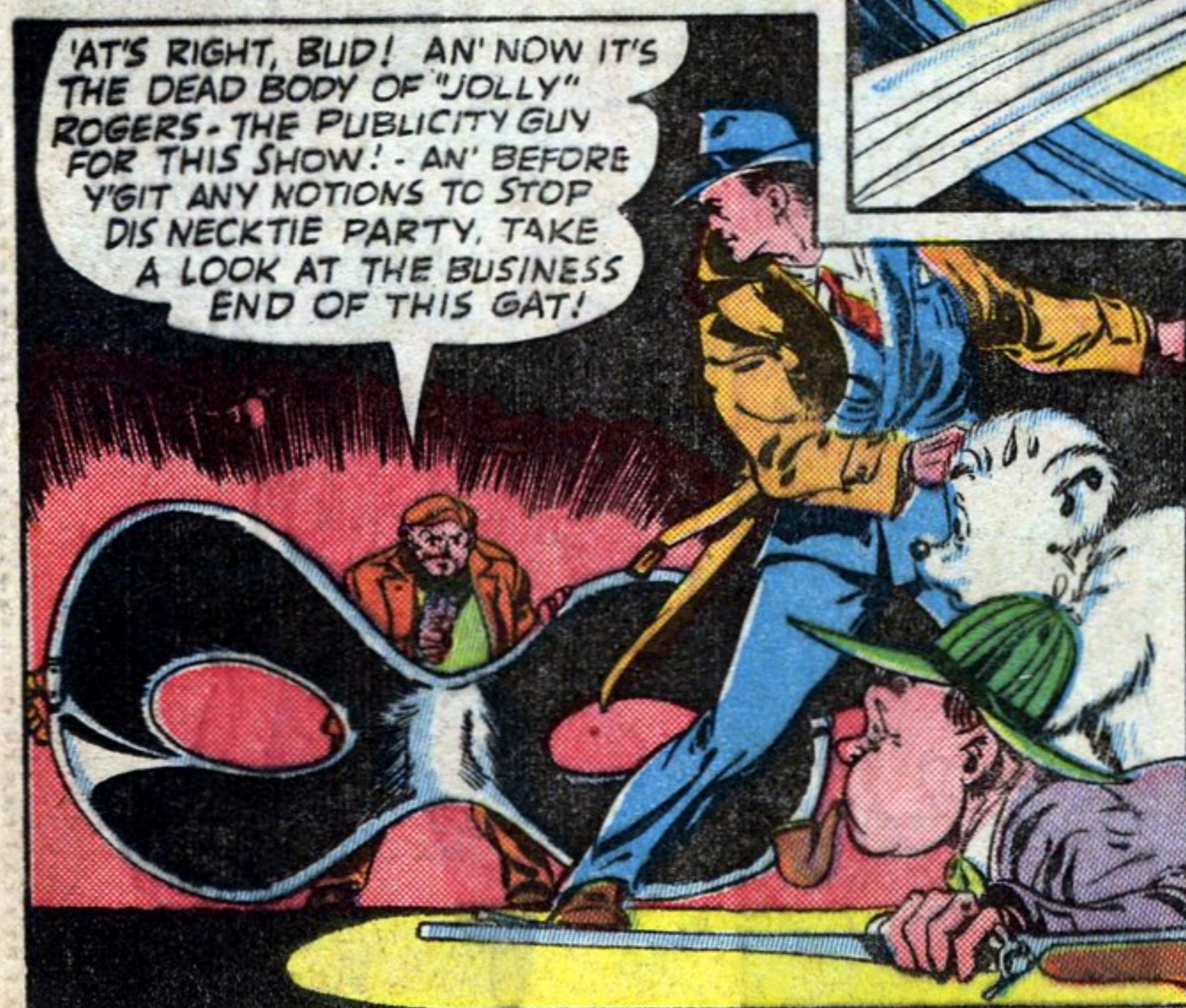
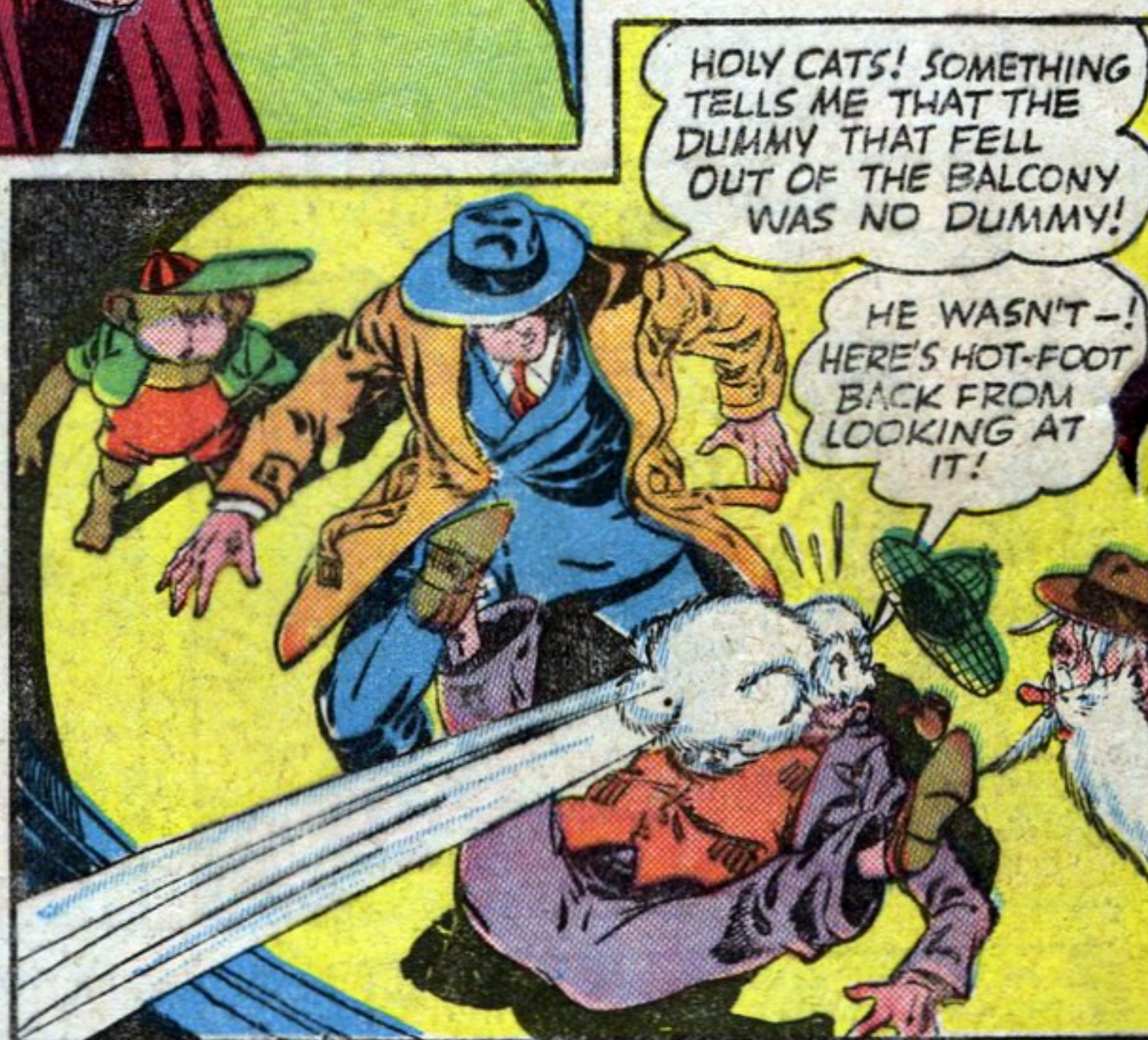
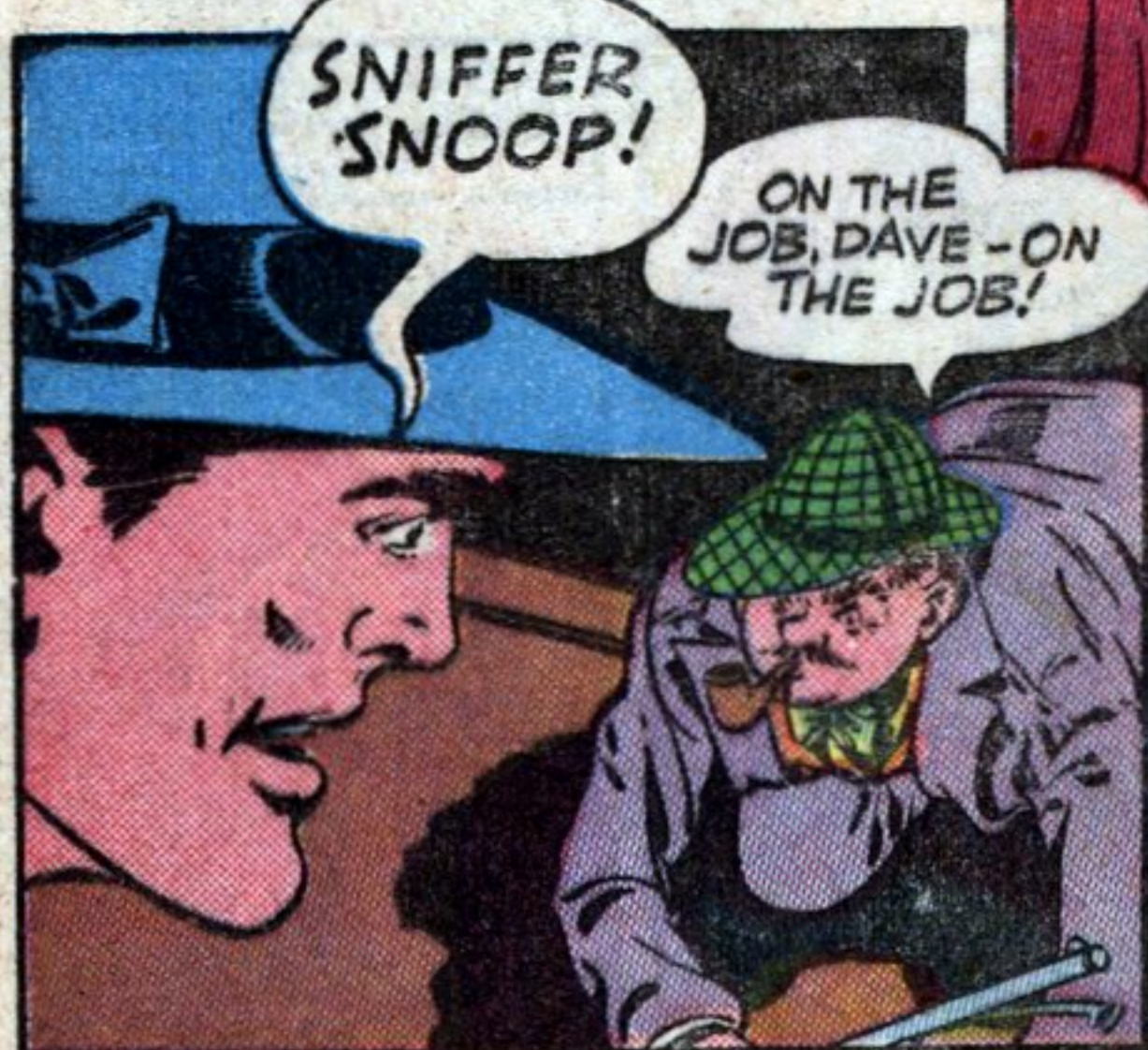
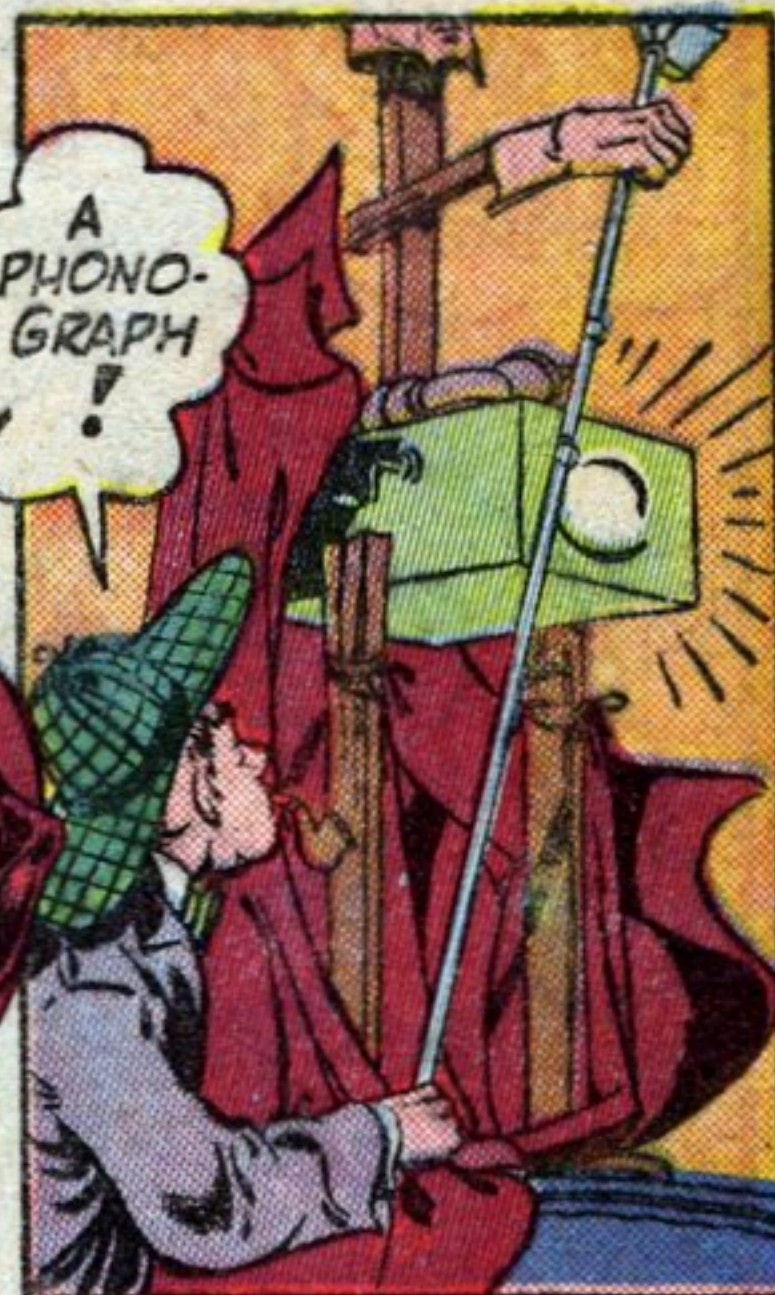
BUT YOU'RE
AS BAD AS
EVERYONE ELSE
HERE, "HOT-FOOT!"
-- SCARED SILLY
BY A MERE
STORY! NOW
COME OUT
FROM UNDER
MY COAT!

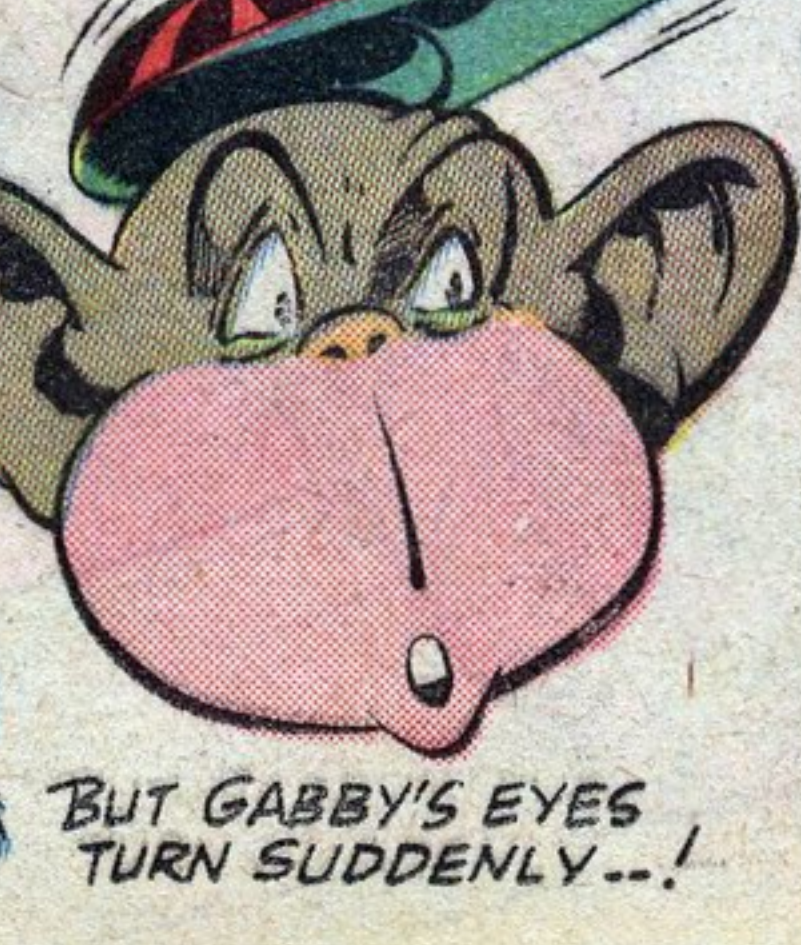
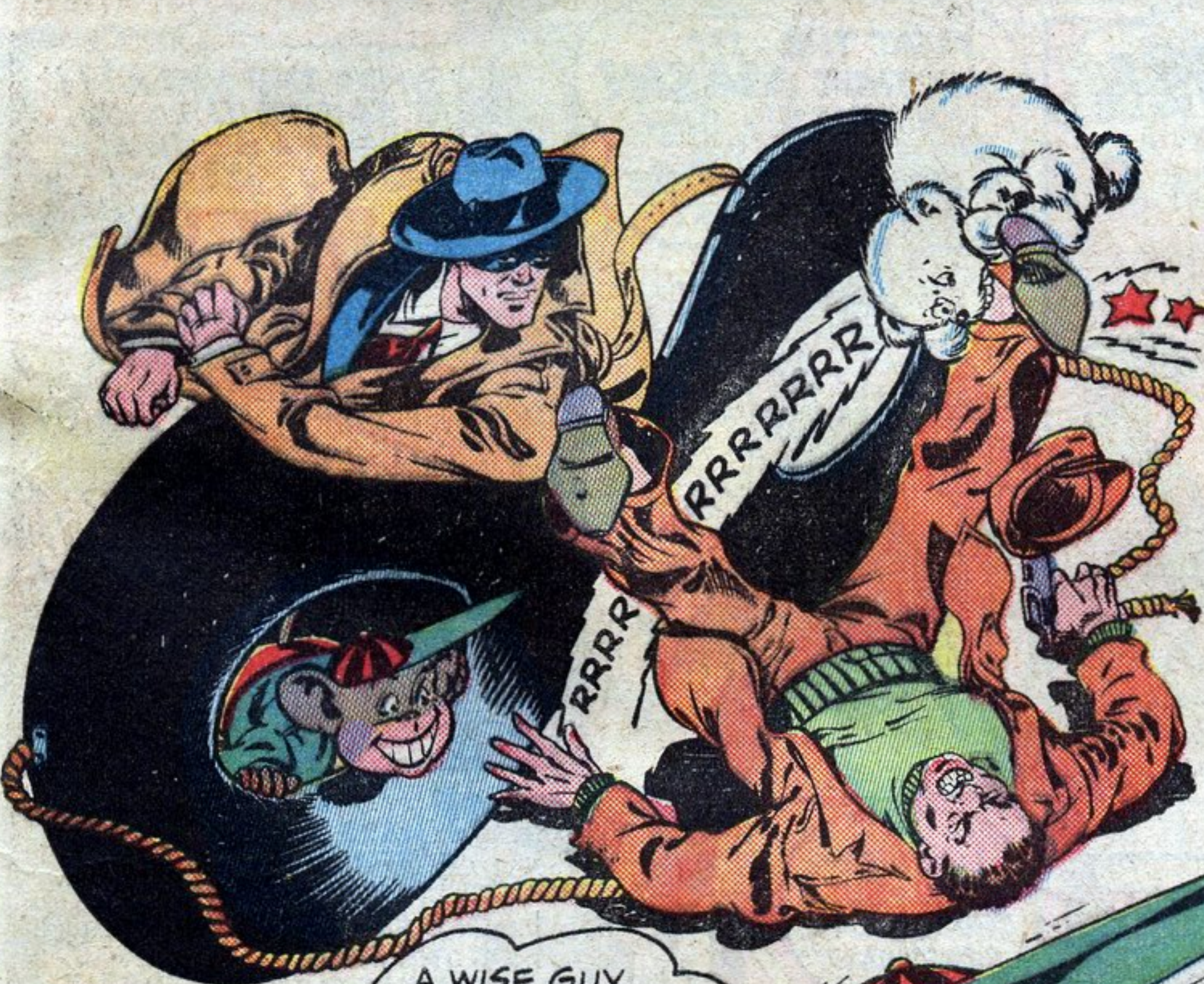
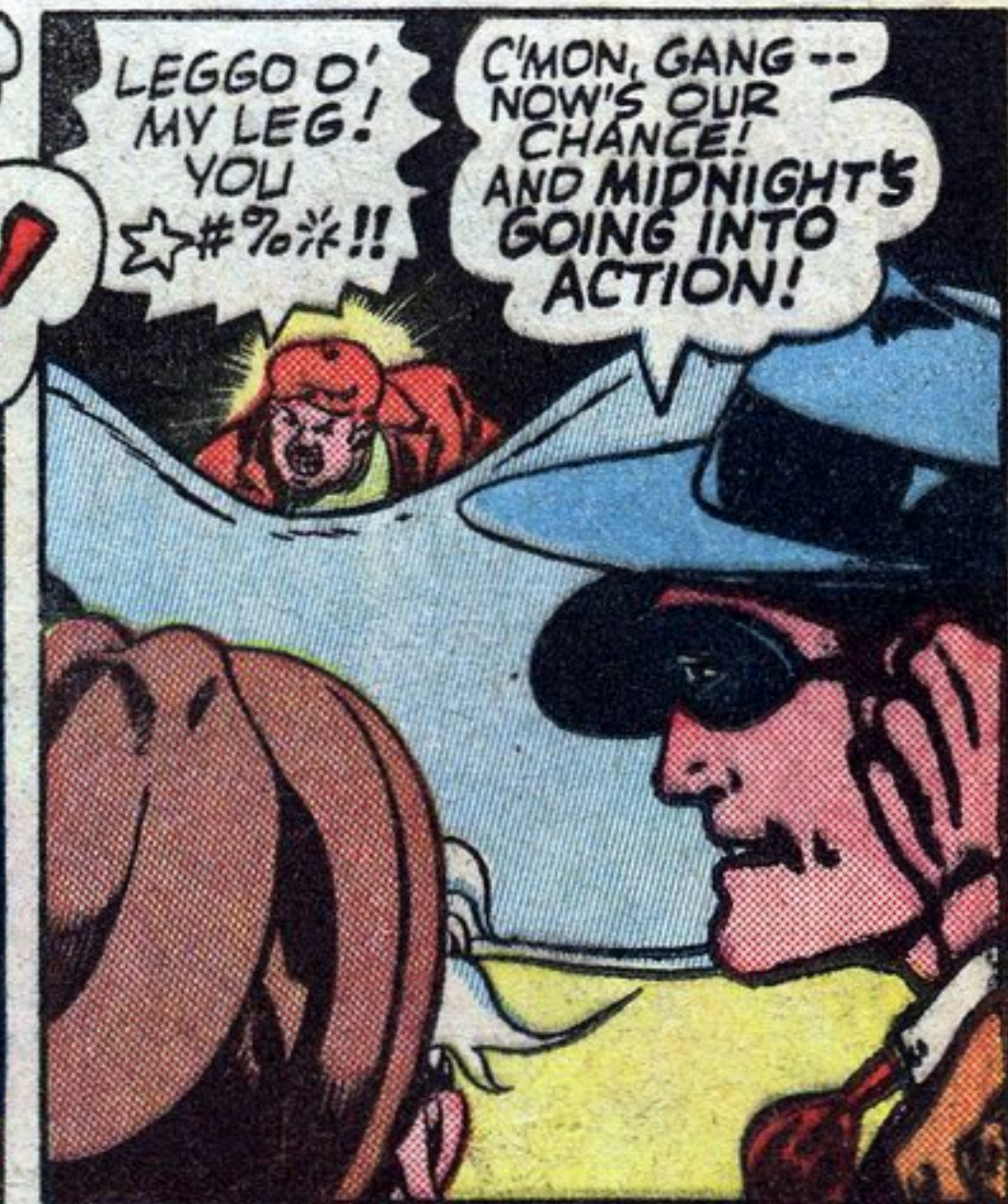
HERE -- WHILE I
STUDY THIS "HAM" ON
THE STAGE, YOU GO
BACK AND LOOK AT THE
BODY -- YOU'LL FIND IT'S
ONLY A
DUMMY!

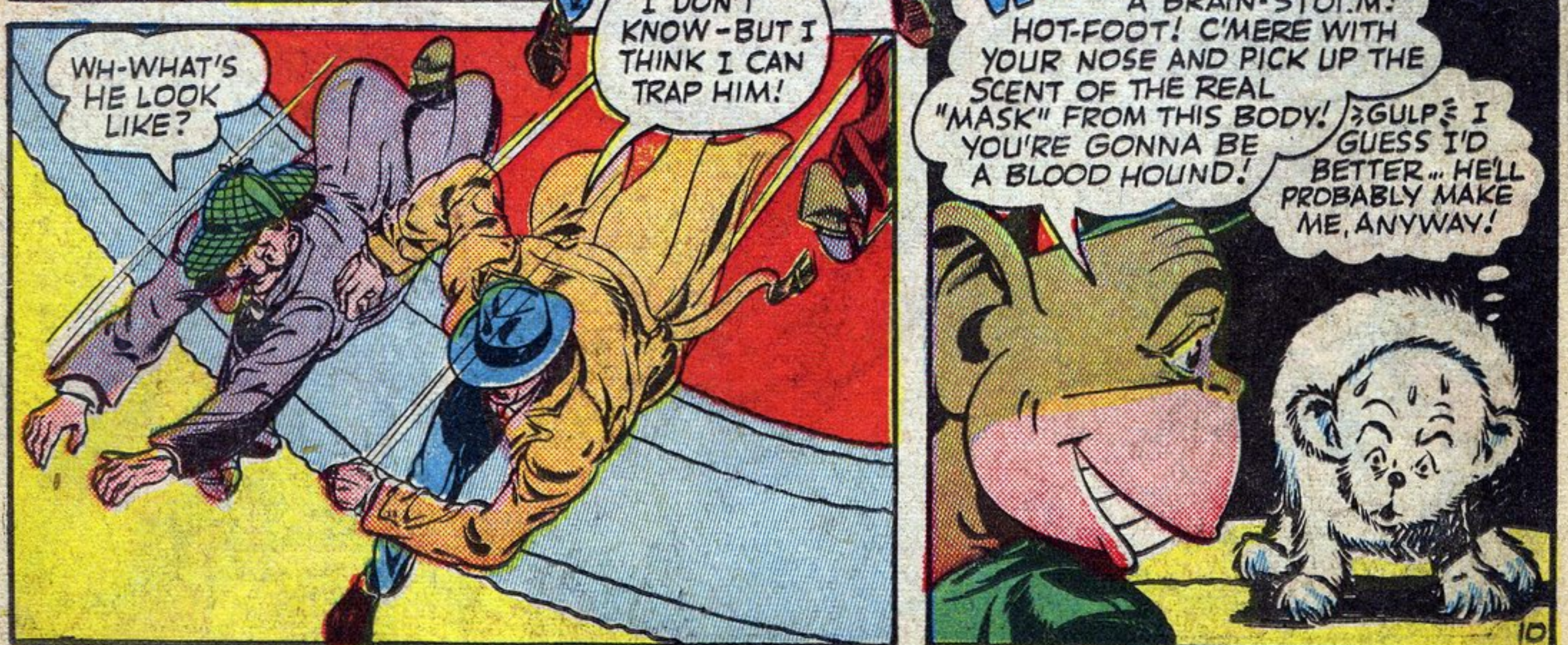
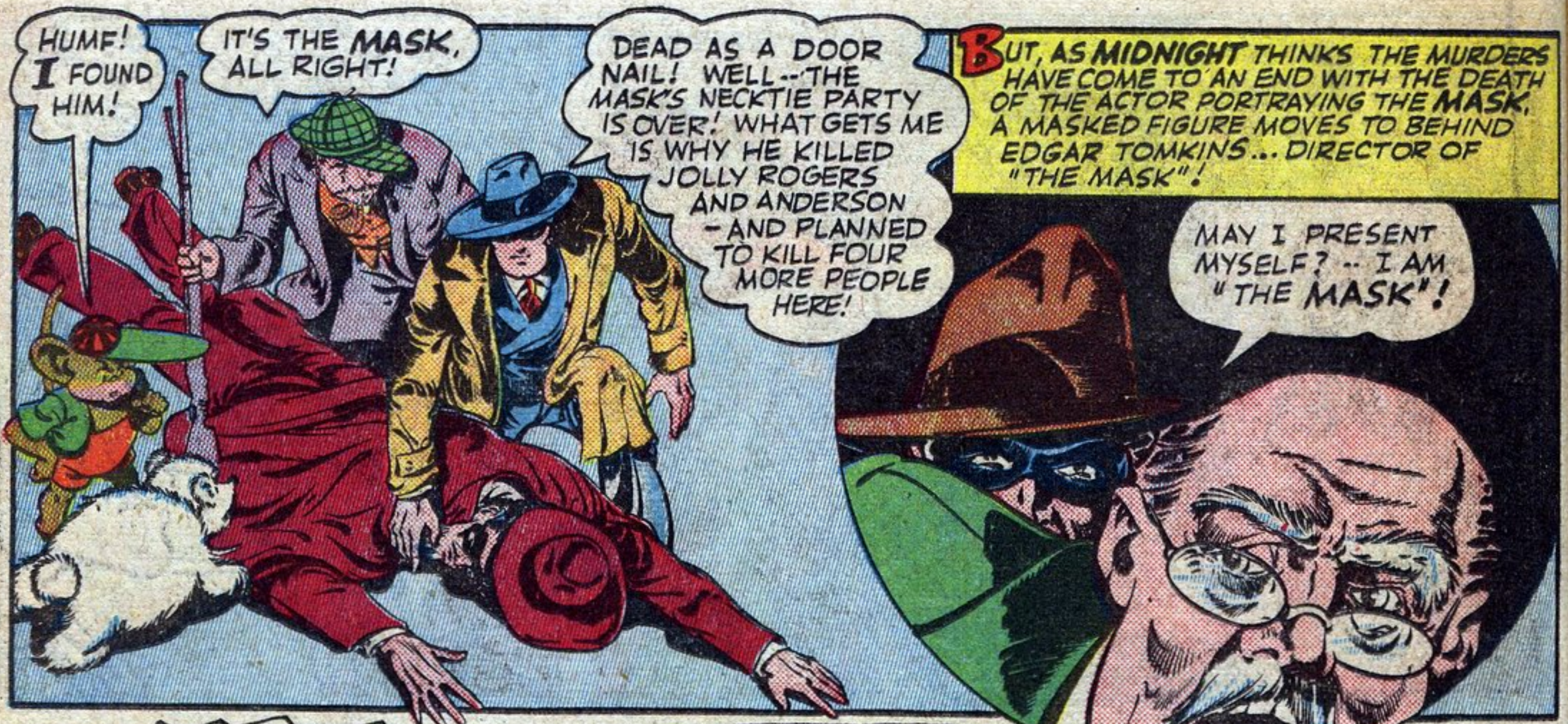


HARUMF! SO THIS IS THE
MYSTERY SERIES THAT
SCARES **EVERYBODY!**
WELL--IT JUST GOES
TO SHOW YOU -- NOTHING
CAN SCARE THE
GREATEST DETECTIVE
IN THE WORLD!









SNIFF-SNIFF-SNIFF -- AND THEN, A SHORT MINUTE LATER...



YOU LAME BRAIN! DOES HE LOOK LIKE THE MASK? DOES HE LOOK LIKE A KILLER?



THIS PLAY IS BASED ON THE LIFE STORY OF THE REAL "MASK," A NOTORIOUS CRIMINAL WHO IS IN PRISON FOR LIFE! THE FOUR PEOPLE KILLED WERE CONNECTED WITH THE PROGRAM! SOMEONE WANTS TO STOP THIS PLAY!



GABBY! WHAT ARE YOU AND HOTFOOT DOING?

EXCUSE US, MISTER! THIS DOPE IS ACCUSING YOU OF BEING THE MASK!

DOC! -- DUCK! THIS IS THE REAL MASK! -- THE KILLER!

THE MASK! HIM?



YES! - THE MASK! - THE REAL "MASK"! I BROKE OUT OF JAIL TO STOP THESE SWINE FROM STEALING MY CREATION! ... AND I'LL KILL EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM - WITH YOU THROWN IN!

STEALING YOUR CREATION? NO, MASK! - JUST SHOWING THE PUBLIC HOW GUYS LIKE YOU END UP - BEHIND BARS - WHERE YOU'RE GOING BACK TO!



AND THE NEXT TIME YOU DO ANY SHOOTING, BLOW THE SMOKE OUT OF YOUR GUN AFTER YOU FIRE IT! IT USUALLY STAYS IN THE BARREL AND MAKES A DEAD GIVE-AWAY!

A FOUNTAIN-PEN GUN!



RIGHT! NOW, GABBY, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING ABOUT HOT-FOOT?

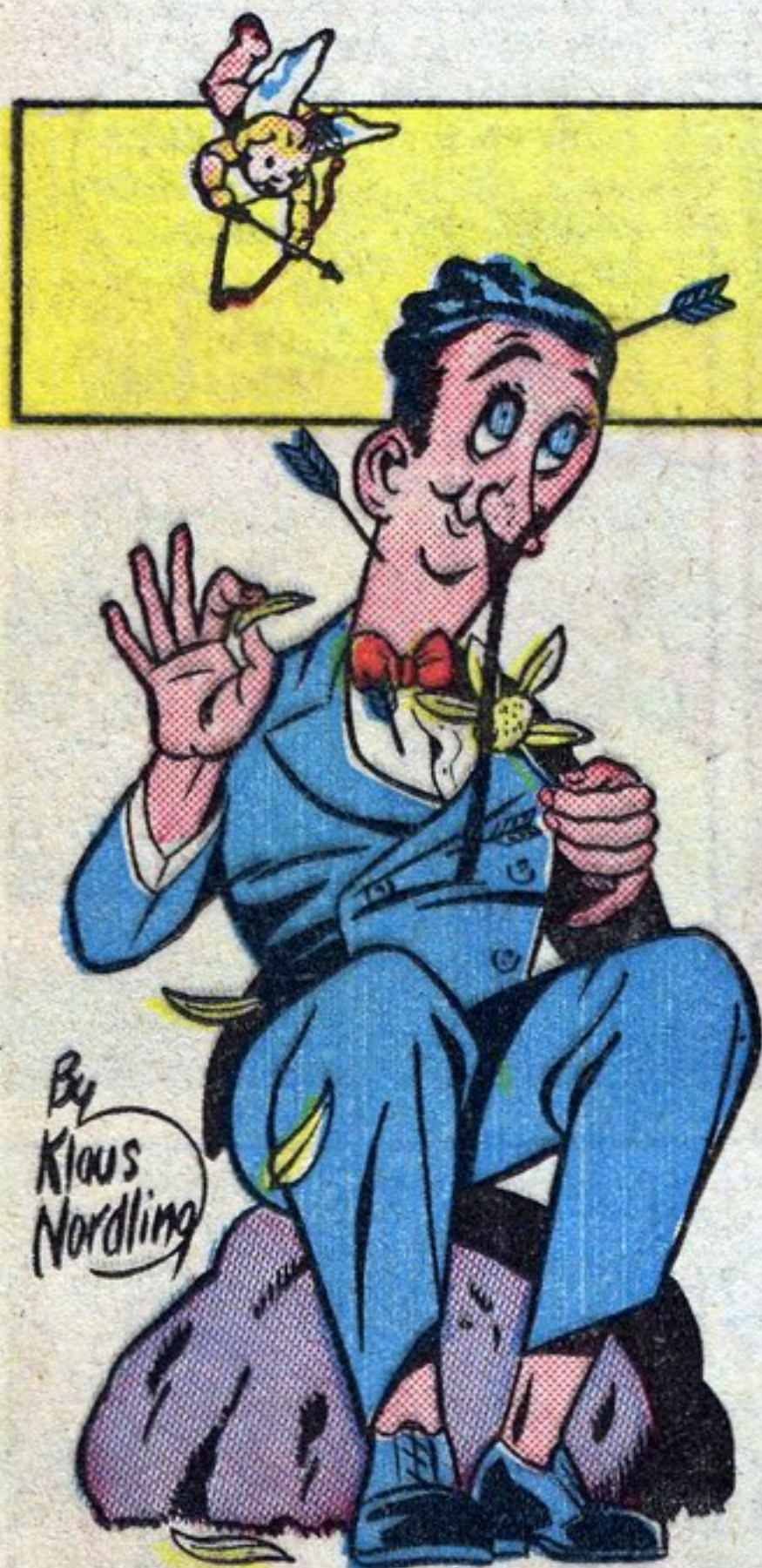
OH, NOTHING, NOTHING AT ALL!

☆#0%*
SOMEDAY I'M GONNA FIND OUT HOW THAT APE LEARNED TO TALK!



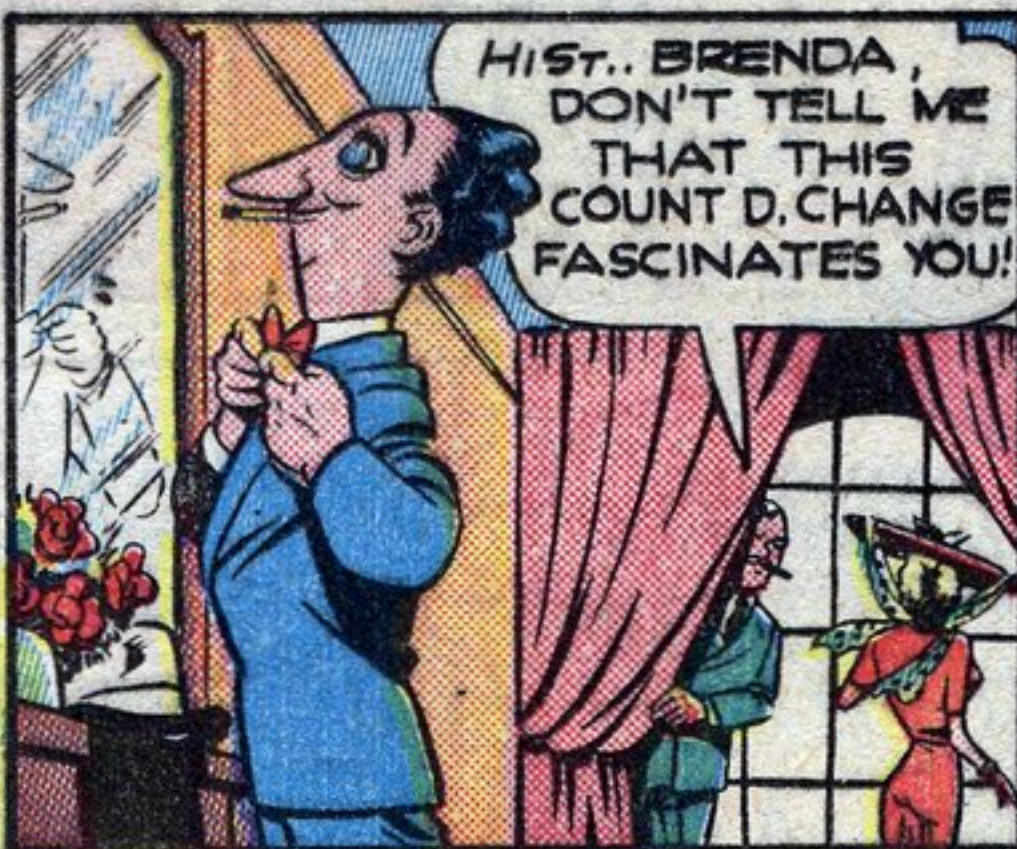
READ THE NEXT SMASH COMICS!

LADY LUCK



By Klaus Nordling

THAT BRENDA BANKS, CELEBRATED DEBUTANTE, AND THE MYSTERIOUS, ELUSIVE LADY LUCK ARE ONE AND THE SAME PERSON, IS A FACT NOT KNOWN TO HER FRIENDS, FAMILY, AND THE WORLD AT LARGE...



HIST.. BRENDA, DON'T TELL ME THAT THIS COUNT D. CHANGE FASCINATES YOU!

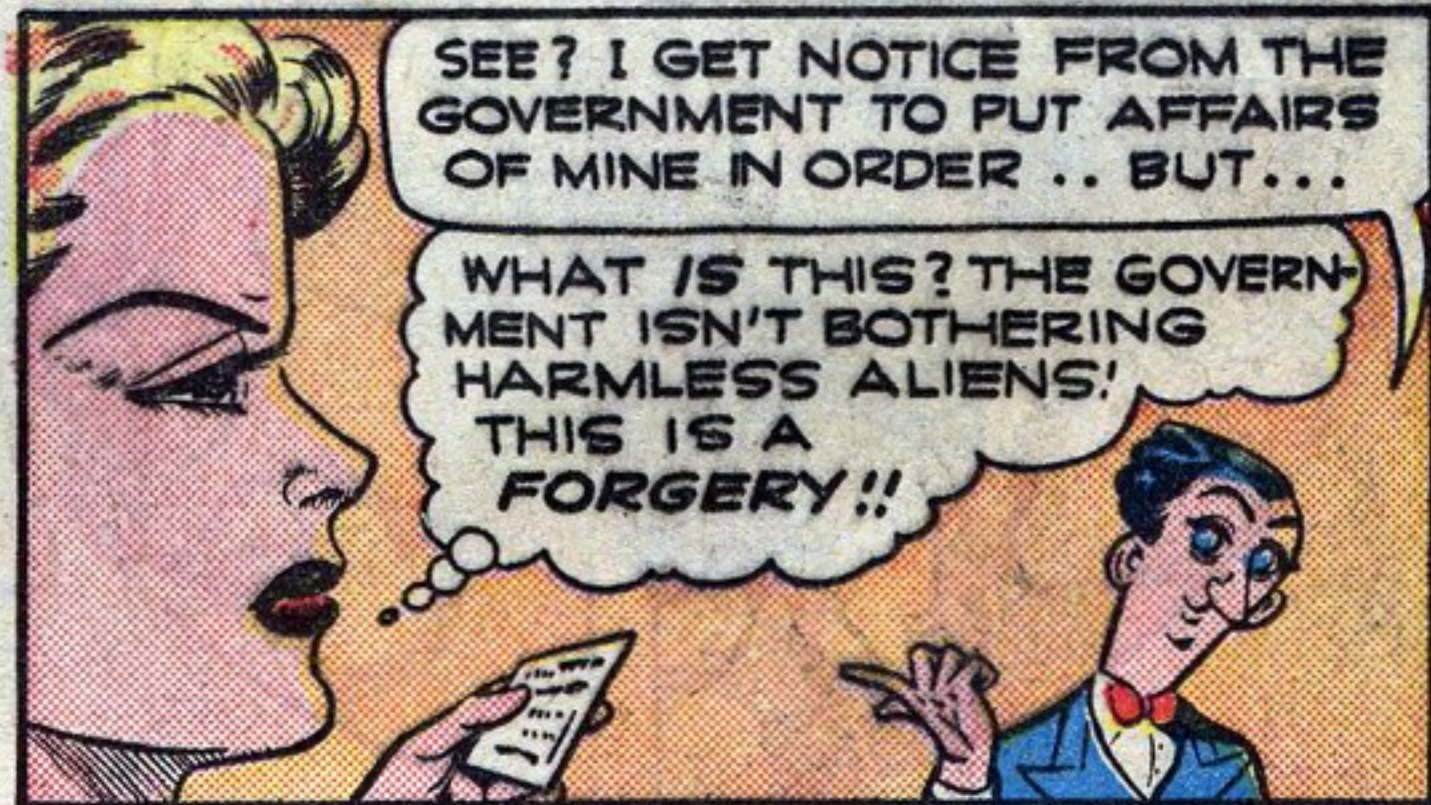


DON'T BE SILLY, DAD.. HE'S ALL A-TWITTER OVER LADY LUCK... THINKS HE MIGHT MEET HER THROUGH ME...



MADLY I AM IN LOVE WITH THIS FABULOUS LADY LUCK.. AH, ME.. HER EXPLOITS INTRIGUE ME!! LA! THOUGH AN ALIEN, I WILL BE FREE TO COURT HER...

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



SEE? I GET NOTICE FROM THE GOVERNMENT TO PUT AFFAIRS OF MINE IN ORDER .. BUT...

WHAT IS THIS? THE GOVERNMENT ISN'T BOTHERING HARMLESS ALIENS! THIS IS A FORGERY!!

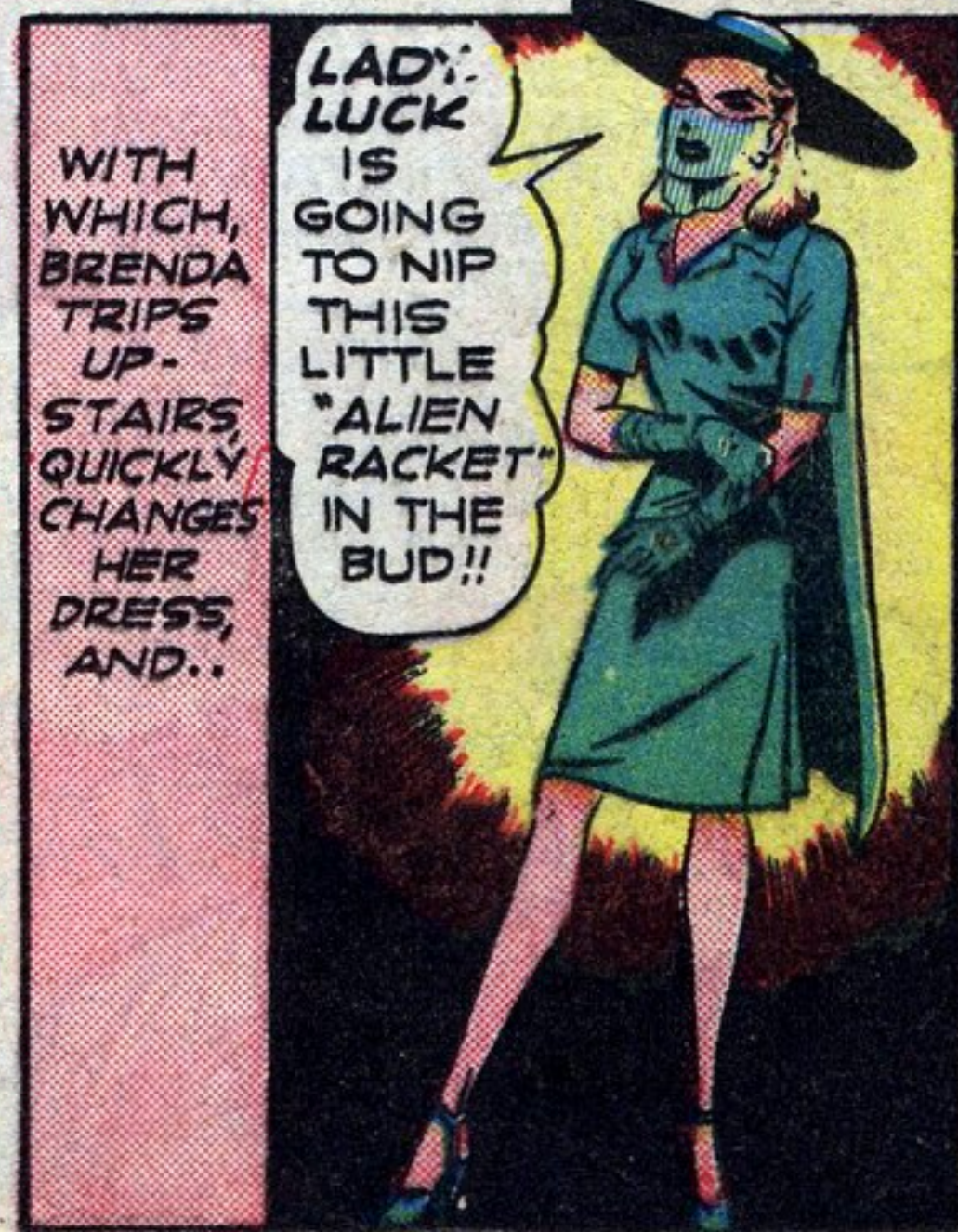


BUT FOR THE SLIGHT FEE, ONE FIRM PROMISES COMPLETE PROTECTION FROM INTERNMENT AND OTHER TROUBLES .. THE FEE COLLECTOR CALLS ON ME TODAY!

THIS IS A NEW RACKET ON ME..



MAYBE YOU WILL MEET LADY LUCK, AFTER ALL, COUNTY.. G'BYE, NOW.. I HAVE AN IMPORTANT DATE !!



WITH WHICH, BRENDA TRIPS UP- STAIRS, QUICKLY CHANGES HER DRESS, AND..

LADY LUCK IS GOING TO NIP THIS LITTLE "ALIEN RACKET" IN THE BUD!!

EVENTUALLY, THE
IMPOVERISHED
NOBLEMAN
REACHES HOME..



HELLO!



WELL, FINALLY FOUND YA
AT HOME.. GOT ME TWENTY
FIVE DOLLARS FOR YER
PROTECTION !!

TWENTY-FIVE? SO
MUCH I DID NOT
KNOW IT COST.. I
AM RATHER SHORT..



LET'S LOOK INTO THIS
BUSINESS A LITTLE
FURTHER, SHYLOCK!!



WHA..? SAY..?
WHY..
YOU'RE
LADY LUCK!

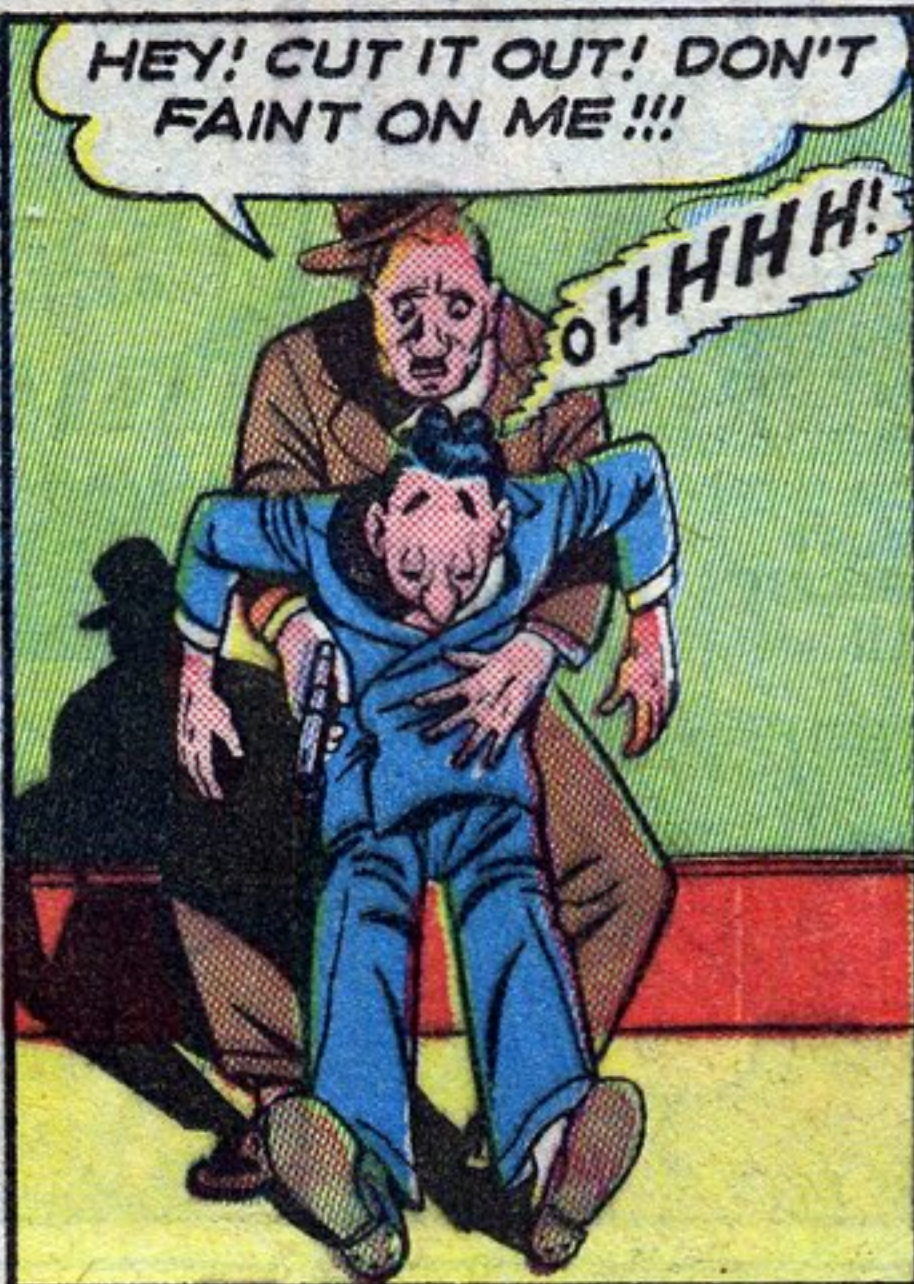
HA! YER IN THE
BIG LEAGUES NOW,
SISTER! NO AMATEUR'S
GRABBIN' THIS BOY
SCOUT !!

LADY
LUCK!!



HEY! CUT IT OUT! DON'T
FAINT ON ME !!!

OH!!!



LEAVE IT TO THE COUNT
TO DO THE WRONG THING
AT THE RIGHT TIME!!



AH! HERE'S
HIS BUSINESS
ADDRESS.. 20
FORCEP
AVENUE..

AH!!!



YOU, I FOLLOW
TO THE ENDS
OF THE EARTH,
MY BELOVED !!
EVEN TO FOR-
CEP
AVE.!



HERE WE ARE!
WATCH IT!! SOMEONE'S
COMING OUT !!

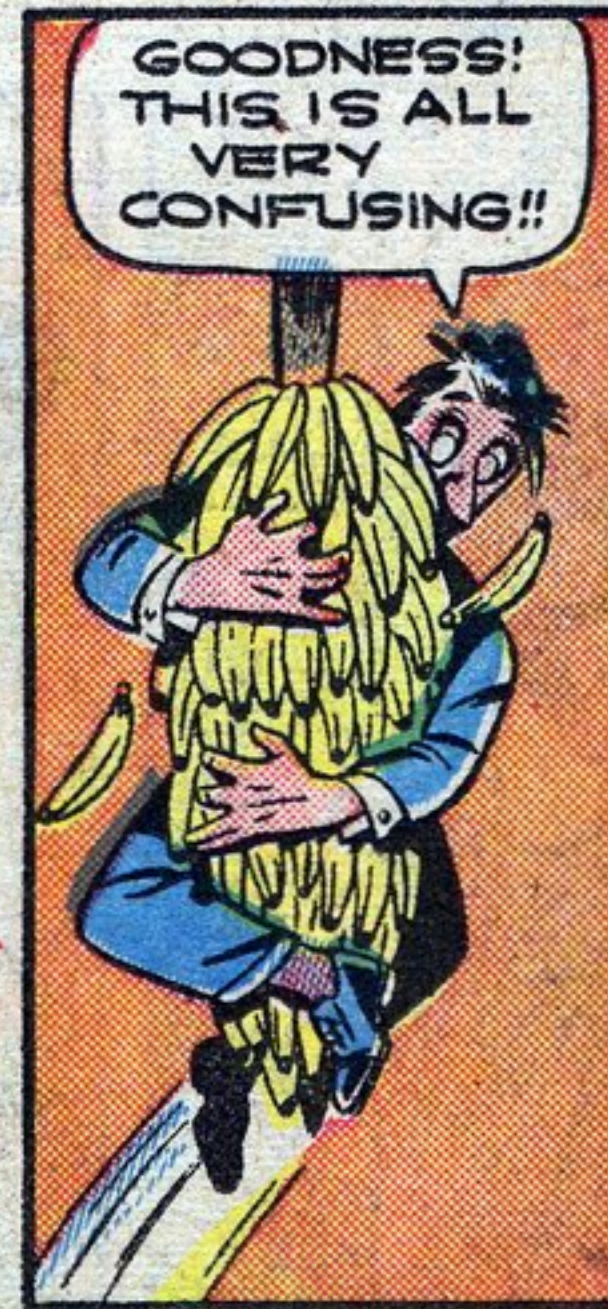


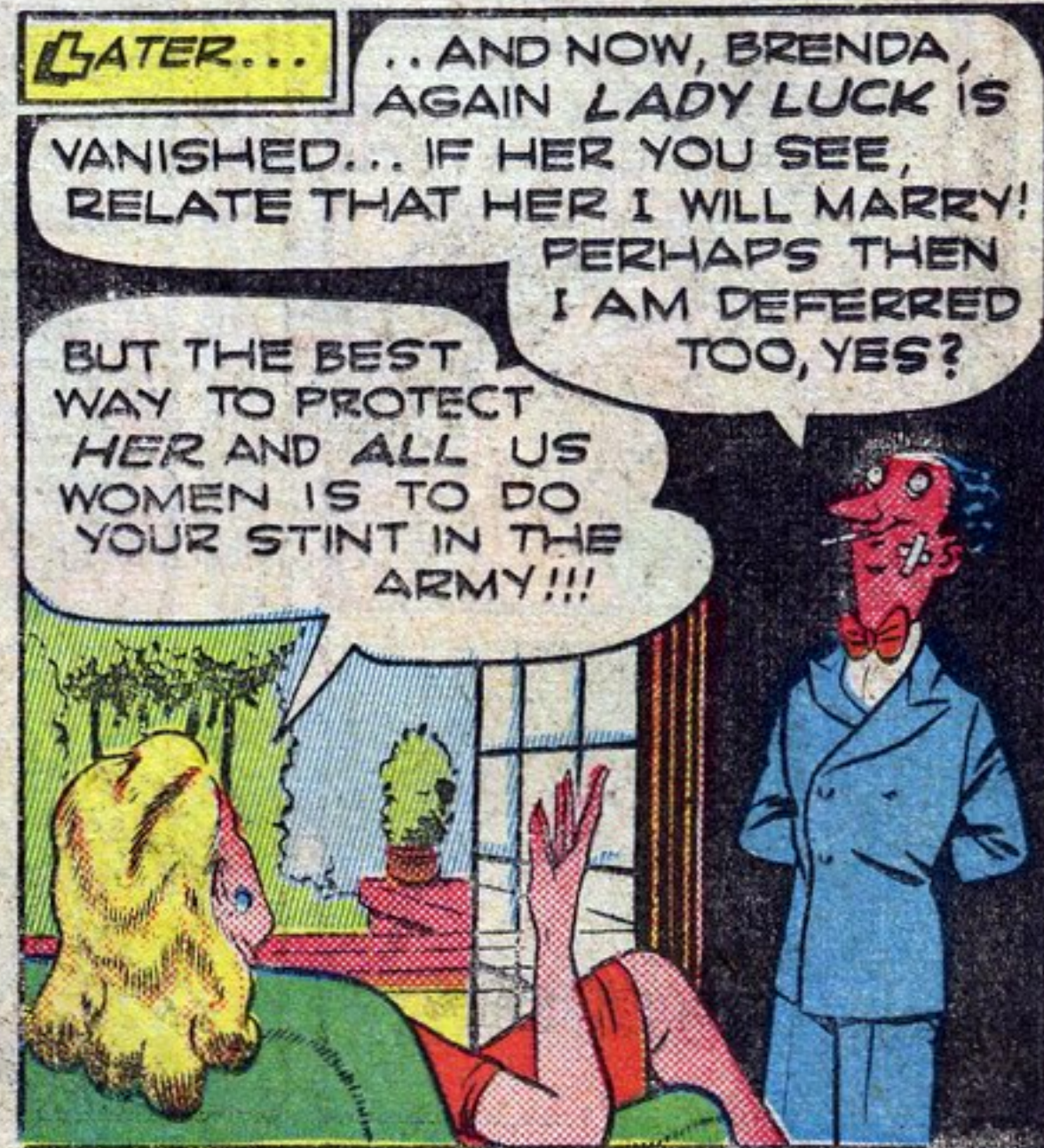
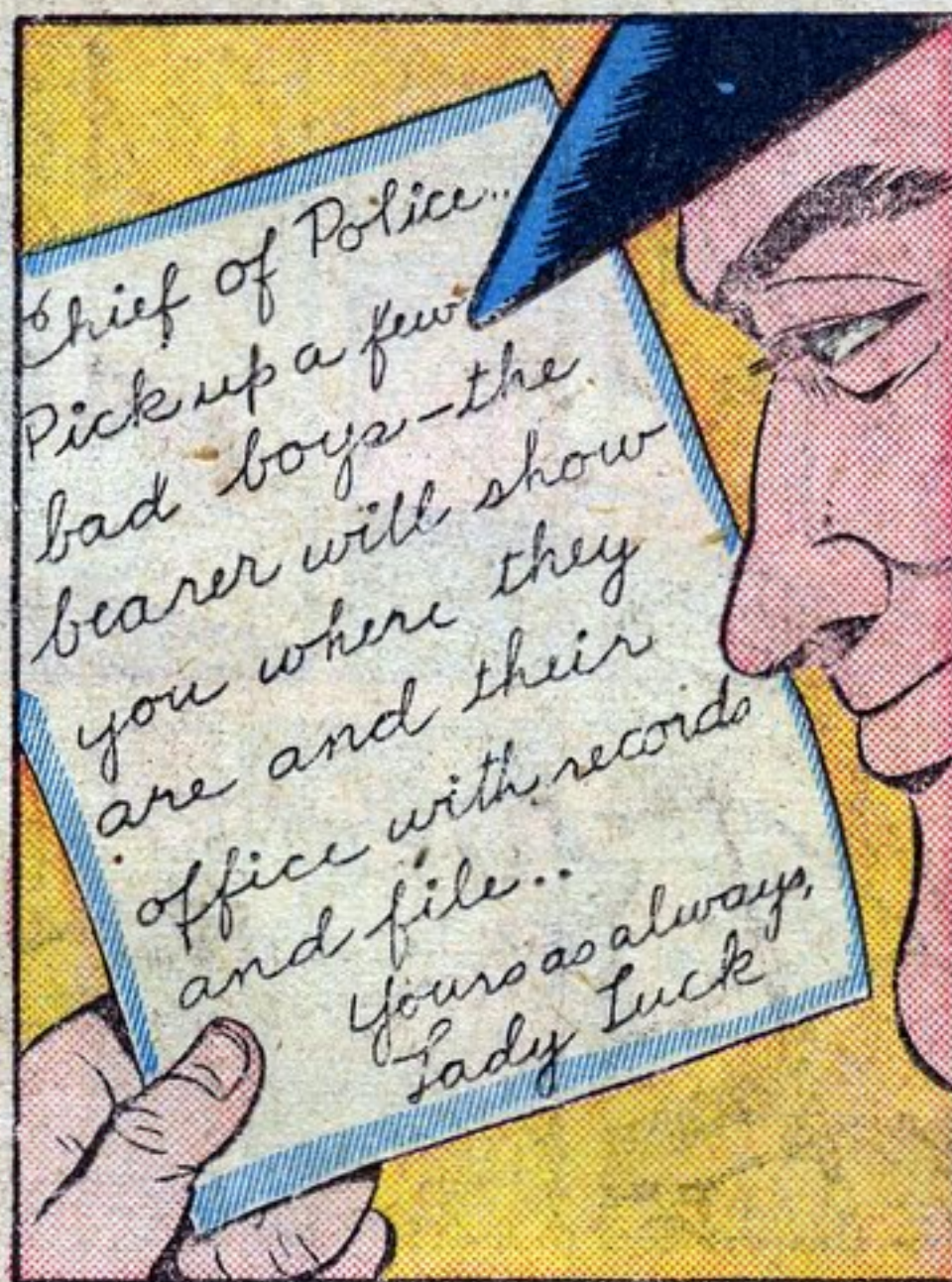
HEY! AIN'T
THAT THE
COUNT?

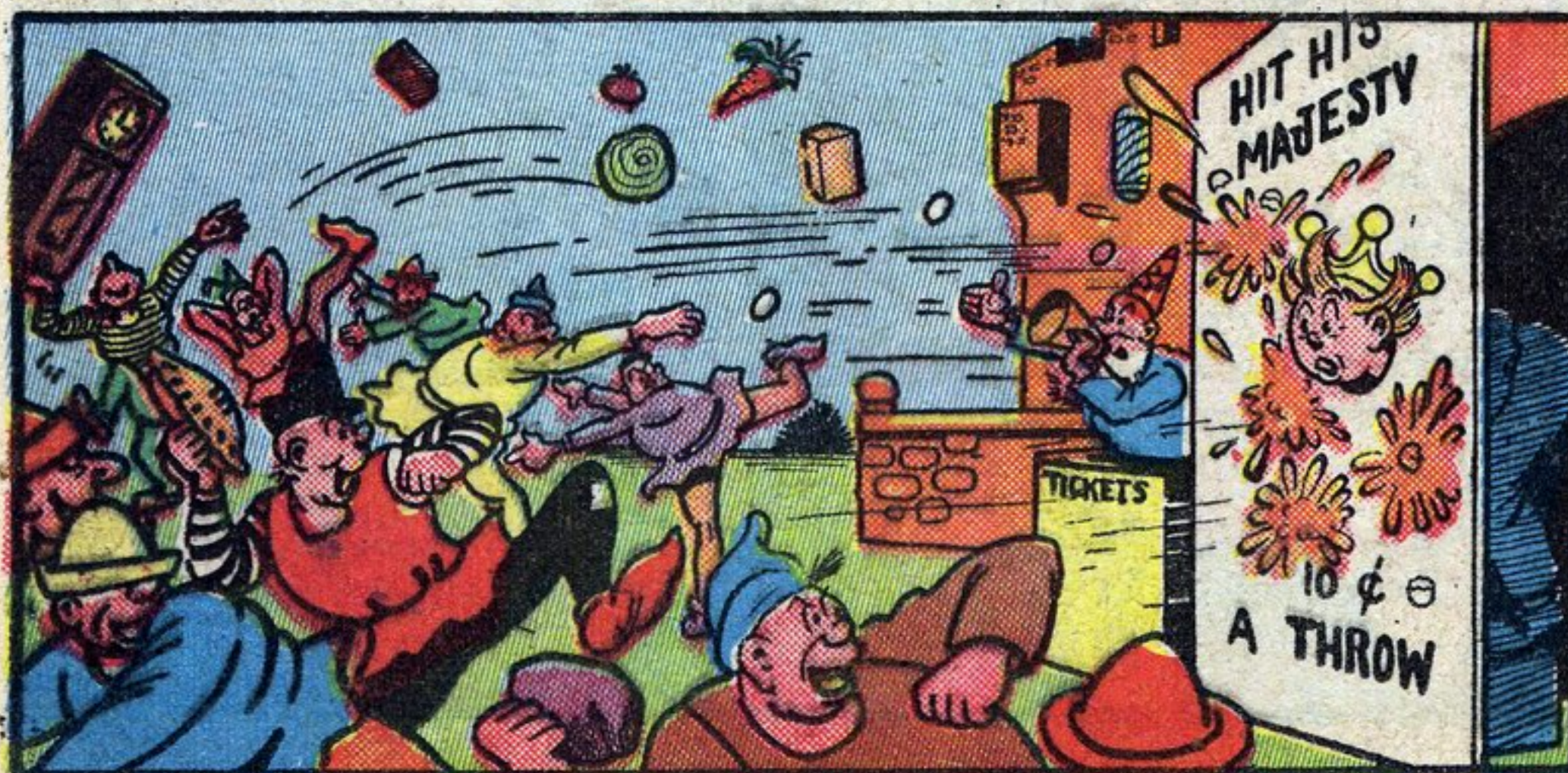
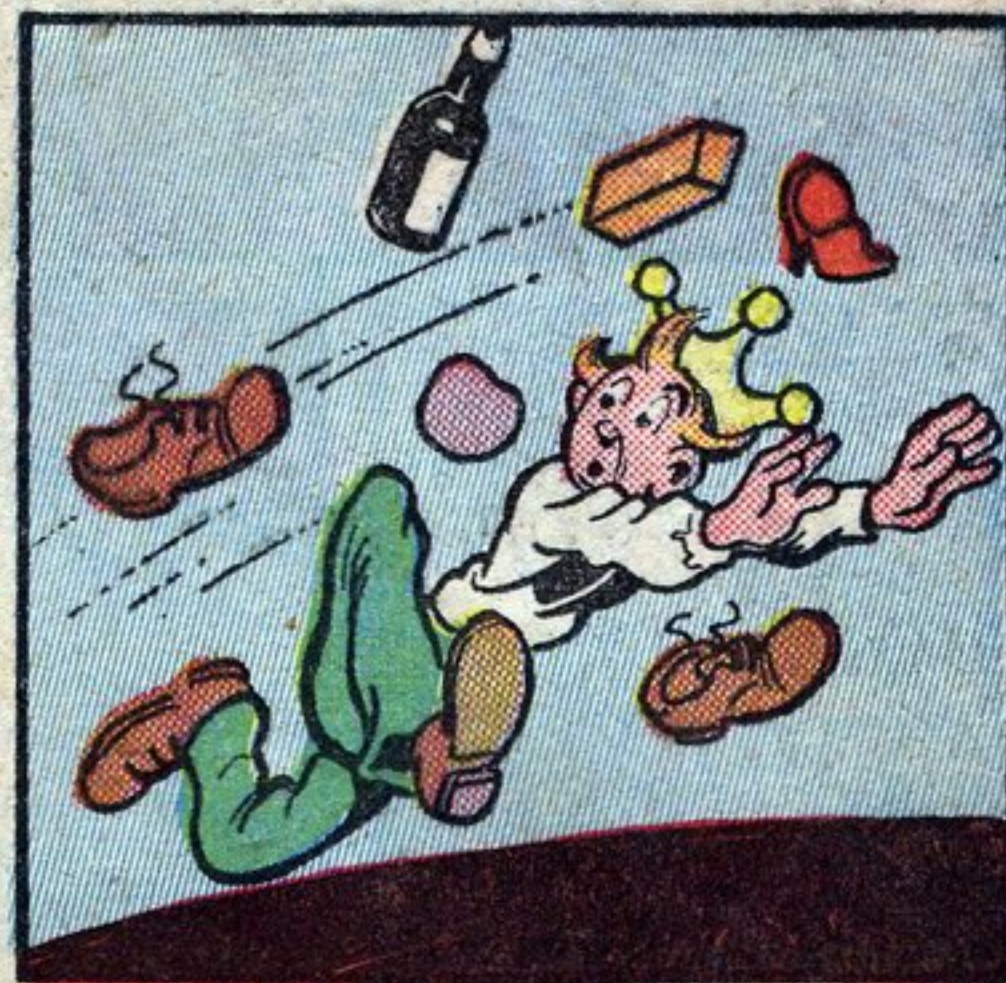
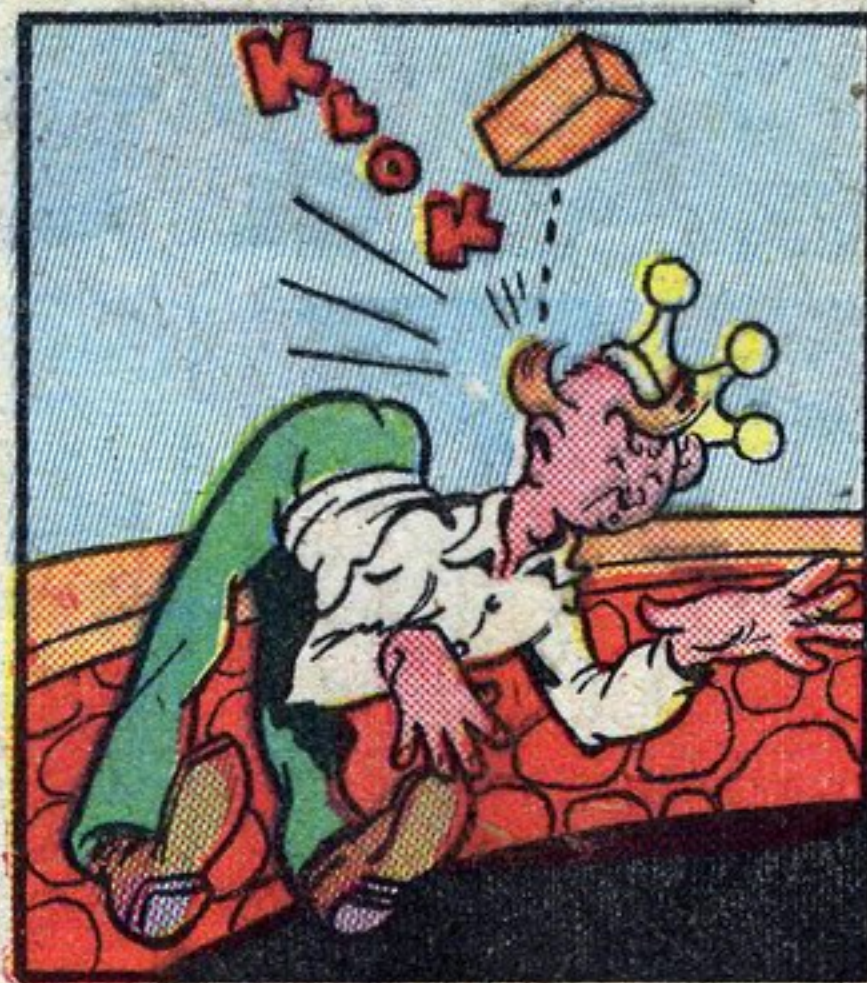
WHAT'S
HE DOIN'?
SNOOPIN'
ON US!

GRAB
'IM !!





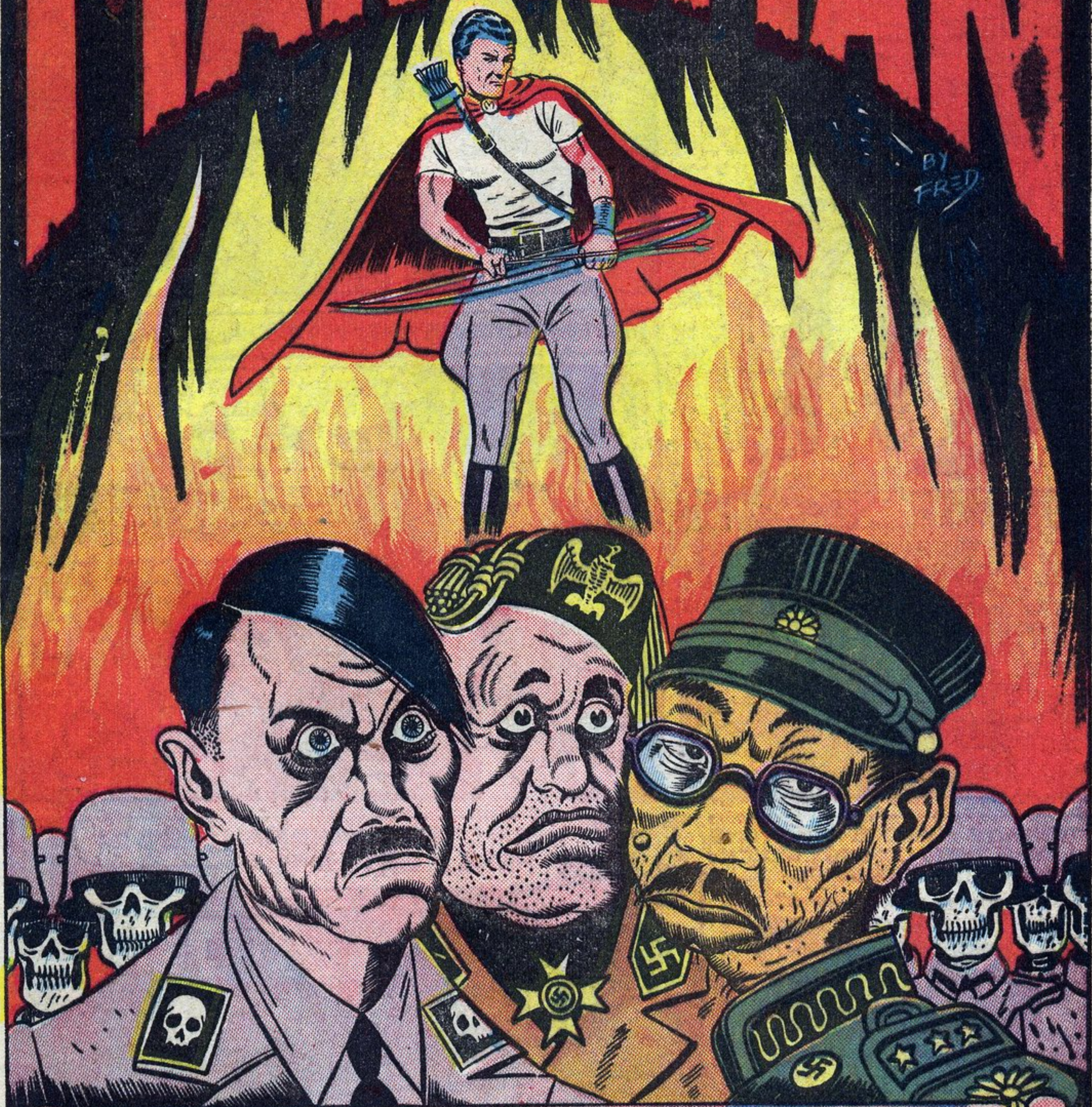




THE

MARKSMAN

BY
FRED

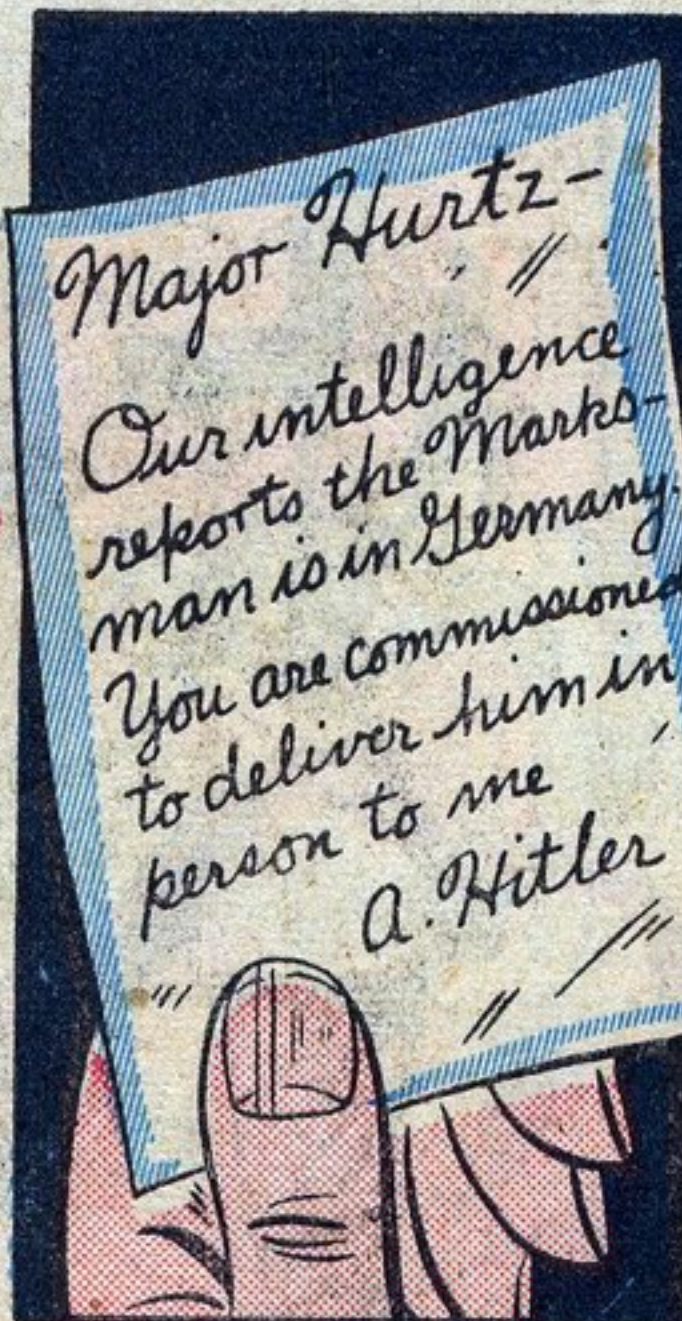


FROM OUT OF THE
FLAMES OF CENTRAL EUROPE BRAVE POLISH PATRIOT, BARON POVALSKY, WAGES AN
UNCEASING ONE-MAN WAR AGAINST THE OVERLORDS OF NAZIDOM... IN THE
GUISE OF GERMAN MAJOR HURTZ, HE WORKS WITHIN THE ENEMY RANKS,
TO SHOOT HIS DEADLY ARROWS INTO THE VITALS OF THOSE MONSTERS IN
HUMAN FORM, WHO HAVE LOOSED DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON THE WORLD.

PRETENDING TO BE NAZI MAJOR HURTZ, THE MARKSMAN AND HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT, VORKA, ARE NOW IN BERLIN AFTER THE BIGGEST GAME OF ALL--ADOLPH HITLER.



HERE, MASTER, IS A NOTE FROM NAZI HEAD-QUARTERS!



OHO! WHAT A JOB! JUST WHAT I'VE BEEN HOPING FOR... DELIVERY OF THE MARKSMAN INTO HERR HITLER'S HANDS!

BUT HOW CAN YOU TURN THE MARKSMAN OVER TO HITLER? YOU'RE THE MARKSMAN!

IN A FEW MOMENTS THE MEN EXCHANGE GARMENTS.



YES, VORKA, IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS HITLER SHALL HAVE THE MARKSMAN AS A CAPTIVE!... I'M TO BECOME THE MARKSMAN AND YOU ARE GOING TO BE MAJOR HURTZ!



THERE, VORKA! YOU ARE NOW MAJOR HURTZ!



THE ELITE GUARD IS REPORTING! I HEAR THEM COMING... QUICK! SHOUT THE COMMANDS!



HELP! THE MARKSMAN! HE'S IN HERE! GET HIM!



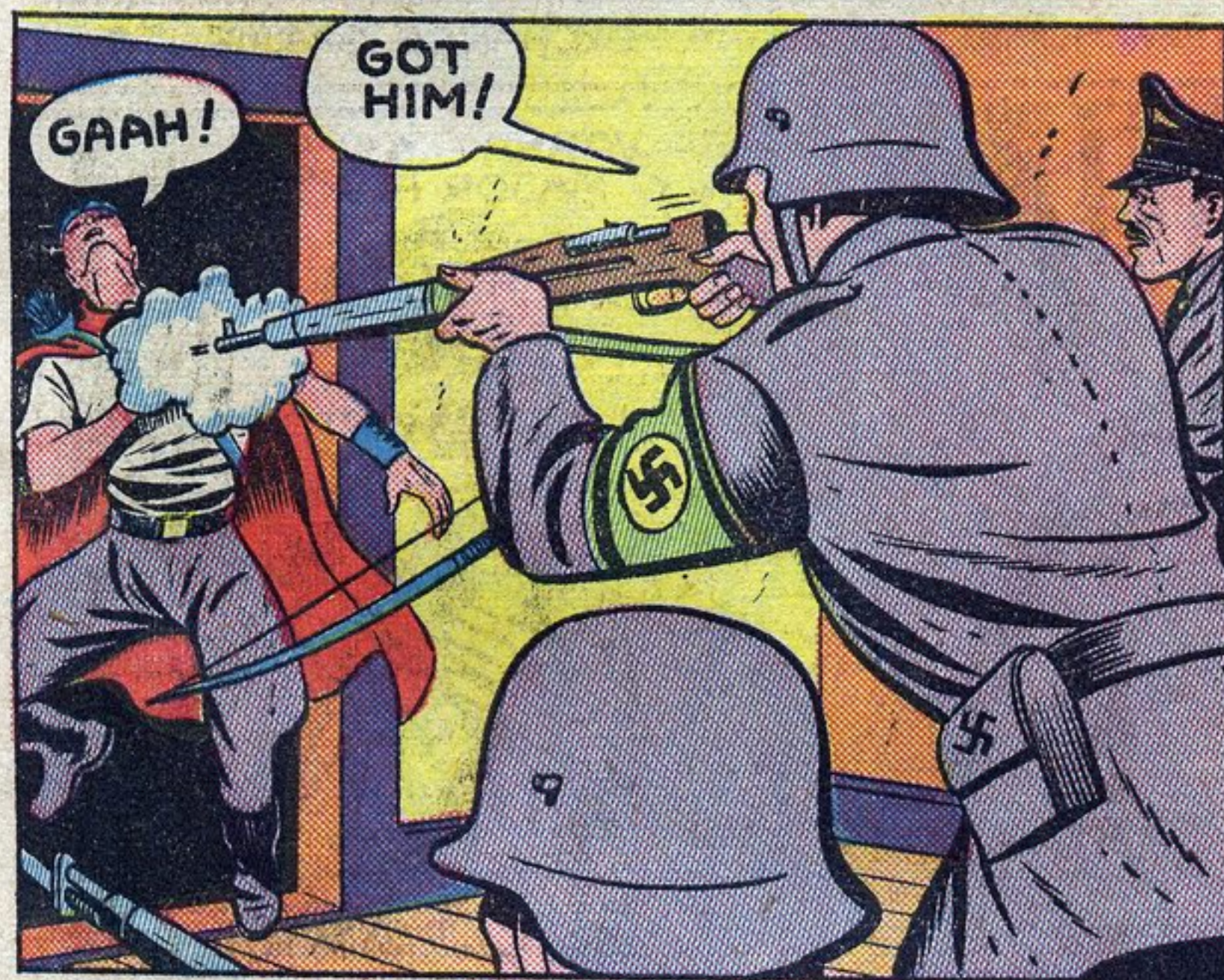
IT IS THE
MAJOR!

QUICK! THE
MARKSMAN IS
IN THERE!

UGH!



GOT TO MAKE THIS LOOK REAL! BESIDES
IT'S A PERFECT CHANCE TO KILL
SOME NAZIS!

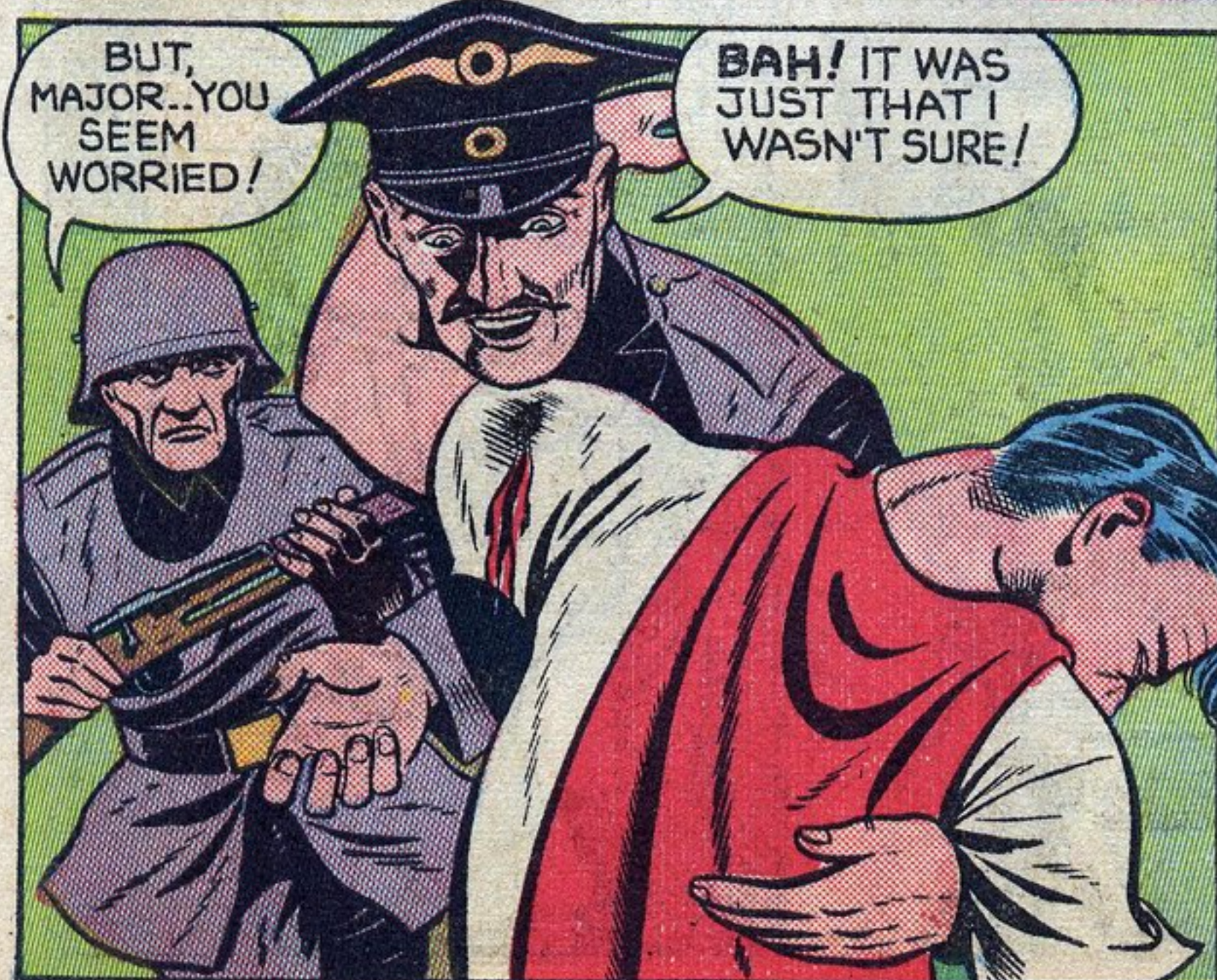


GAAH!

GOT
HIM!



H-H-HE'S
SHOT!



BUT,
MAJOR..YOU
SEEM
WORRIED!

BAH! IT WAS
JUST THAT I
WASN'T SURE!



GUTE,
GUTE!

SEE HOW I HATE
HIM!

SLAP



TAKE HIM TO HITLER...WITH MY BEST REGARDS / HA-HA / THE MARKSMAN WILL DIE TONIGHT!



IN HITLER'S OWN HEADQUARTERS.

GOOD NEWS GENTLEMEN! MAJOR HURTZ IS SENDING THE MARKSMAN HERE!

(GULP) HERE? ER... GUTE!



AH! HURTZ IS A GOOD NAZI. HE DID NOT DISAPPOINT ME!

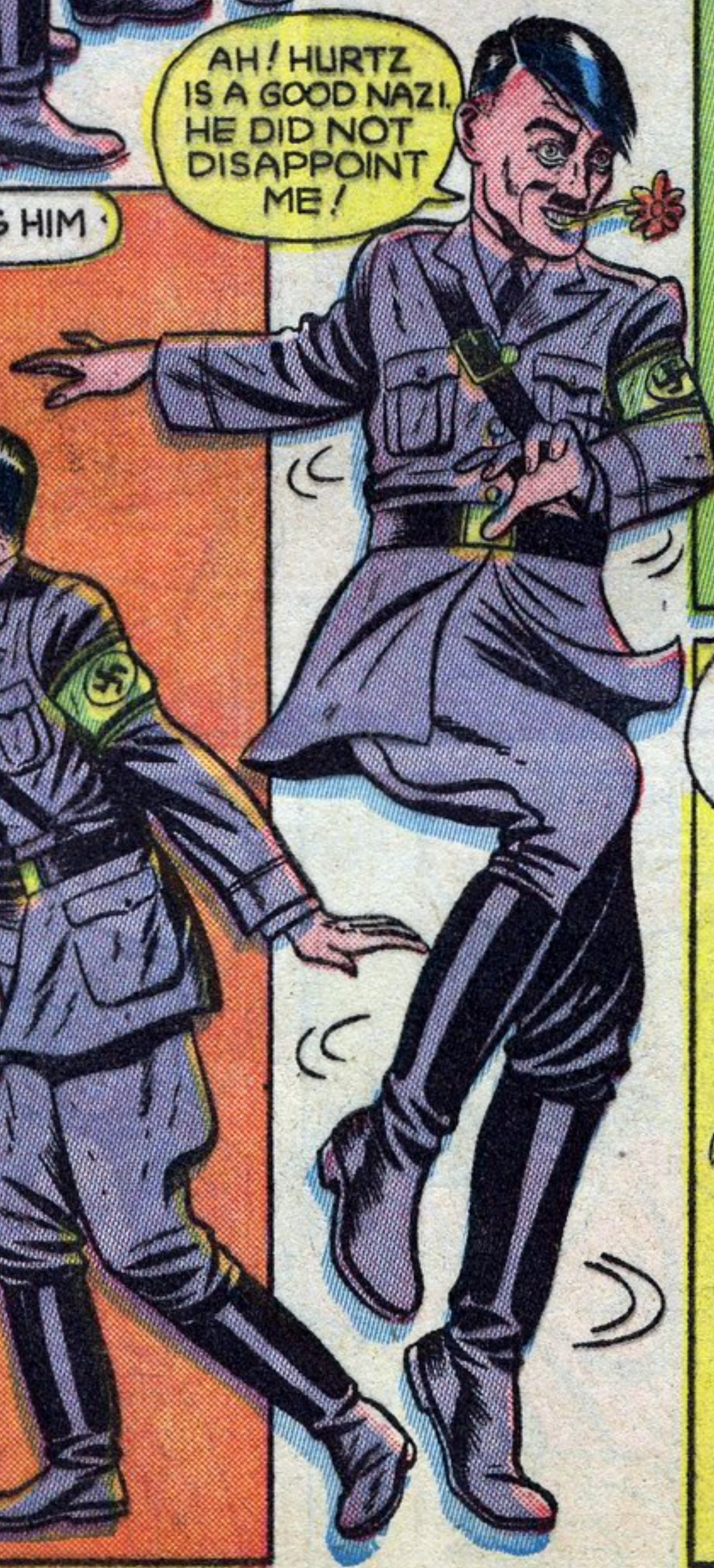


DUMP HIM AT MY FEET! THE DOG!



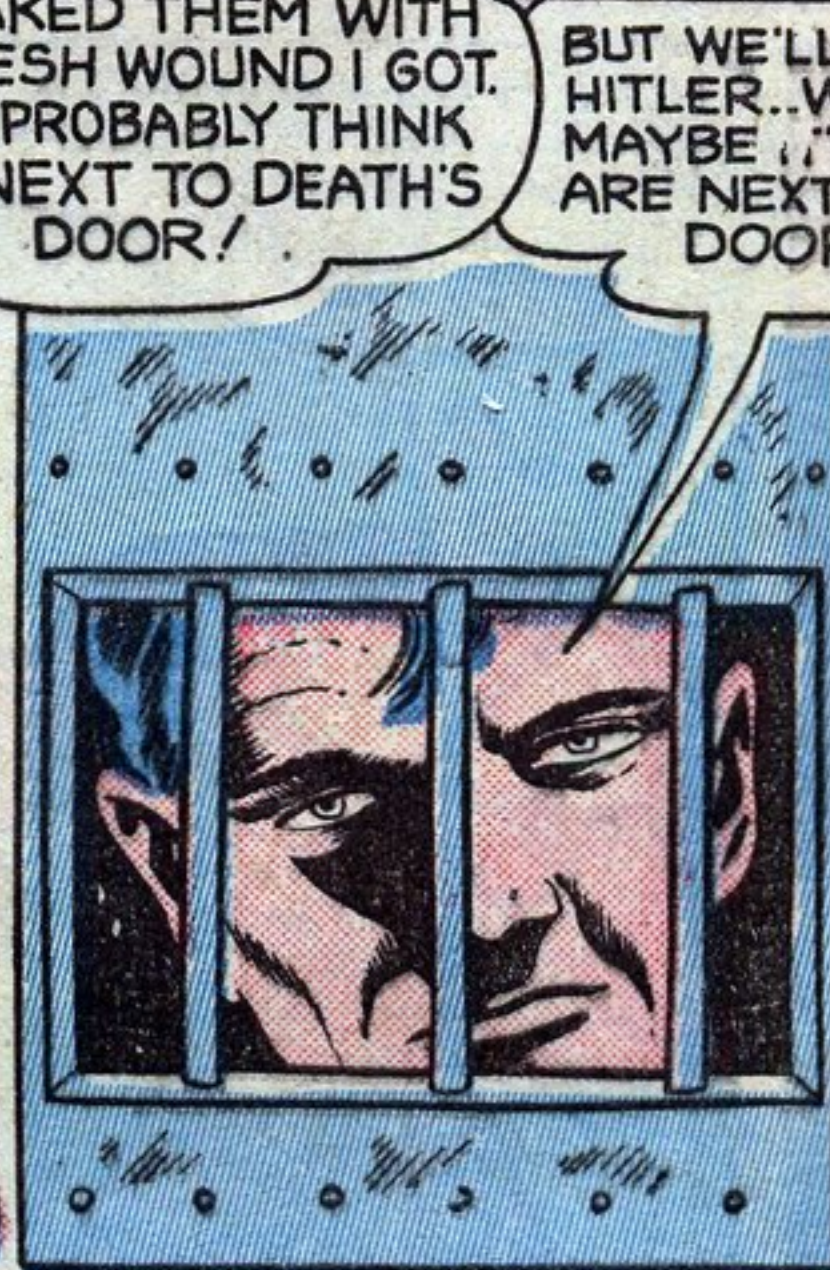
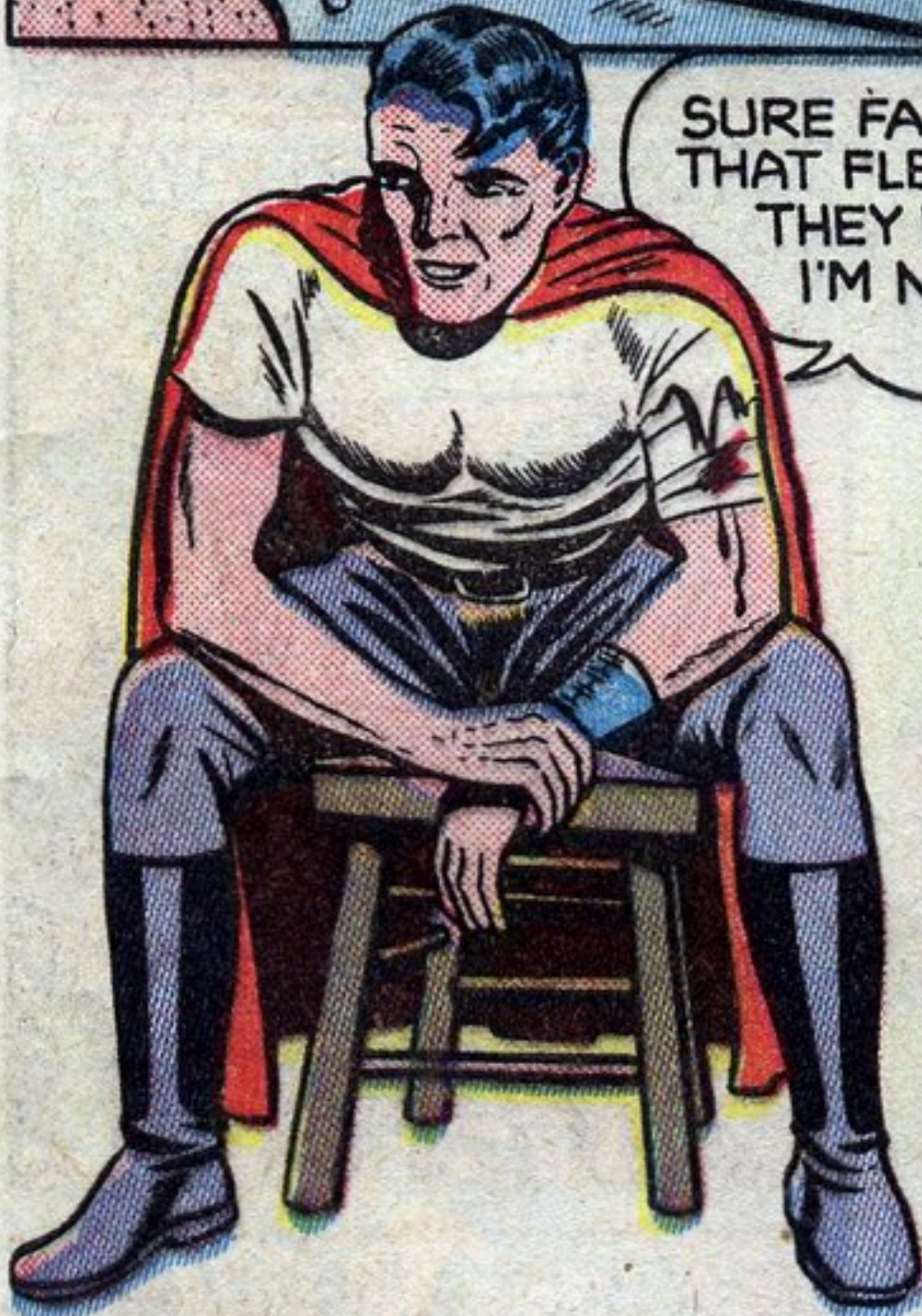
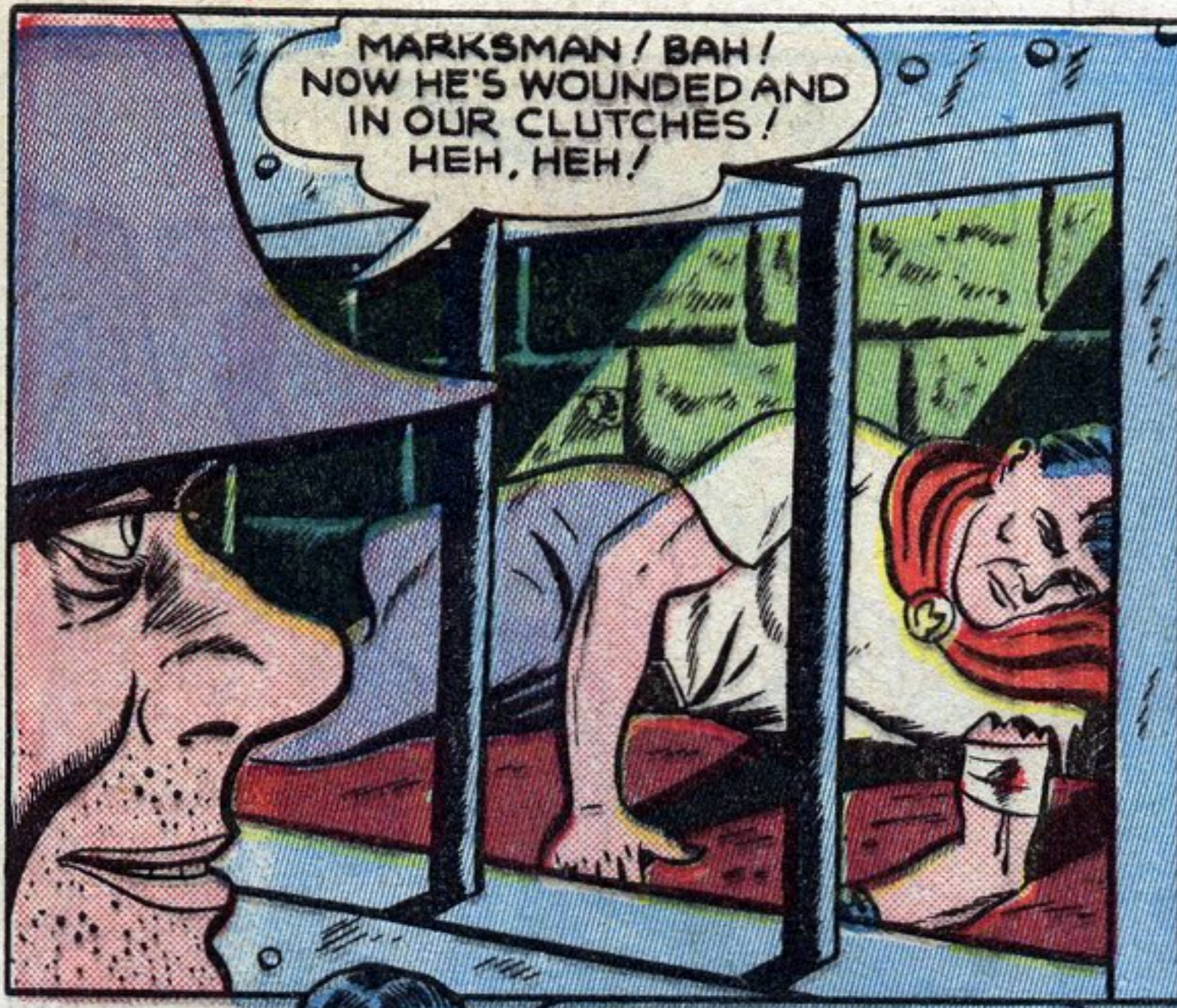
GO...THEY WILL BRING HIM HERE ANY MINUTE!

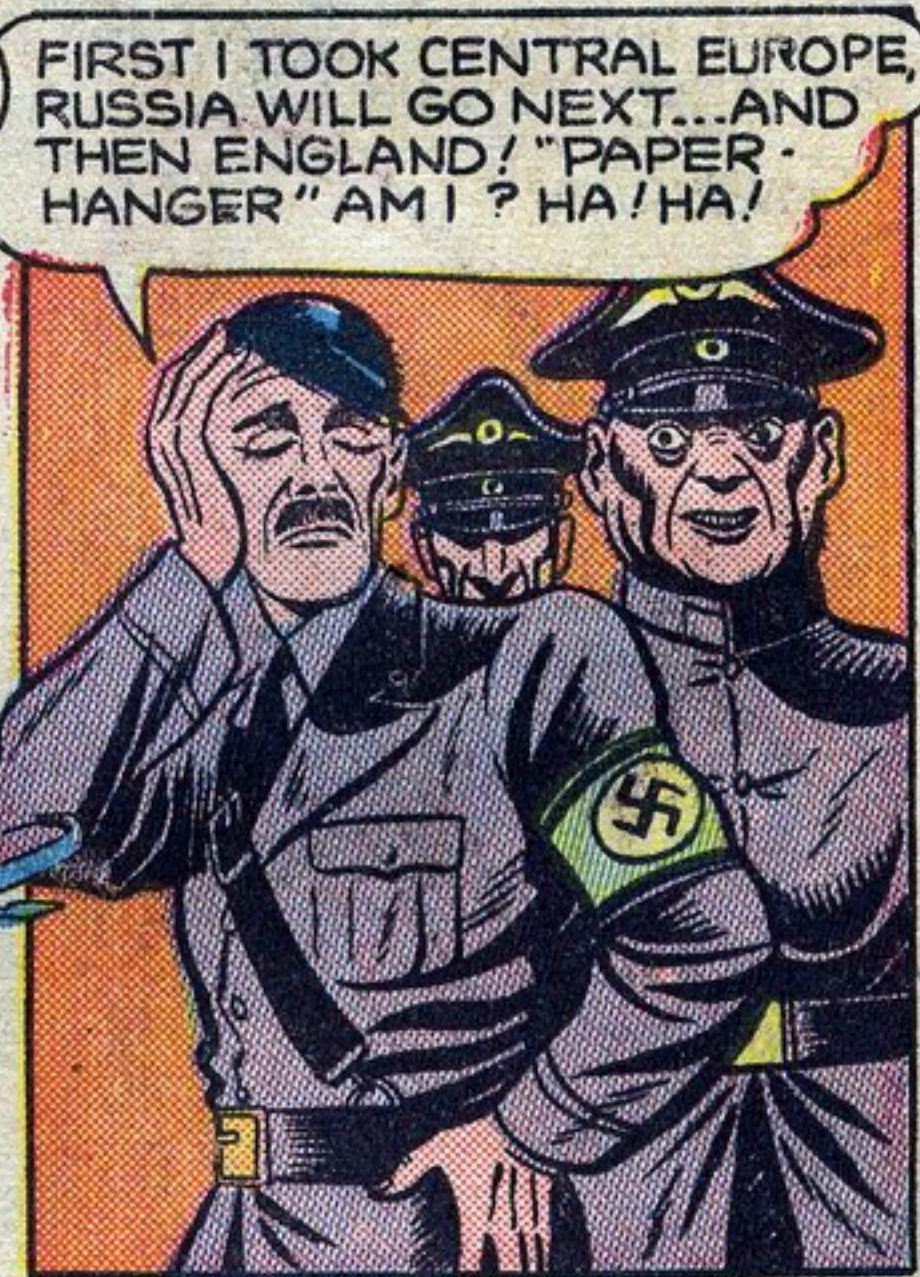
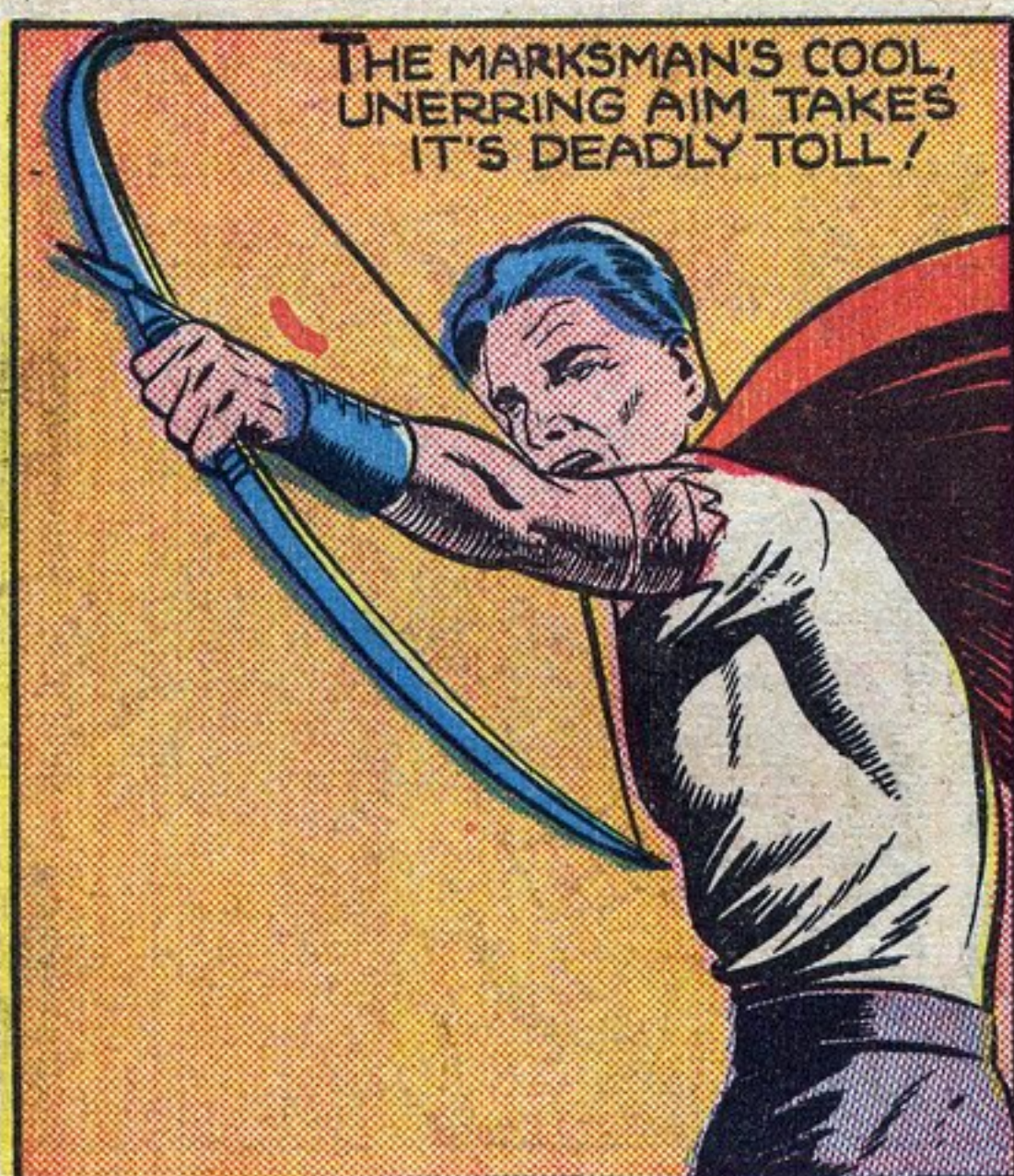
Y-YES, SIR!



HE CALLED ME A PAPERHANGER... SAID MY MOUSTACHE MADE ME LOOK LIKE A SKUNK! FOR THAT... HE DIES! THROW HIM IN THE CHAMBER!









NOW WE'RE ALONE ADOLPH! THE WHOLE WORLD IS AT WAR-BECAUSE OF YOU, A MILLION PEOPLE ARE DYING!

NO! NO!

YOUR GESTAPO CAN'T HELP YOU! THE GERMAN ARMY CAN'T HELP YOU! ... AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU!



... ANYWAY THE MARKSMAN WILL CARRY ON. MAYBE HE WILL COME FACE TO FACE WITH ADOLPH HITLER AGAIN... WHO KNOWS? FOLLOW THE MARKSMAN EACH MONTH IN SMASH COMICS!

ESPIONAGE



What shall it benefit a
a man if he gain the
whole world and lose
his own soul?

WHAT SHALL IT BENEFIT A SCIENTIST
IF HE MAKES THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC
DISCOVERY OF THE AGE...AND BETRAYS
HIS OWN COUNTRY? ON A TINY ISLAND,
CLOTHED IN THE HUSH OF MYSTERY,
A DRAMA PLAYS ITSELF OUT! THE
MADNESS OF WAR CRASHES THROUGH
THE SILENCE, AND FOR ONE BRIEF
INSTANT, A HUMAN SOUL FLASHES
THROUGH IN GLORY, SACRIFICING
MORE THAN FAME OR RICHES....MORE
THAN LIFE ITSELF!

ON THEIR WAY BACK TO AMERICA, IN AN ALLIED PLANE, BLACK X AND BATU SUDDENLY RECEIVE AN URGENT CALL BY RADIO...

ALLIED HEADQUARTERS CALLING BLACK X! A JAP NAVAL UNIT IS SAID TO BE SNEAKING SOUTH, AT ABOUT YOUR POSITION! PLEASE INVESTIGATE!

SEE ANYTHING, BATU?



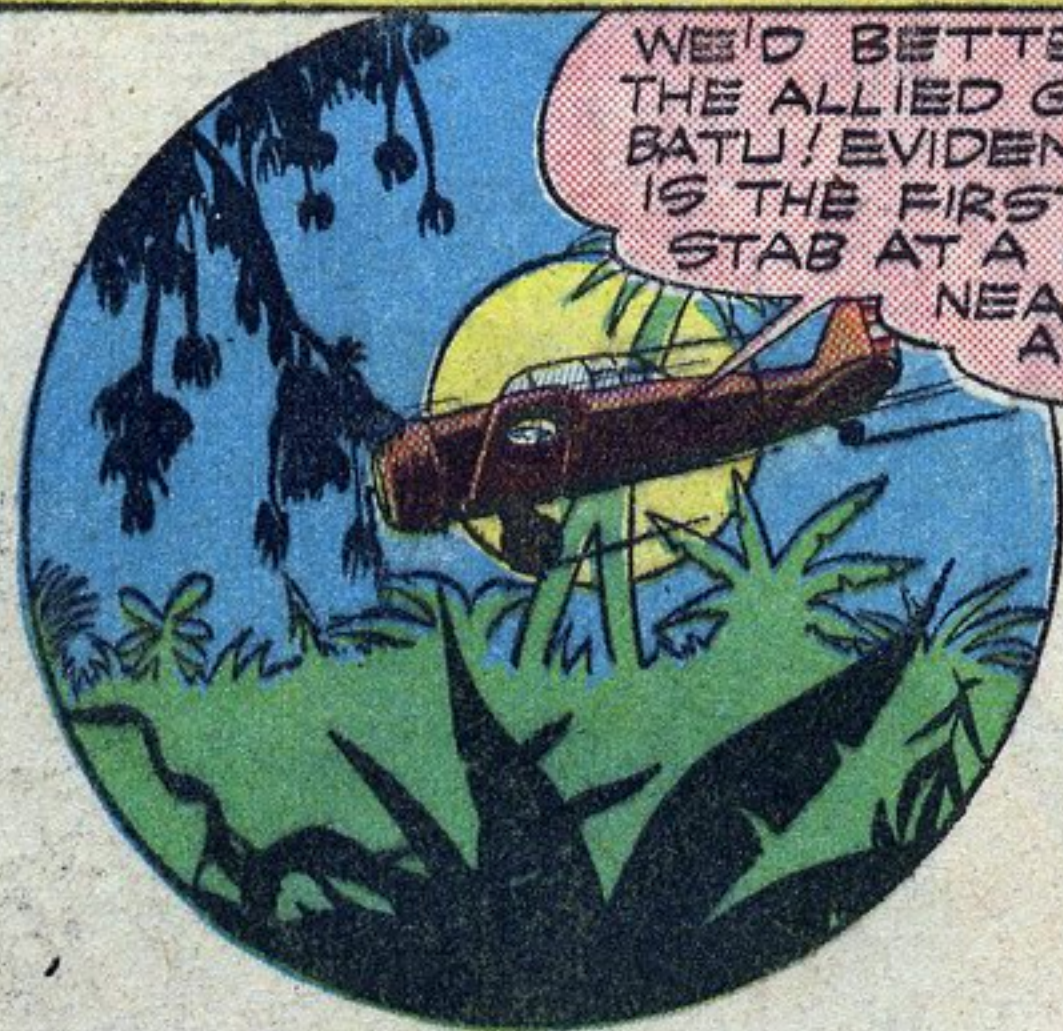
THERE IS JAP SNEAK UNIT, MASTER!

HMM! HEADING RIGHT FOR EASTER ISLAND!



SWIFTLY SURGING AHEAD, THE PLANE MAKES A LANDING AT EASTER ISLAND, FAR FROM THE PACIFIC WAR THEATRE SO FAR!

WE'D BETTER WARN THE ALLIED GARRISON, BATU! EVIDENTLY THIS IS THE FIRST JAP STAB AT A BASE NEAR SOUTH AMERICA!



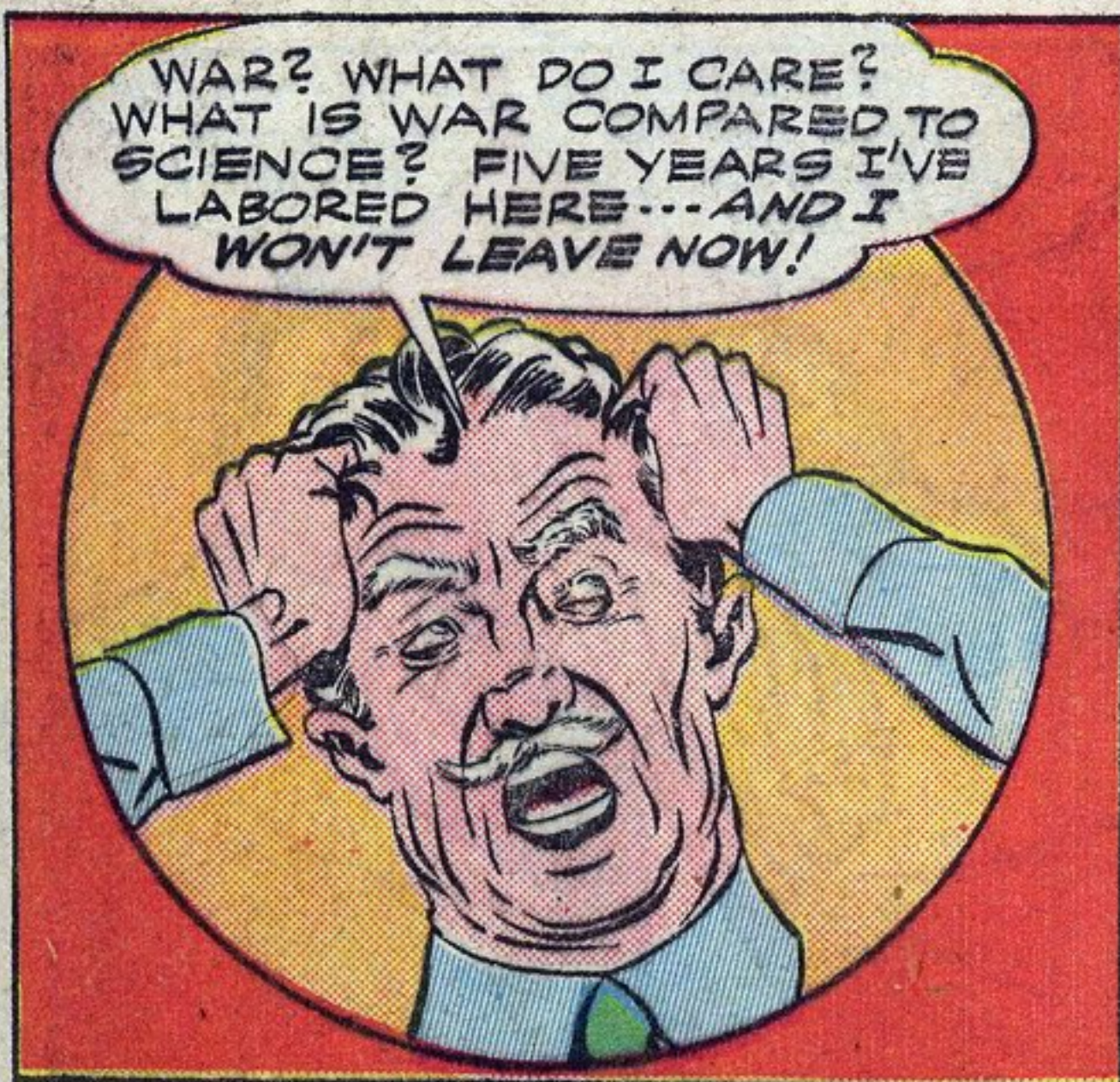
MEANWHILE, AT THE ALLIED GARRISON HEADQUARTERS, A STORMY INTERVIEW BETWEEN THE ALLIED COMMANDER AND DR. HARVEY BEDSLOE, ARCHEOLOGIST!

IM A SCIENTIST! IM CLOSE TO SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF THE EASTER ISLAND STONE RELICS! AND NOW YOU TELL ME I MUST GO!

BUT, DR. BEDSLOE! THIS IS WAR!



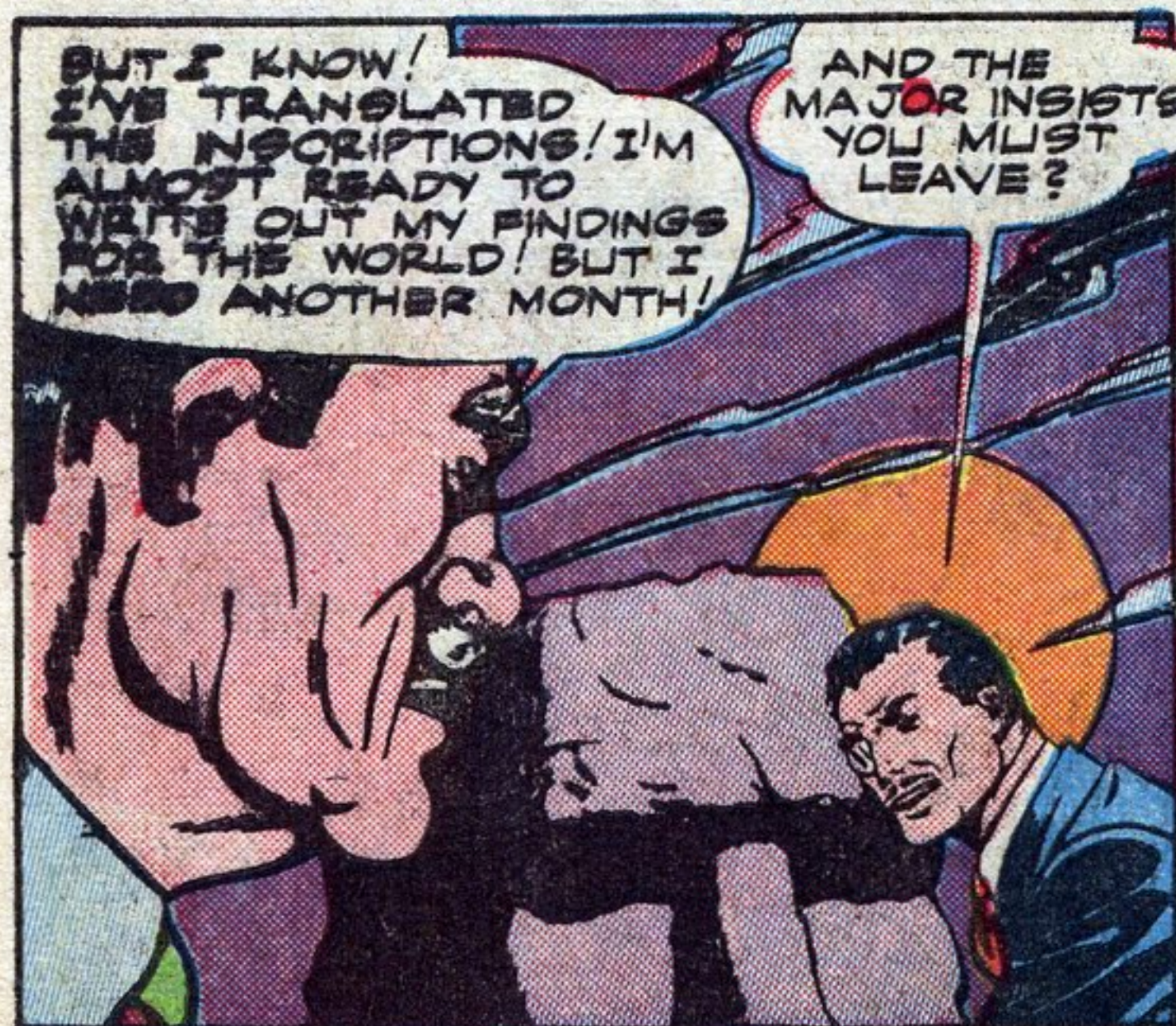
WAR? WHAT DO I CARE? WHAT IS WAR COMPARED TO SCIENCE? FIVE YEARS I'VE LABORED HERE...AND I WON'T LEAVE NOW!

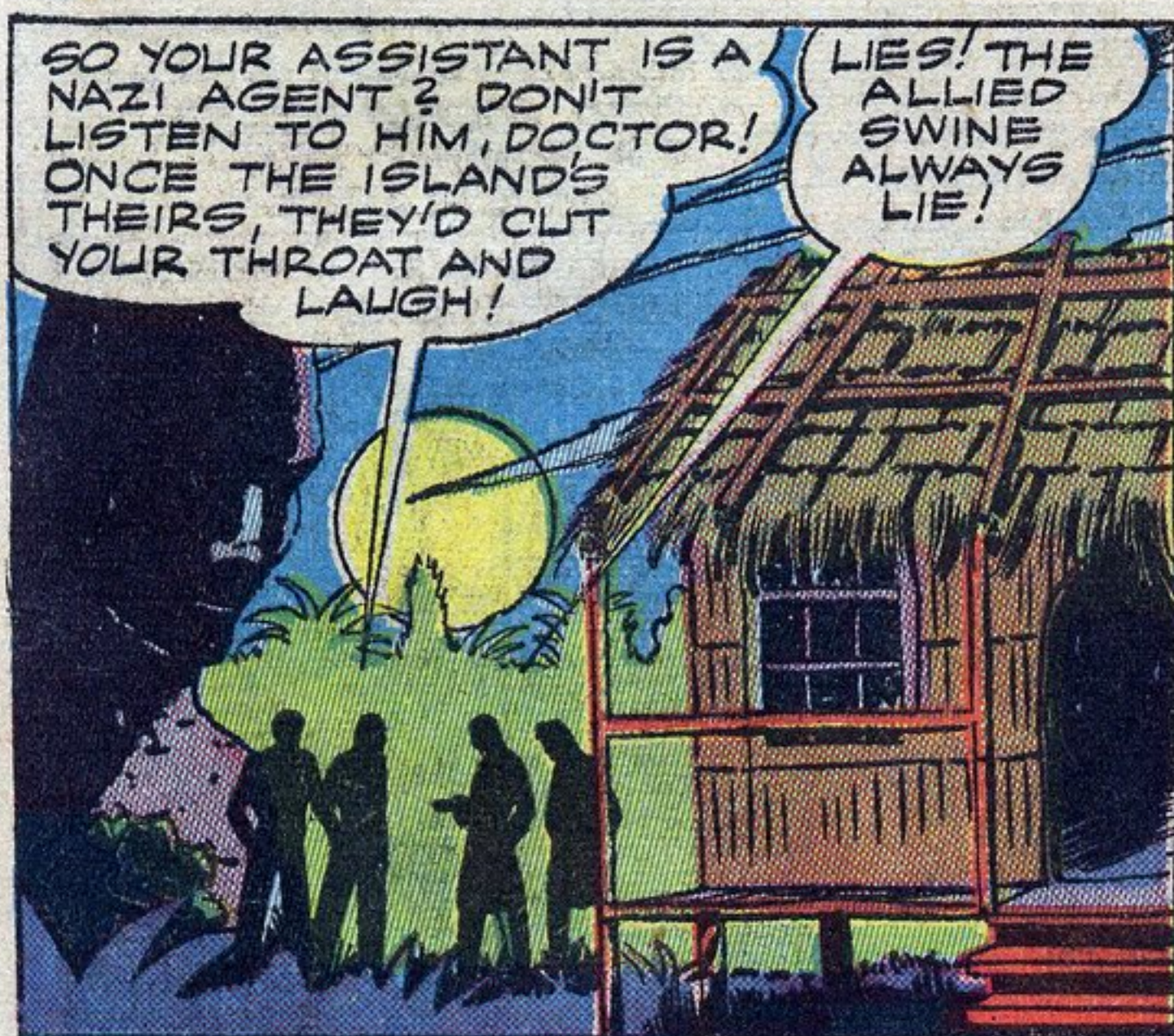


IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, DR. BEDSLOE! IF BATTLE BREAKS OUT YOU MAY BE KILLED! REMEMBER...A BOAT LEAVES IN ONE HOUR!

I WON'T GO!









MEANWHILE, BLACK X AND BATU RECOVER...

DR. BEDSLOE!
WHA...?

HE LOOK
BLANK!



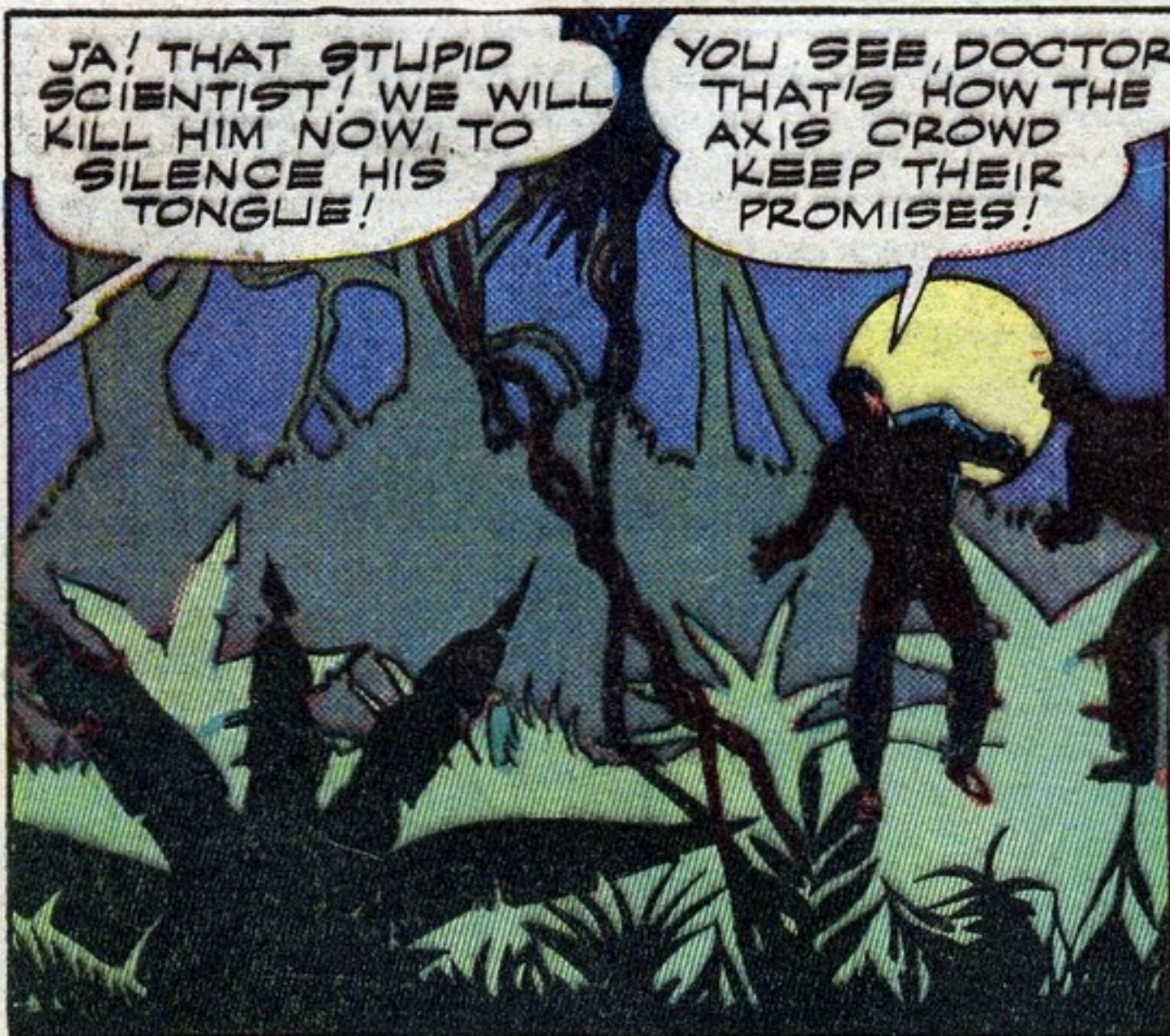
A SCIENTIFIC MIND STUNNED, AS HIS
GREATEST LIES BROKEN IN HIS HAND!

THIS CLAY TABLET!
IT HELD THE SECRET OF
THE INSCRIPTIONS! HE MADE
ME DO IT! CARL MADE
ME DO IT!



JA! THAT STUPID
SCIENTIST! WE WILL
KILL HIM NOW, TO
SILENCE HIS
TONGUE!

YOU SEE, DOCTOR?
THAT'S HOW THE
AXIS CROWD
KEEP THEIR
PROMISES!

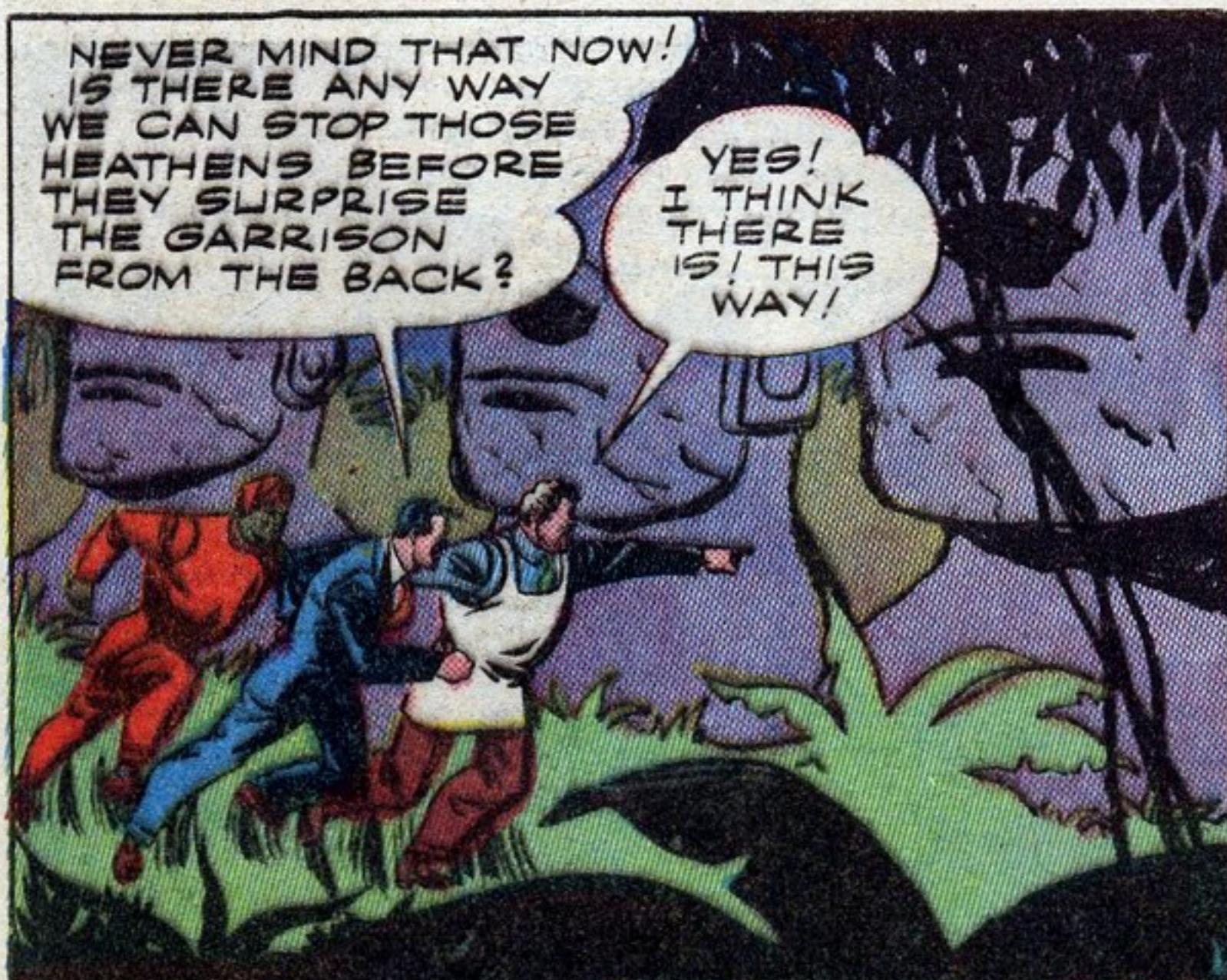


DUPED! TRICKED! I
WAS A FOOL! HOW
COULD I PLACE A PALTRY
BIT OF SCIENTIFIC
DISCOVERY ABOVE THE
SAFETY OF AMERICA? I
MUST HAVE BEEN MAD...
MAD!



NEVER MIND THAT NOW!
IS THERE ANY WAY
WE CAN STOP THOSE
HEATHENS BEFORE
THEY SURPRISE
THE GARRISON
FROM THE BACK?

YES!
I THINK
THERE
IS! THIS
WAY!



OONORK...
ANCIENT
POLYNESION
GOD OF
HOPE!

CONFOUND IT,
MAN! FORGET
YOUR SCIENCE!
WHAT GOOD IS
IT TO US
NOW?





IT HAS A
HOLLOW
HEAD!

HMM!
THAT'S
MORE
LIKE IT!



THESE HOLES
COMMAND THE
ONLY PATH TO THE
GARRISON! HERE--
MY HUNTING
RIFLES!

BUT BEFORE WE
OPEN FIRE, I'LL
TRY SOMETHING
ELSE!

ALONG THE PATH, PAST THE STONE
IDOLS, TROT THE YELLOW INVADERS!



BUT SUDDENLY A HOLLOW VOICE SENDS
LIGHTNING FEAR THROUGH THEIR SUPER-
STITIOUS HEARTS!



HALT! WHO DARES INVADE THE
REALM OF THE ANCIENT GODS?



GO BACK!
GO BACK...



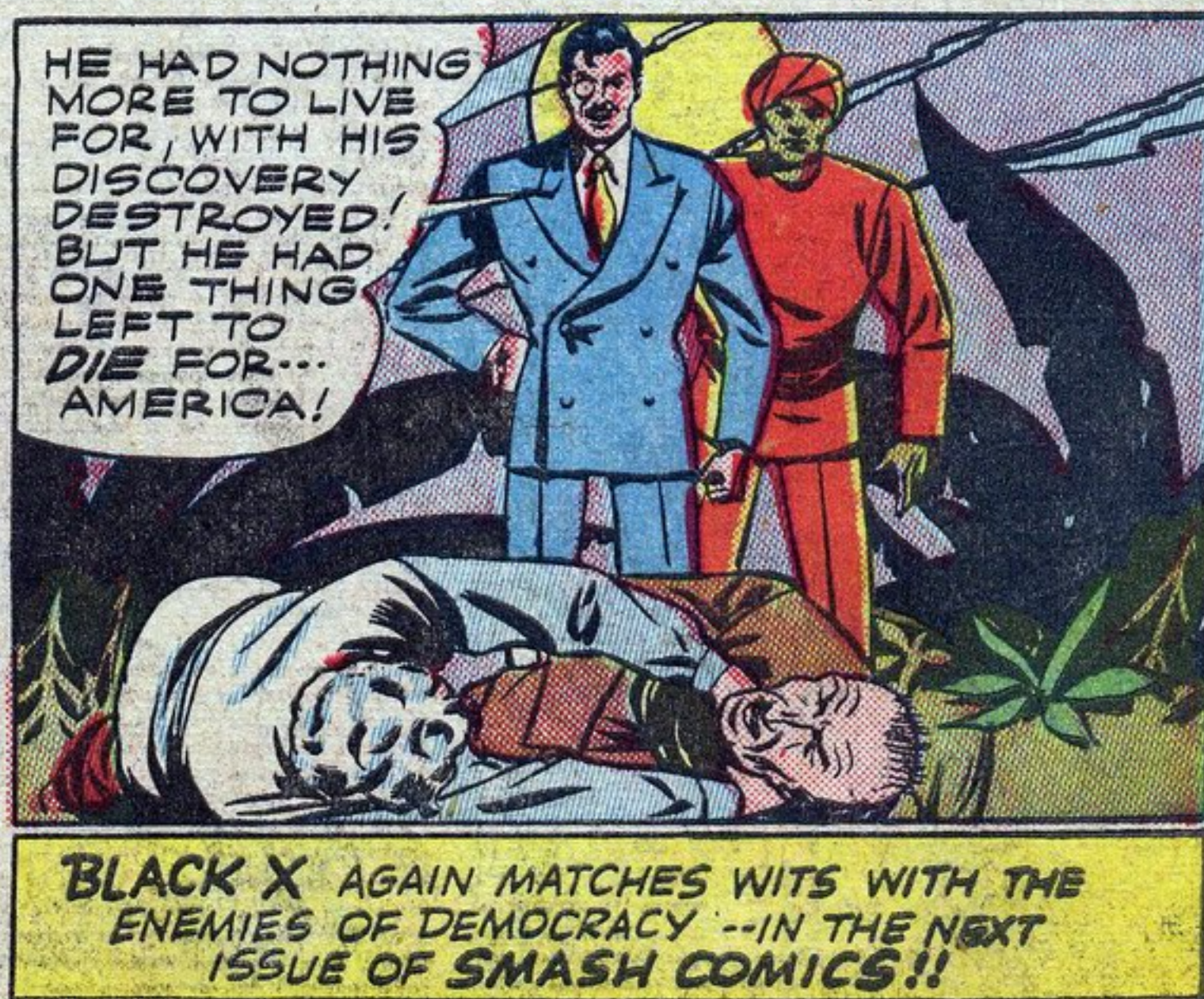
GO BACK, FOOLS... OR
ALL THE WRATH OF
THE GODS WILL
CRUSH YOU!

YIPE!



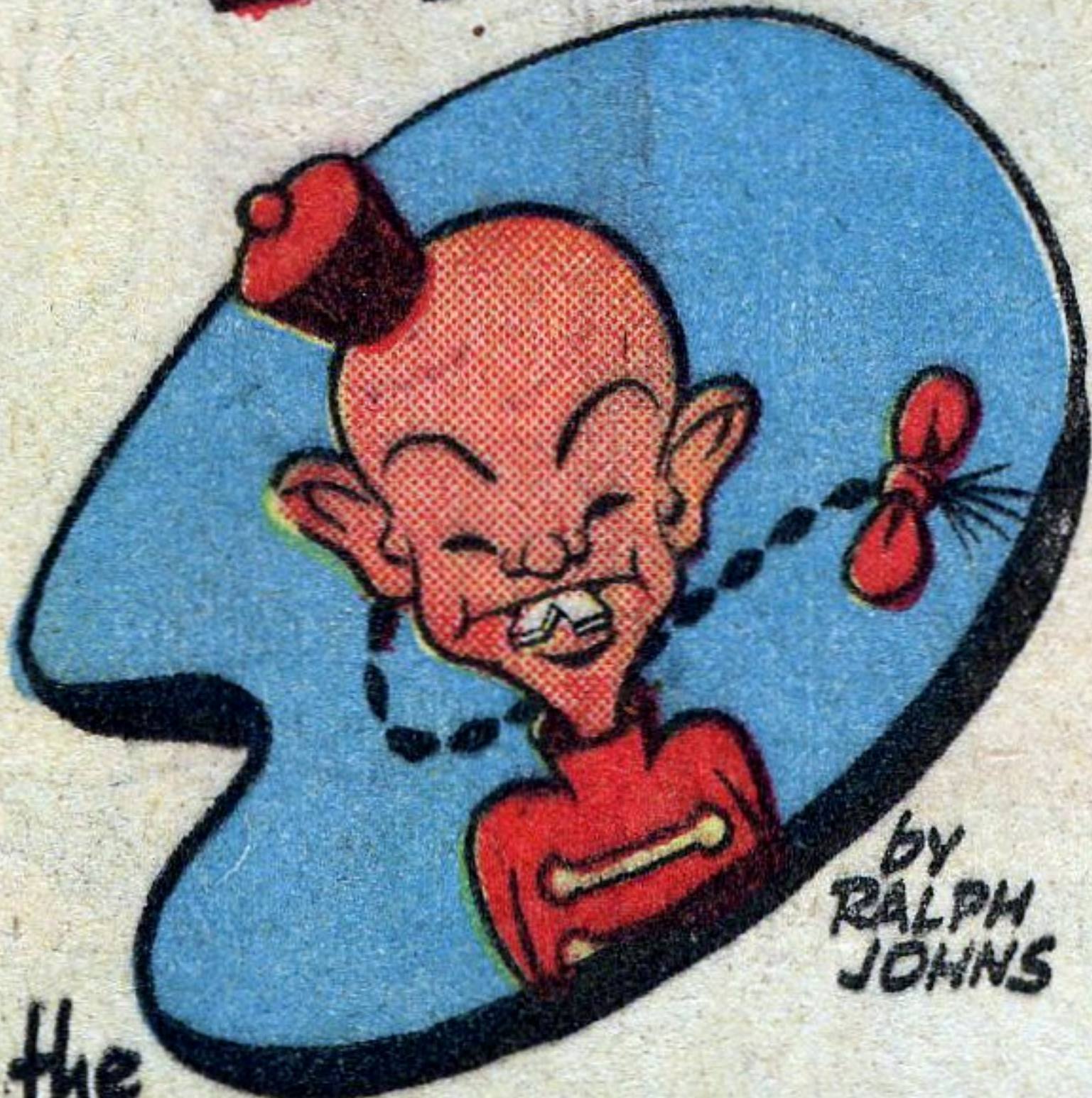
FOOLS! IT IS ONLY A
HUMAN VOICE... THAT OF
BLACK X! DR. BEDSLOE
IS WITH THEM!

BUT THE CONFUSED YELLOW HORDE, TURNING ONCE MORE, RUN INTO A DEADLY HAIL OF LEAD!



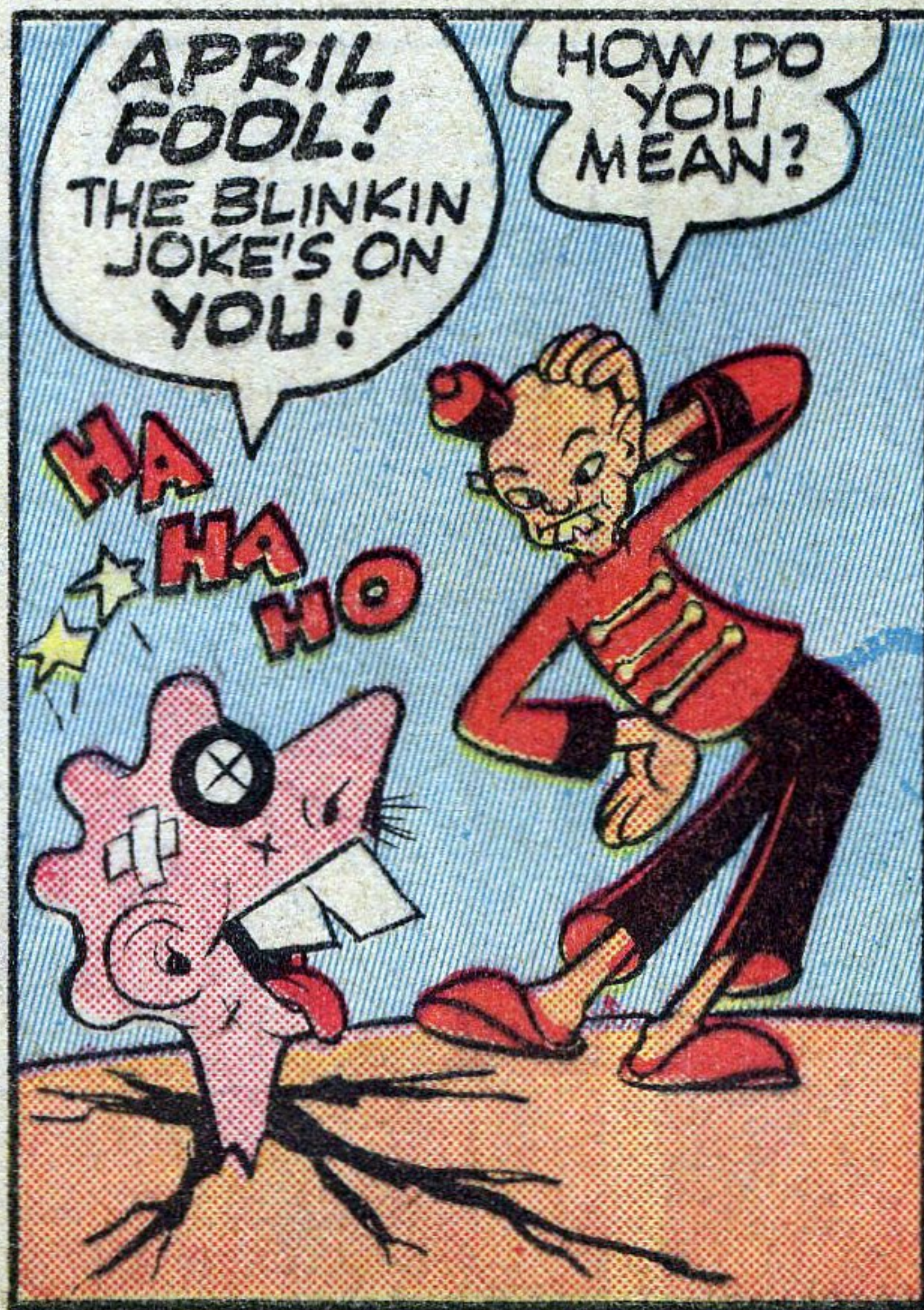
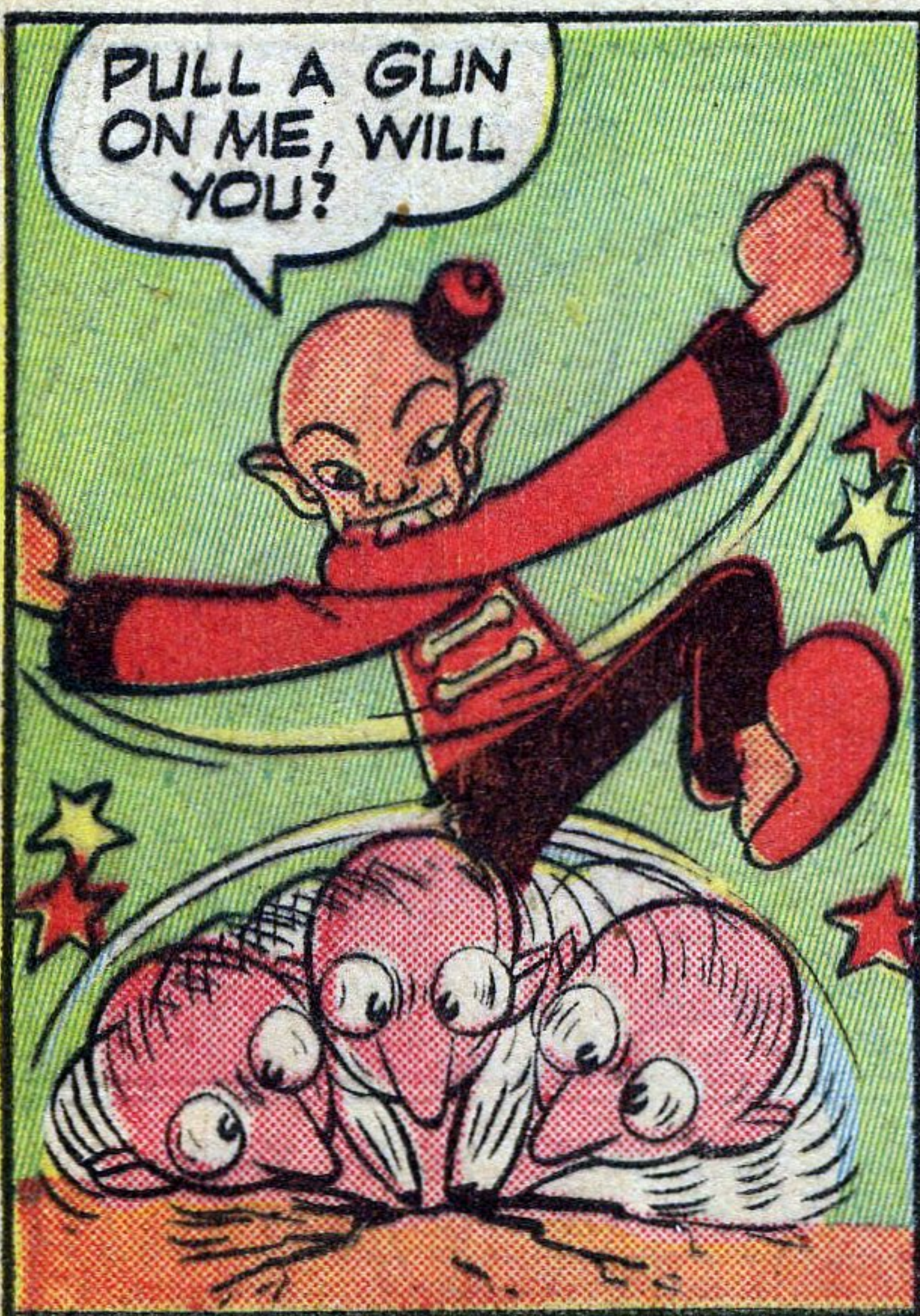
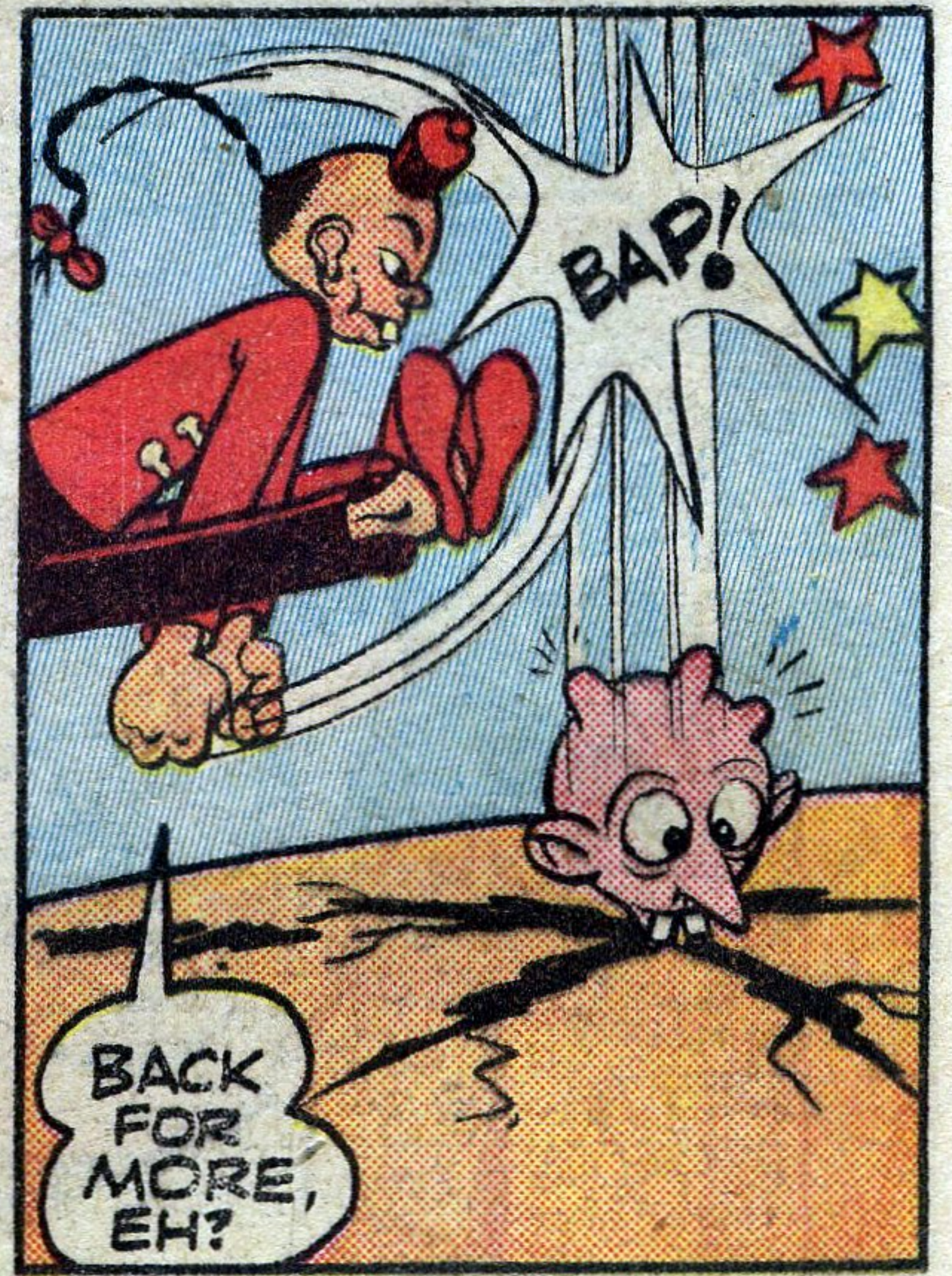
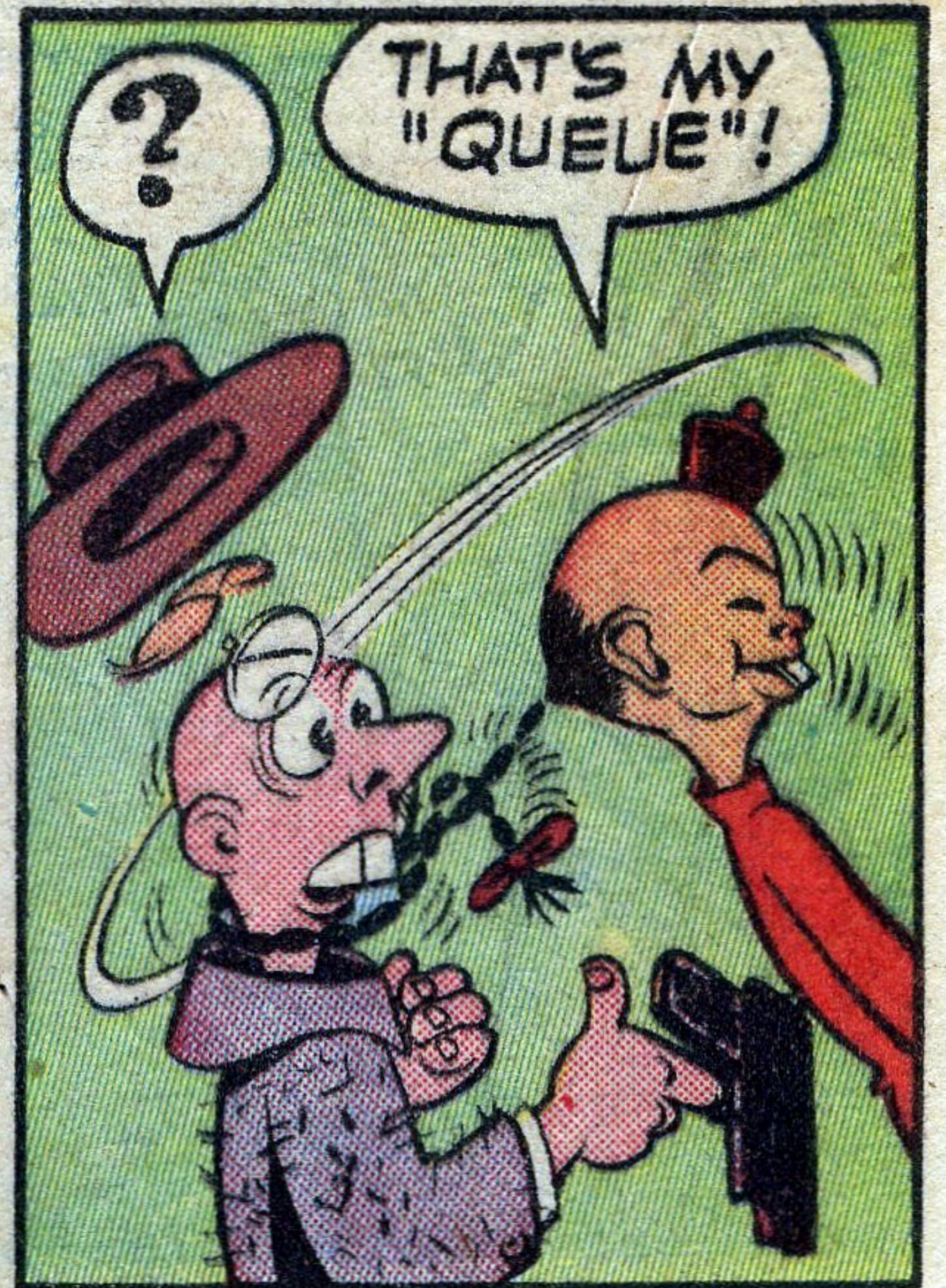
BLACK X AGAIN MATCHES WITS WITH THE ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY --IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS!!

WUN CLOO

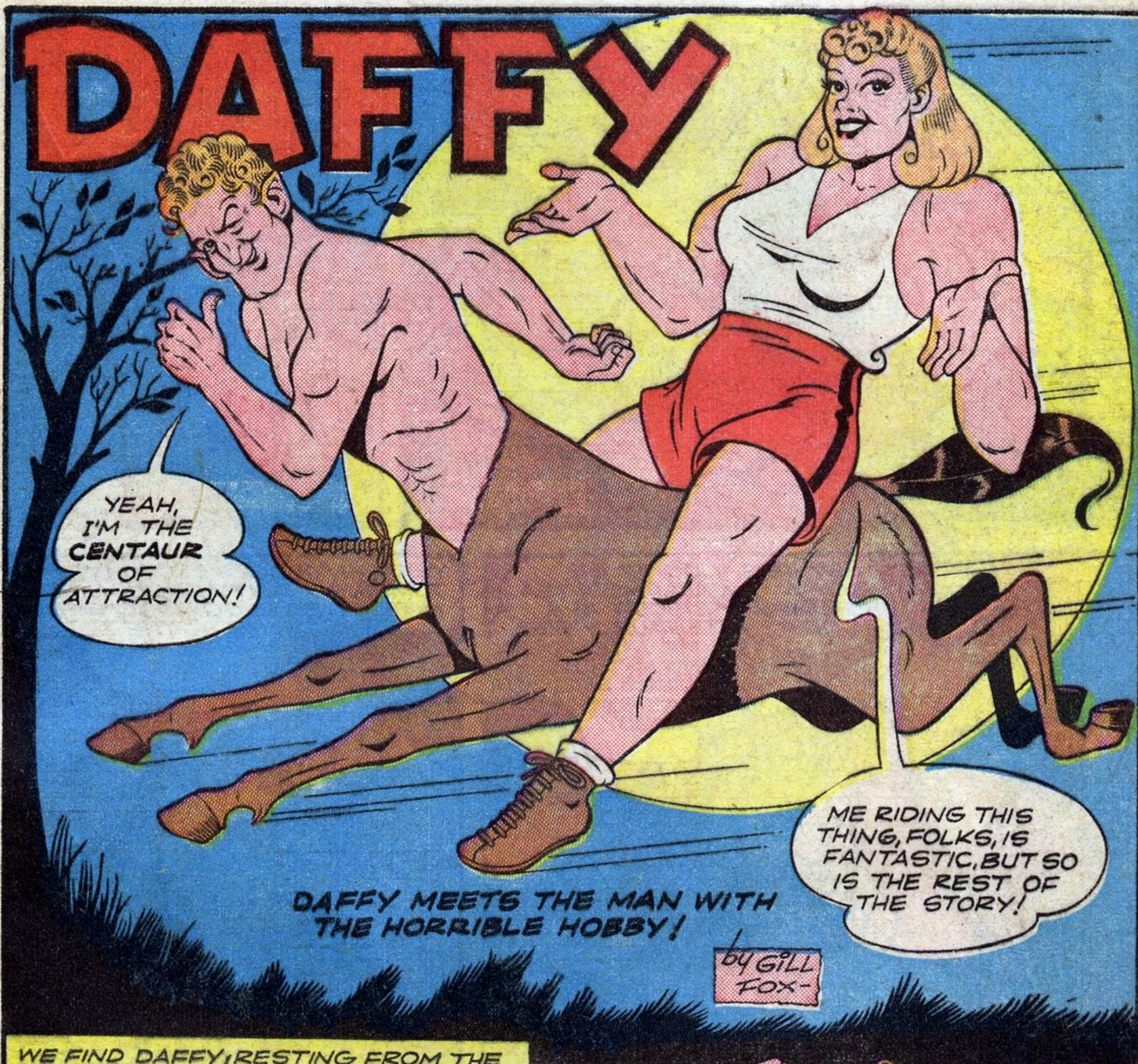


by
RALPH
JOHNS

the
DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE...



DAFFY



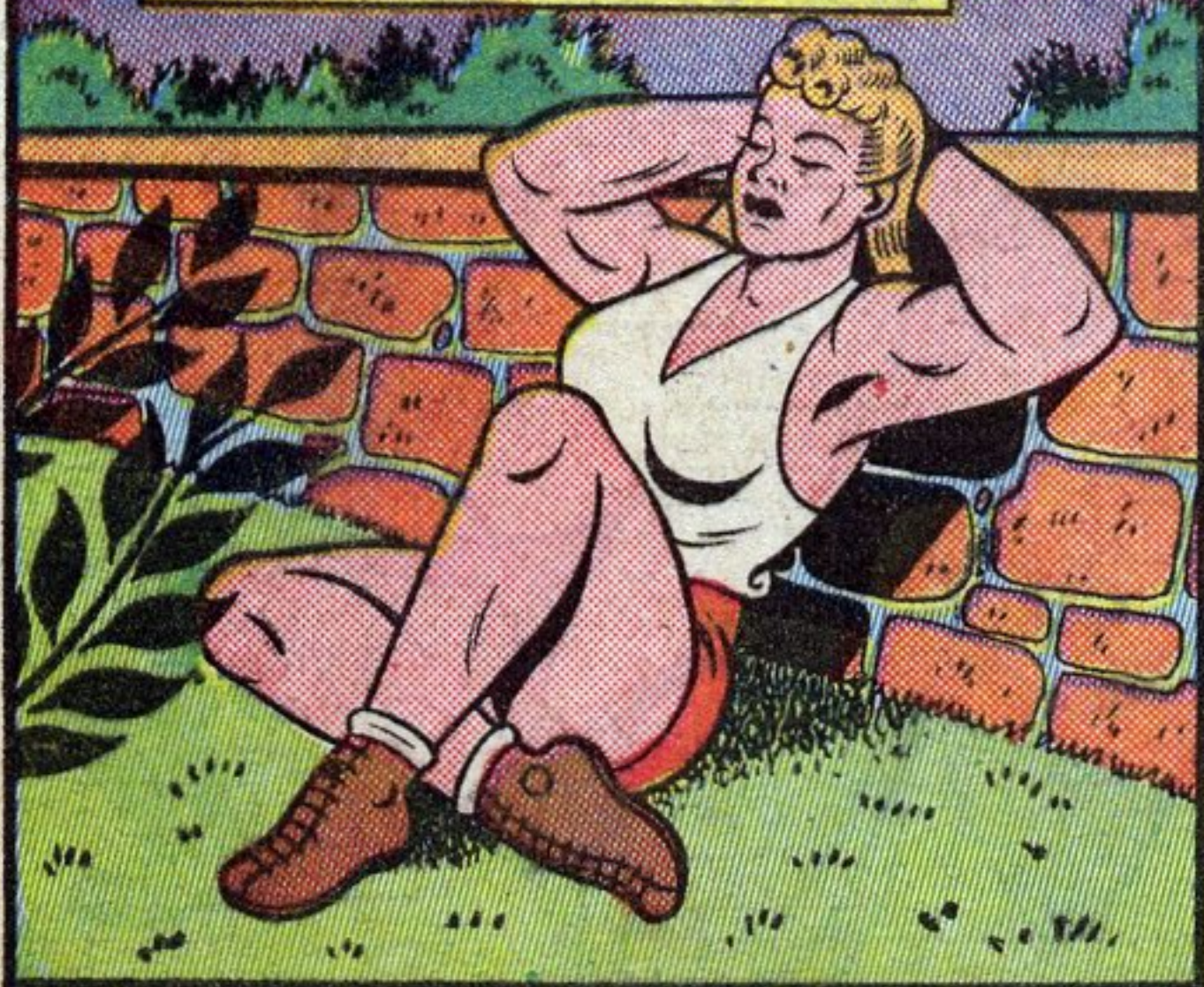
YEAH,
I'M THE
CENTAUR
OF
ATTRACTION!

ME RIDING THIS
THING, FOLKS, IS
FANTASTIC, BUT SO
IS THE REST OF
THE STORY!

DAFFY MEETS THE MAN WITH
THE HORRIBLE HOBBY!

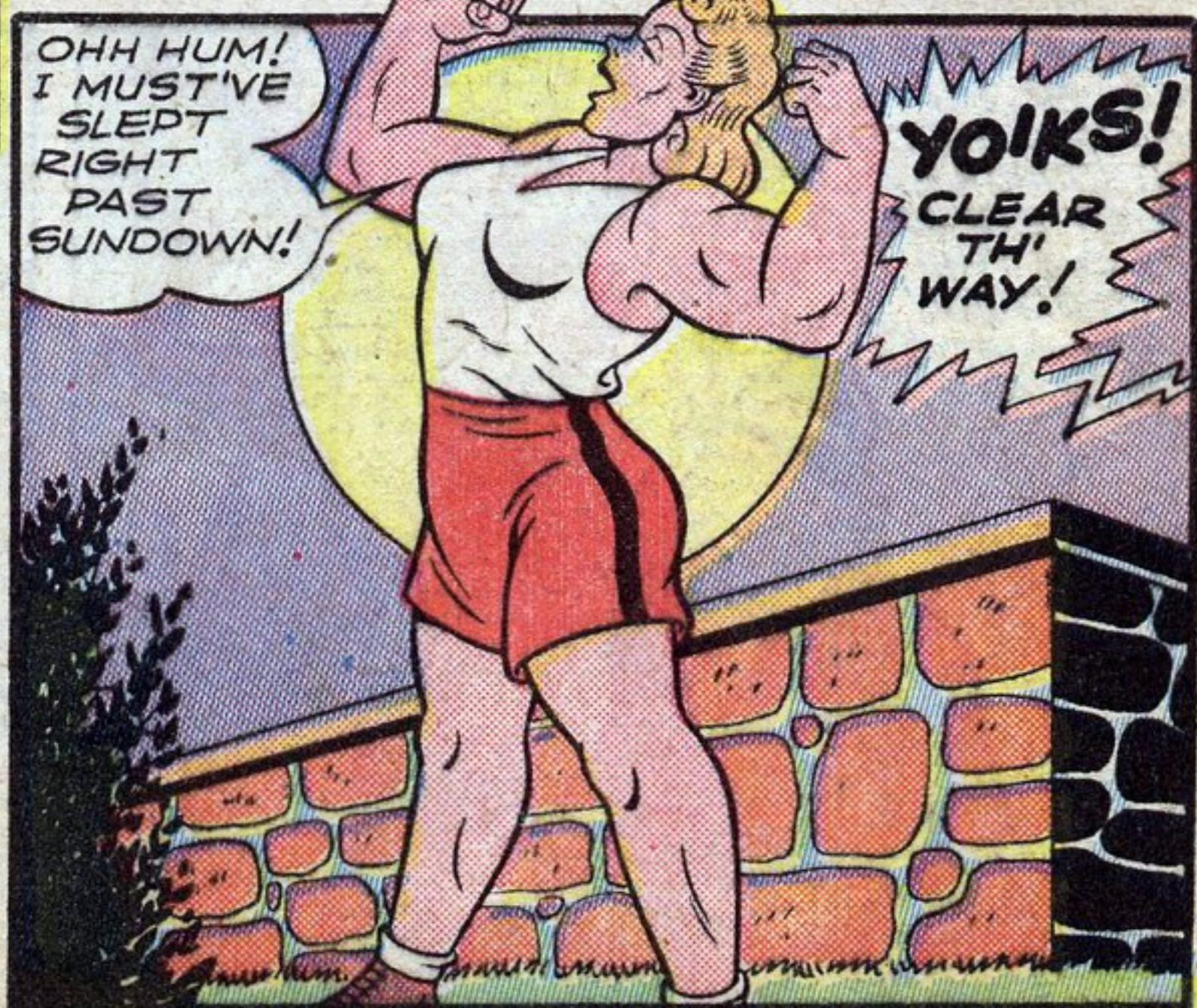
by GILL
FOX-

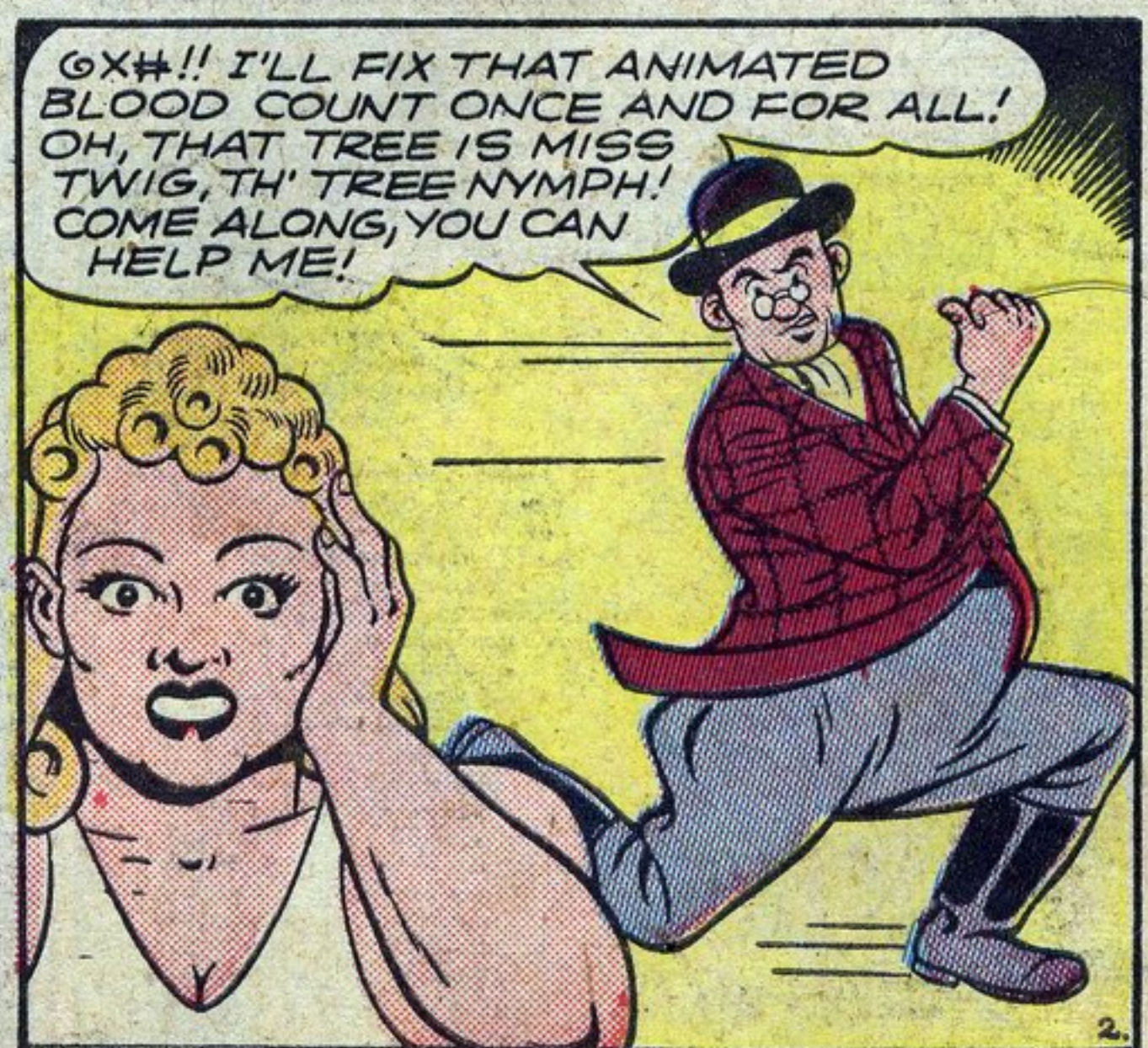
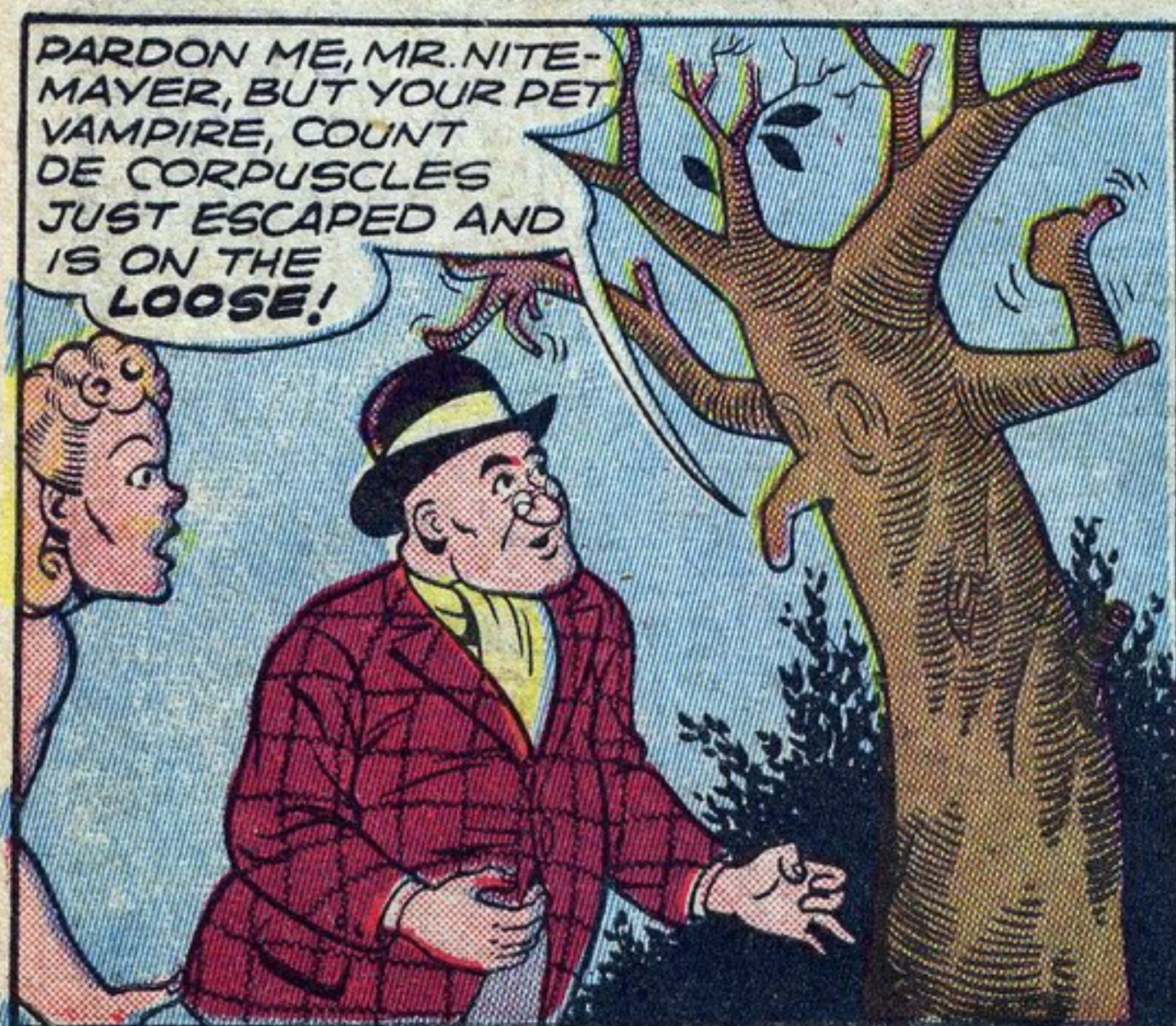
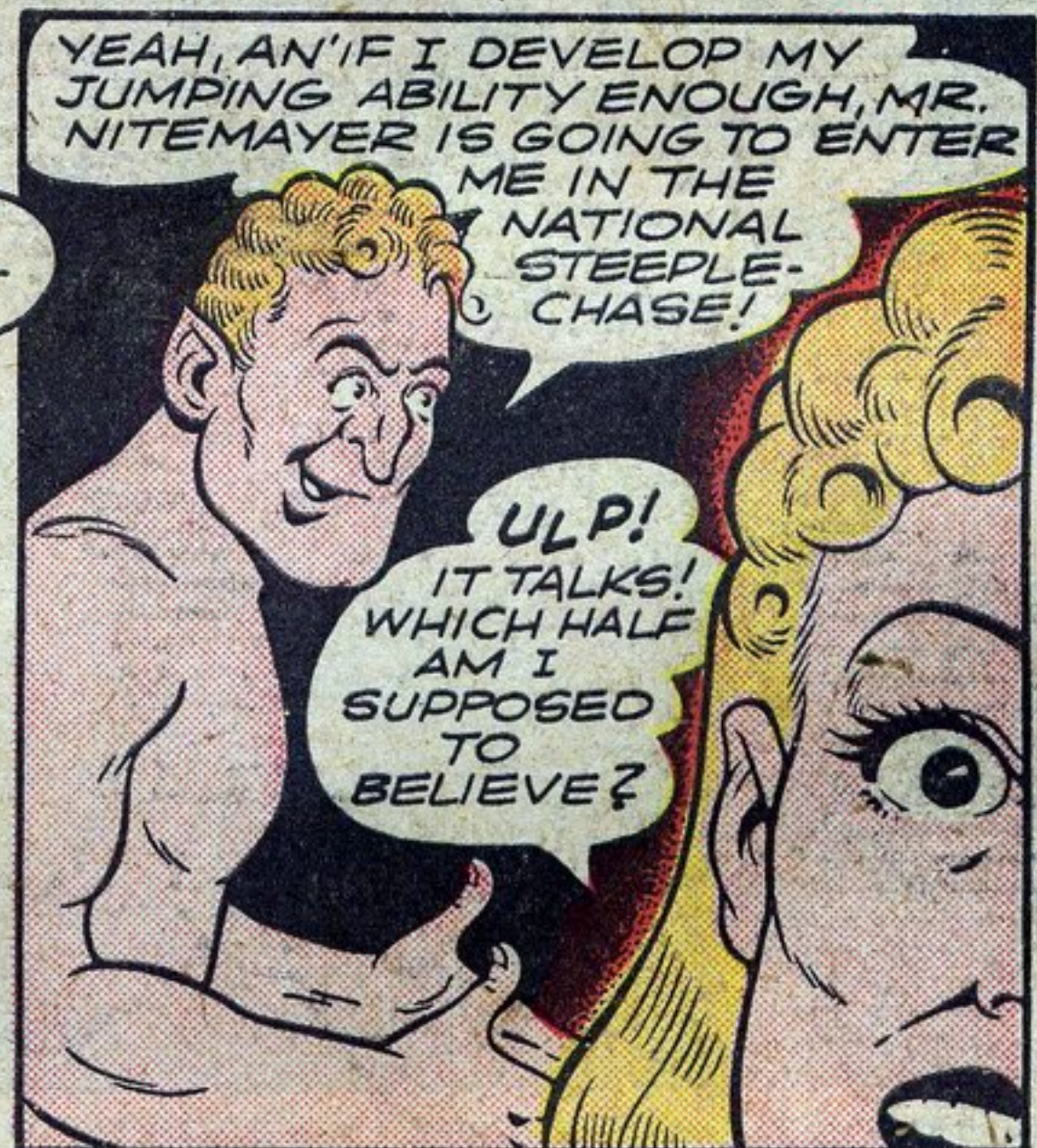
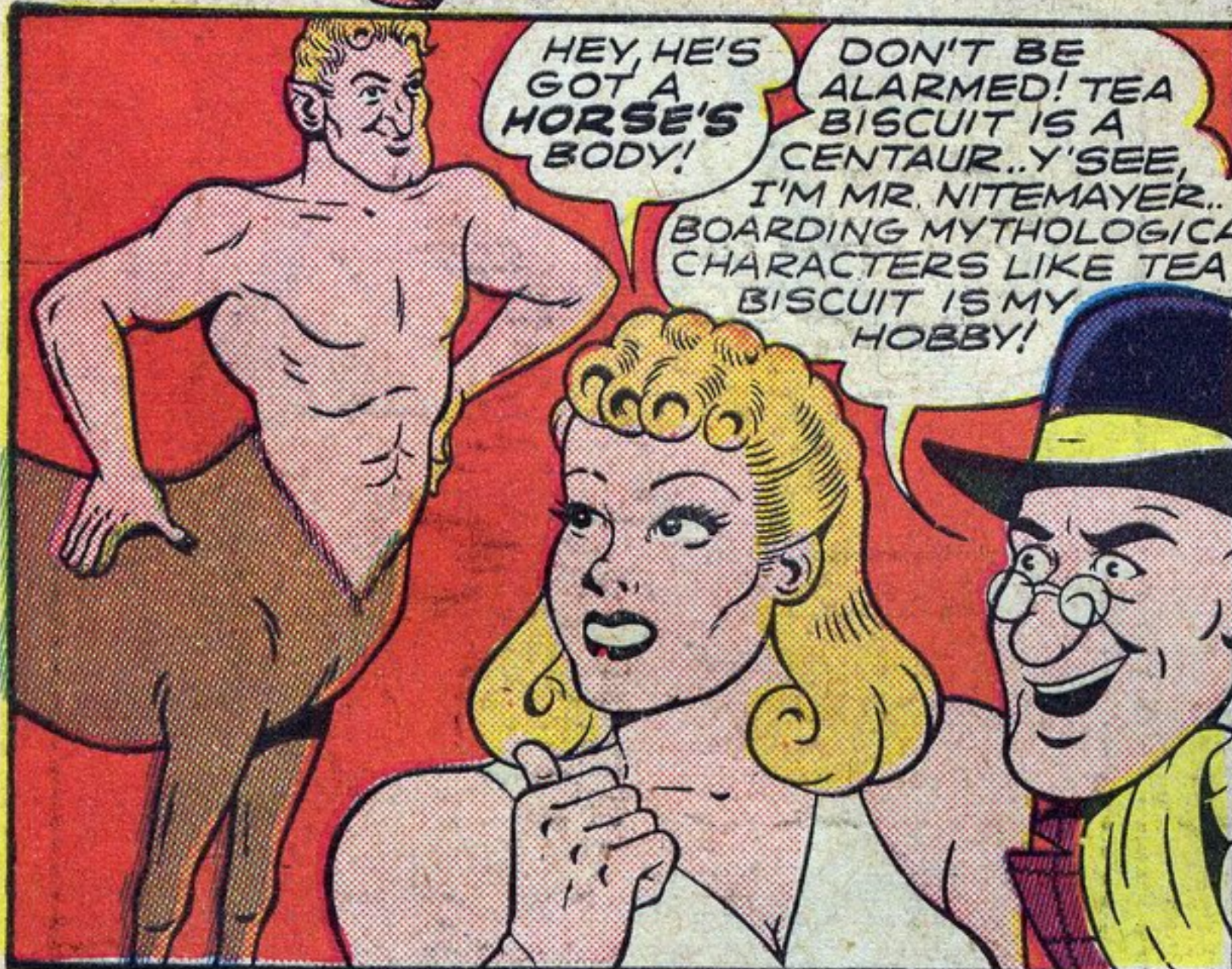
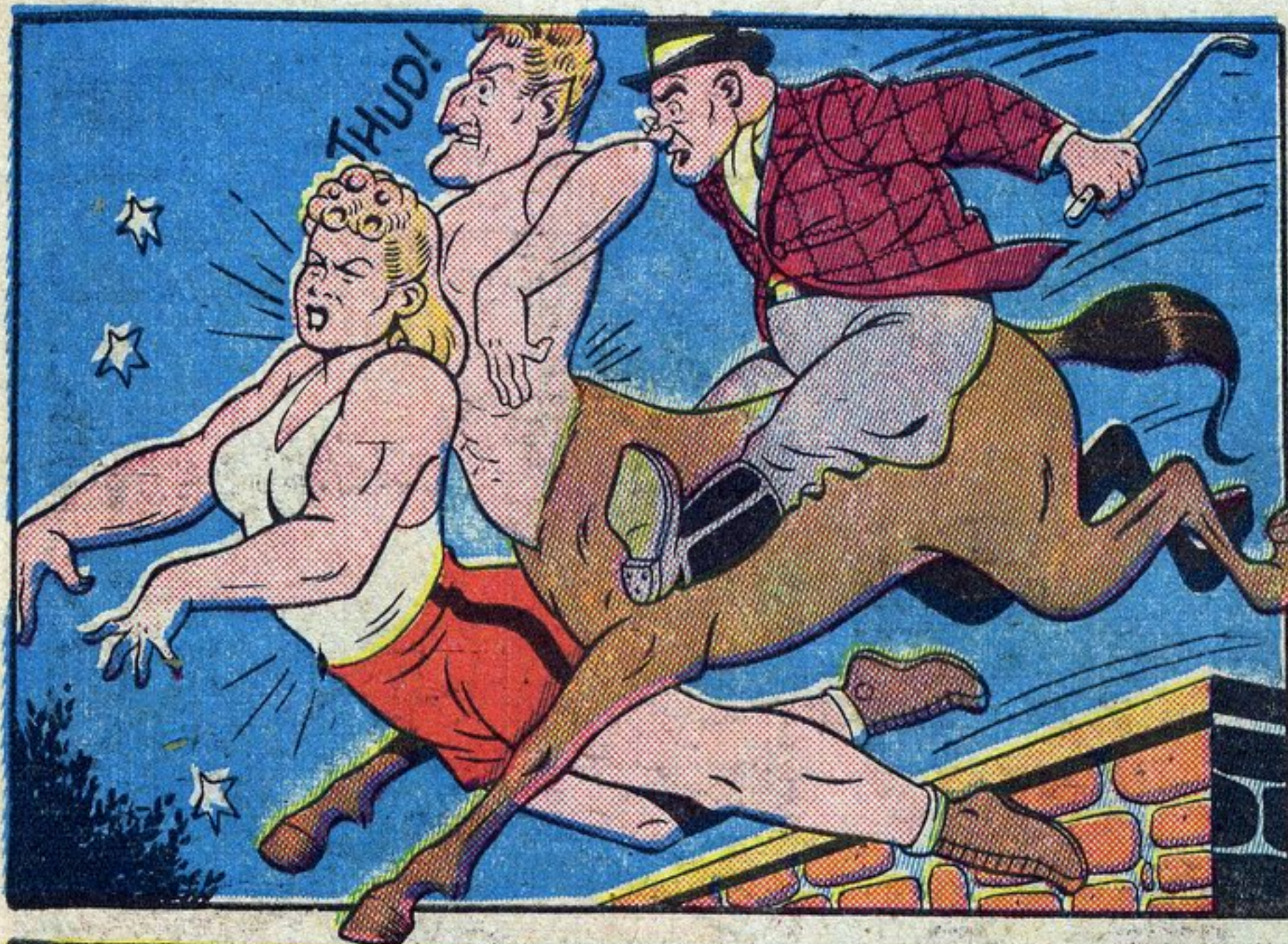
WE FIND DAFFY, RESTING FROM THE
RIGORS OF ROADWORK ON THE ESTATE
OF MR. NITEMAYER.. THAT FORBIDDEN
STRETCH OF LAND, UPON WHICH, IT IS
RUMORED, STRANGE THINGS HAVE
BEEN KNOWN TO HAPPEN..



OHH HUM!
I MUST'VE
SLEPT
RIGHT
PAST
SUNDOWN!

YOIKS!
CLEAR
TH'
WAY!

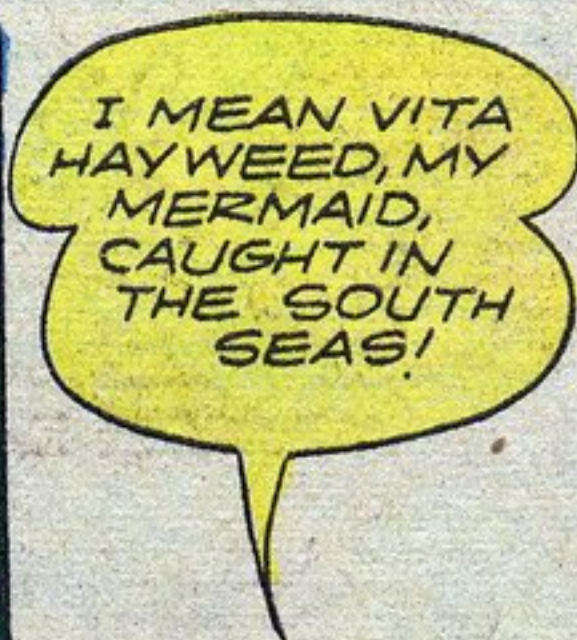




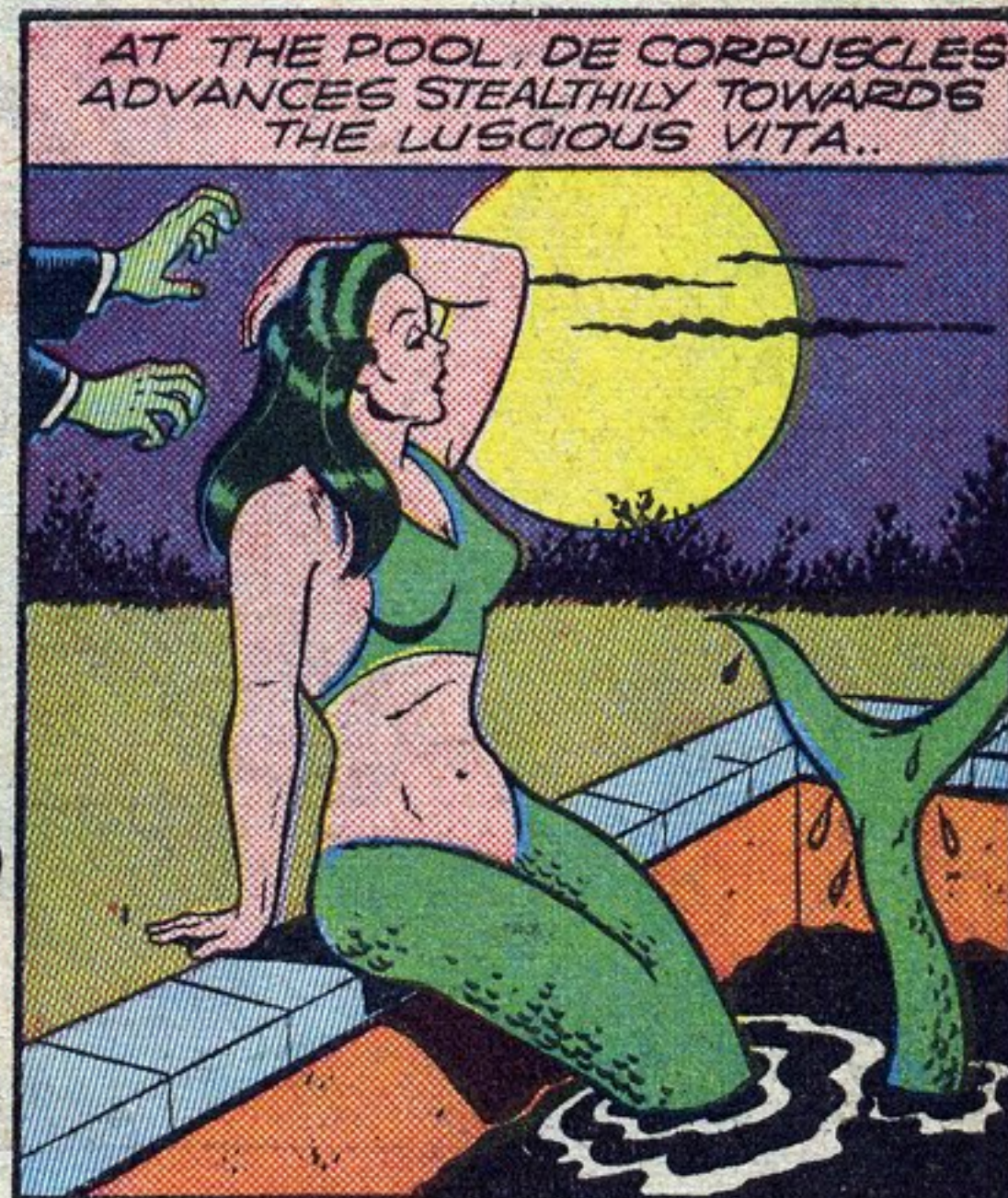


HE'LL PROBABLY HEAD FOR VITA'S POOL FIRST, EVEN THOUGH I WARNED HIM TO STAY AWAY FROM THERE!

AN' WHO'S VITA?



I MEAN VITA HAYWEED, MY MERMAID, CAUGHT IN THE SOUTH SEAS!



AT THE POOL, DE CORPUSCLES ADVANCES STEALTHILY TOWARDS THE LUSCIOUS VITA..



GRR-RUMM!

EEEEK! WHY, COUNT, THIS IS SO SUDDEN!



PHOOEY! SHE'S GOT COD LIVER OIL INSTEAD OF BLOOD IN HER VEINS!!



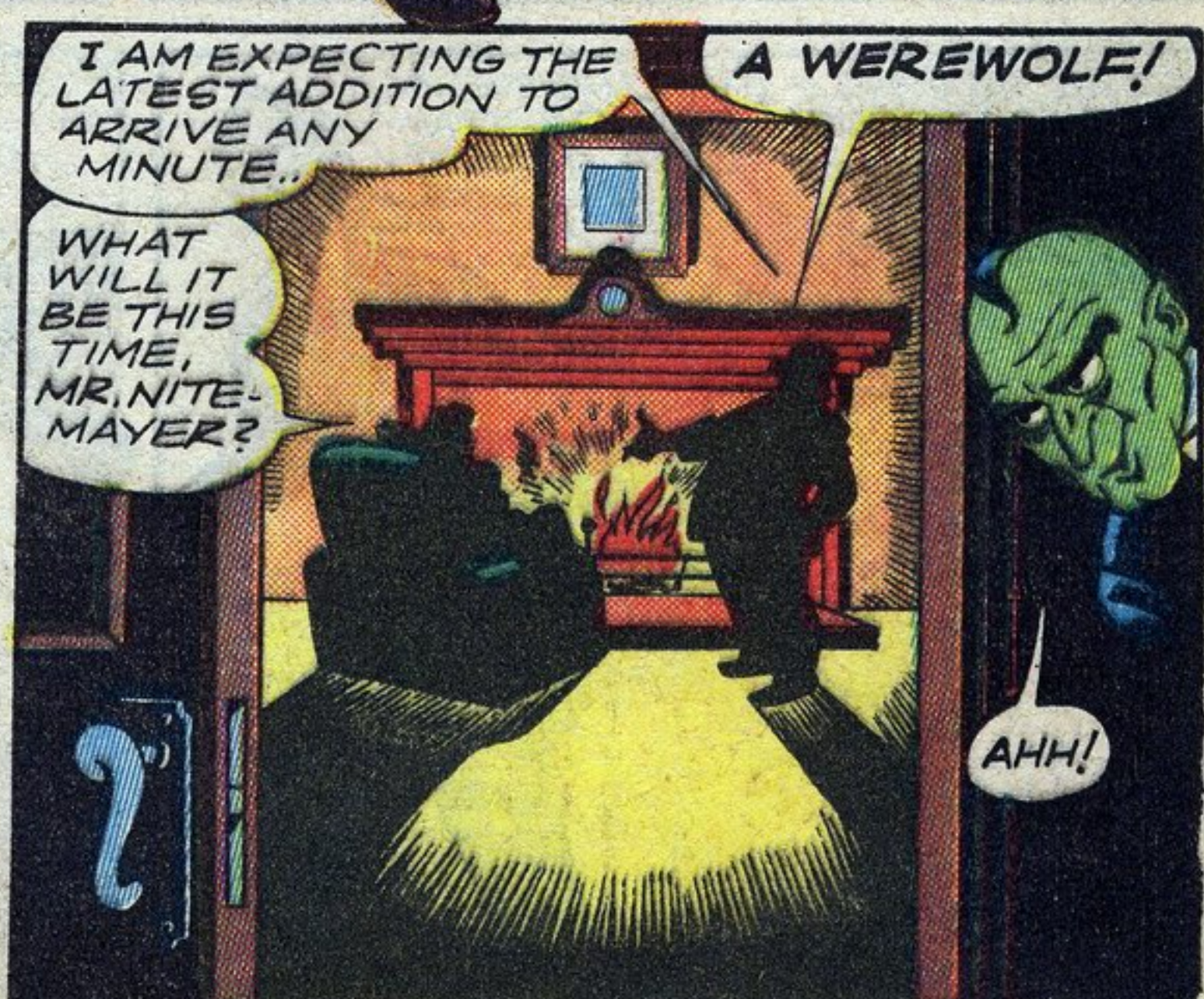
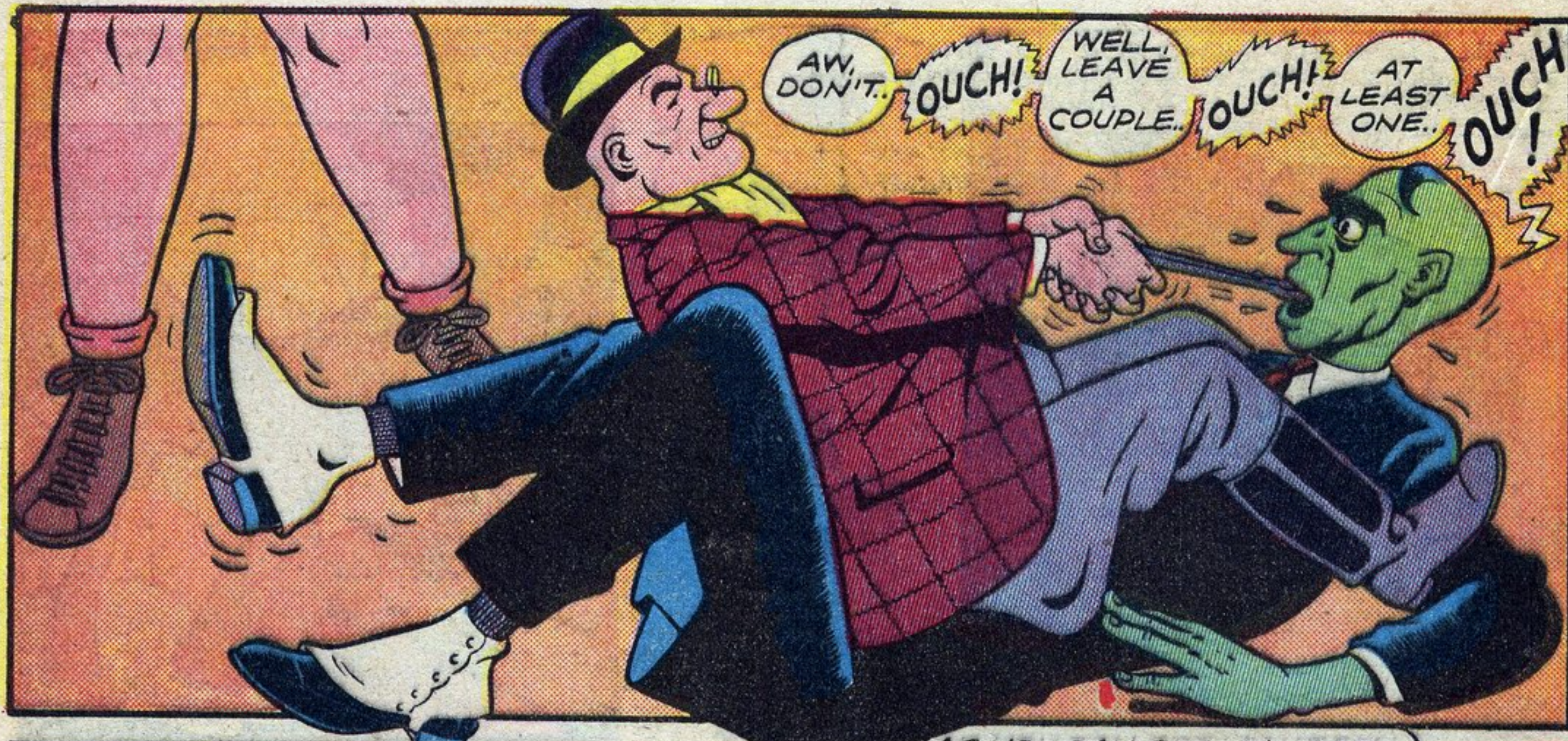
GRAB 'IM WHILE I GET MY TOOLS!

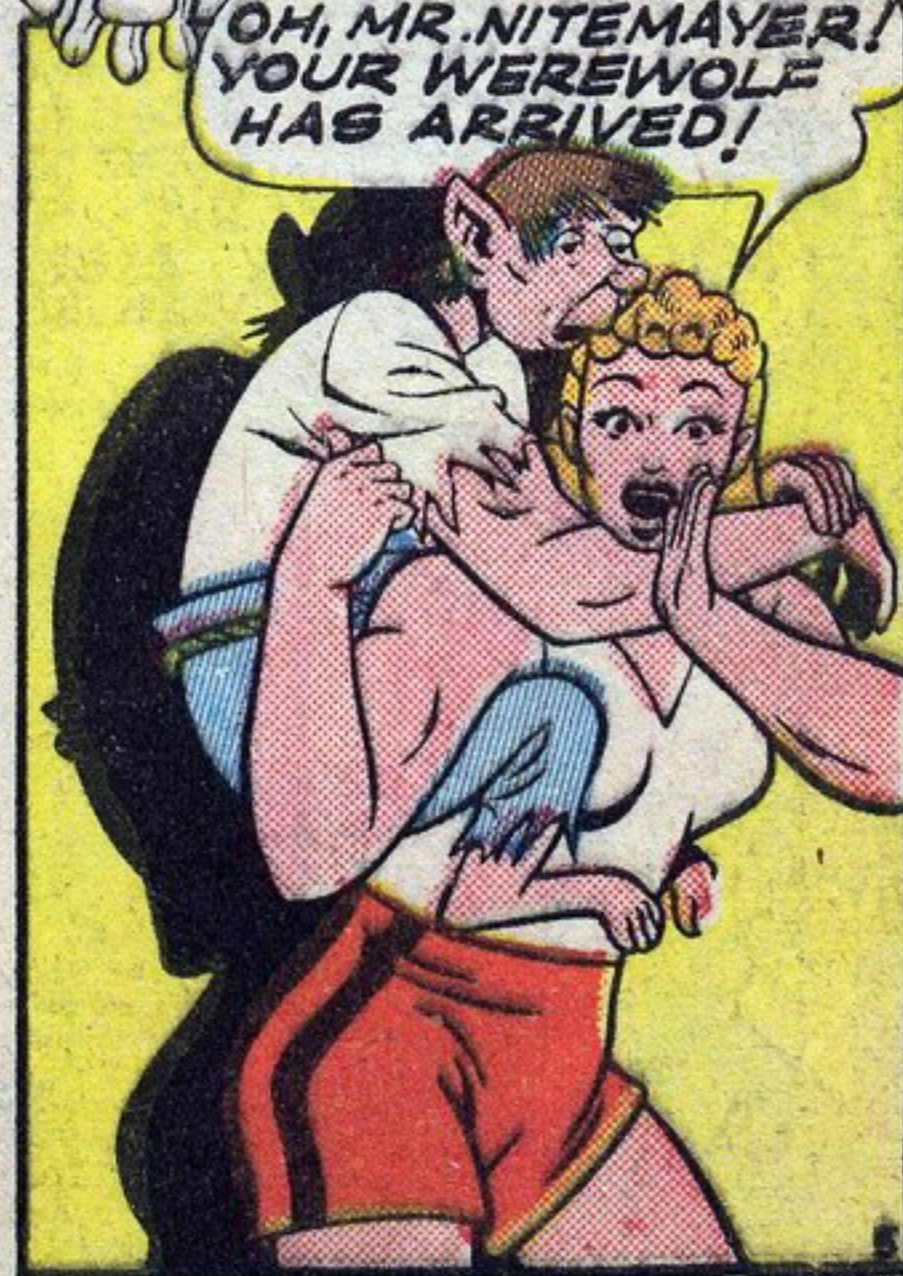
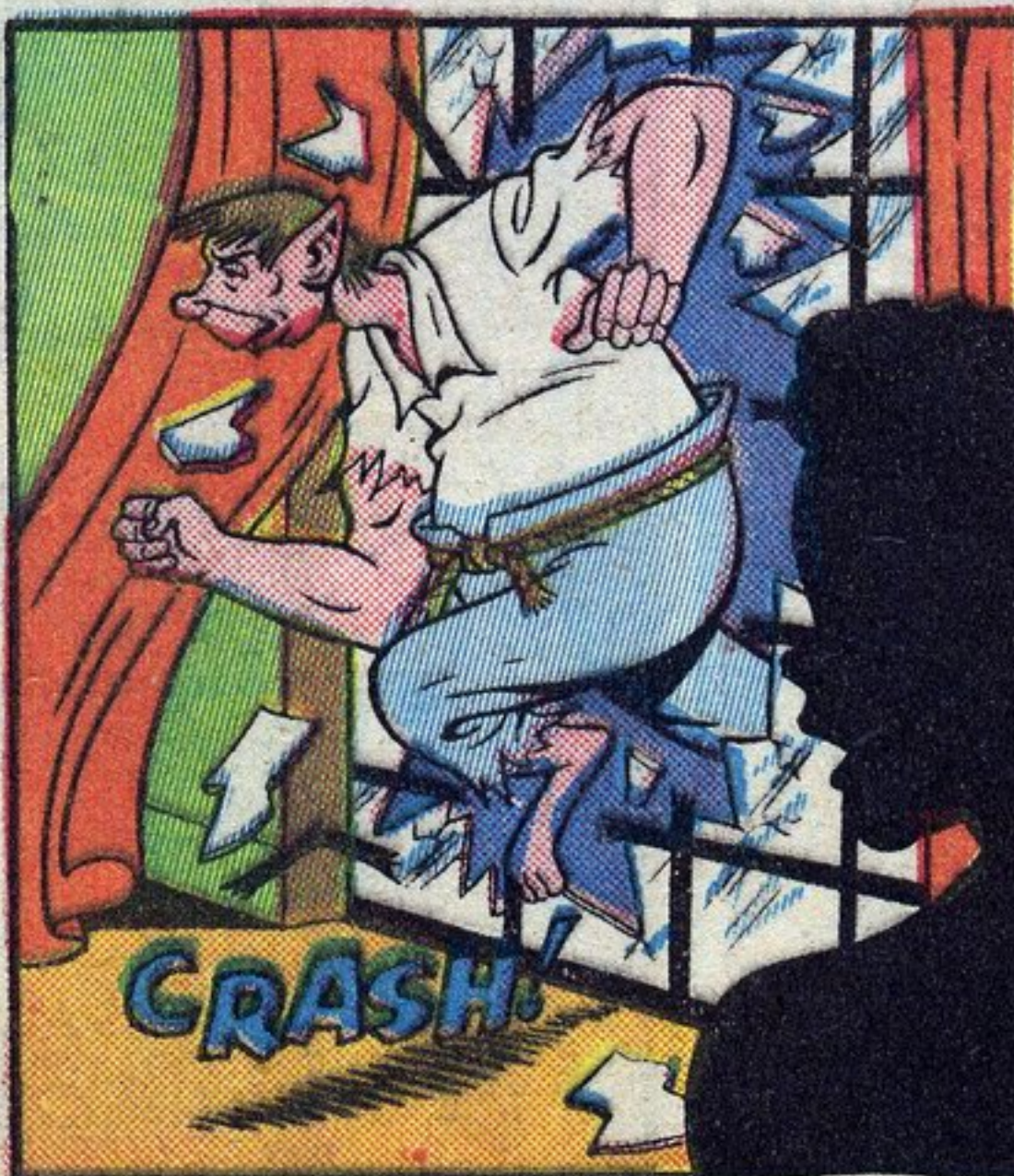
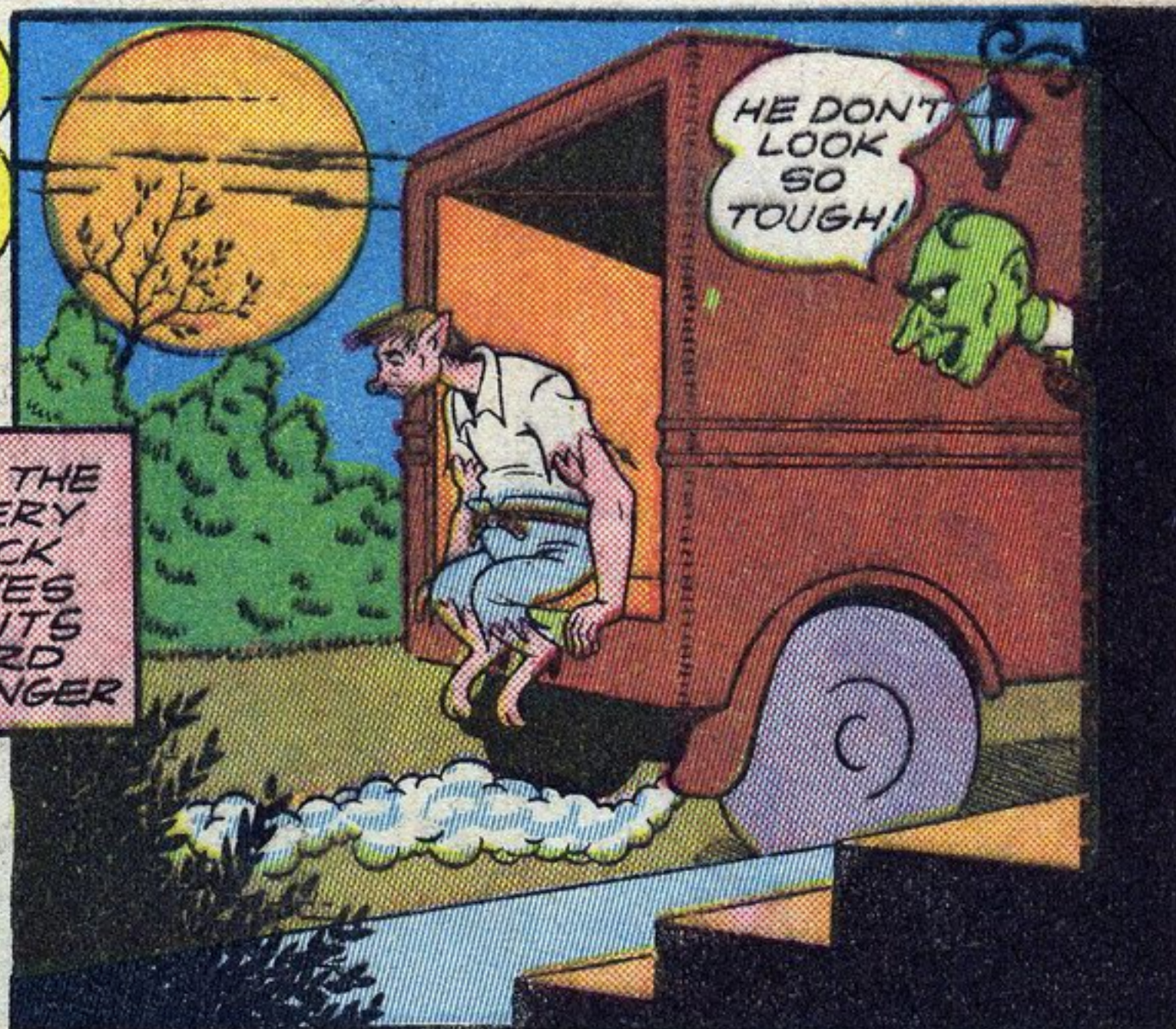
C'MERE, DEAD N' DANDY!

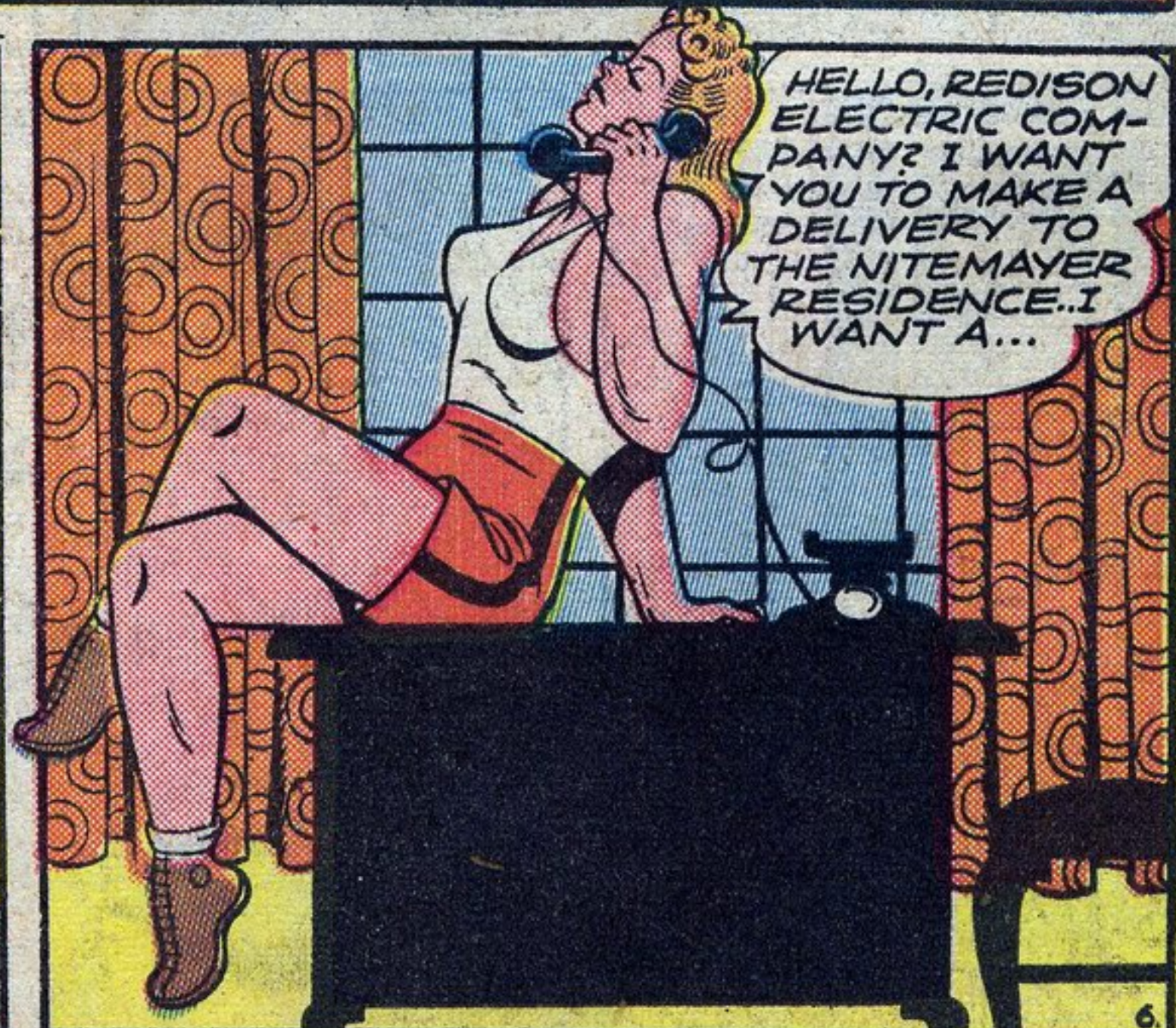
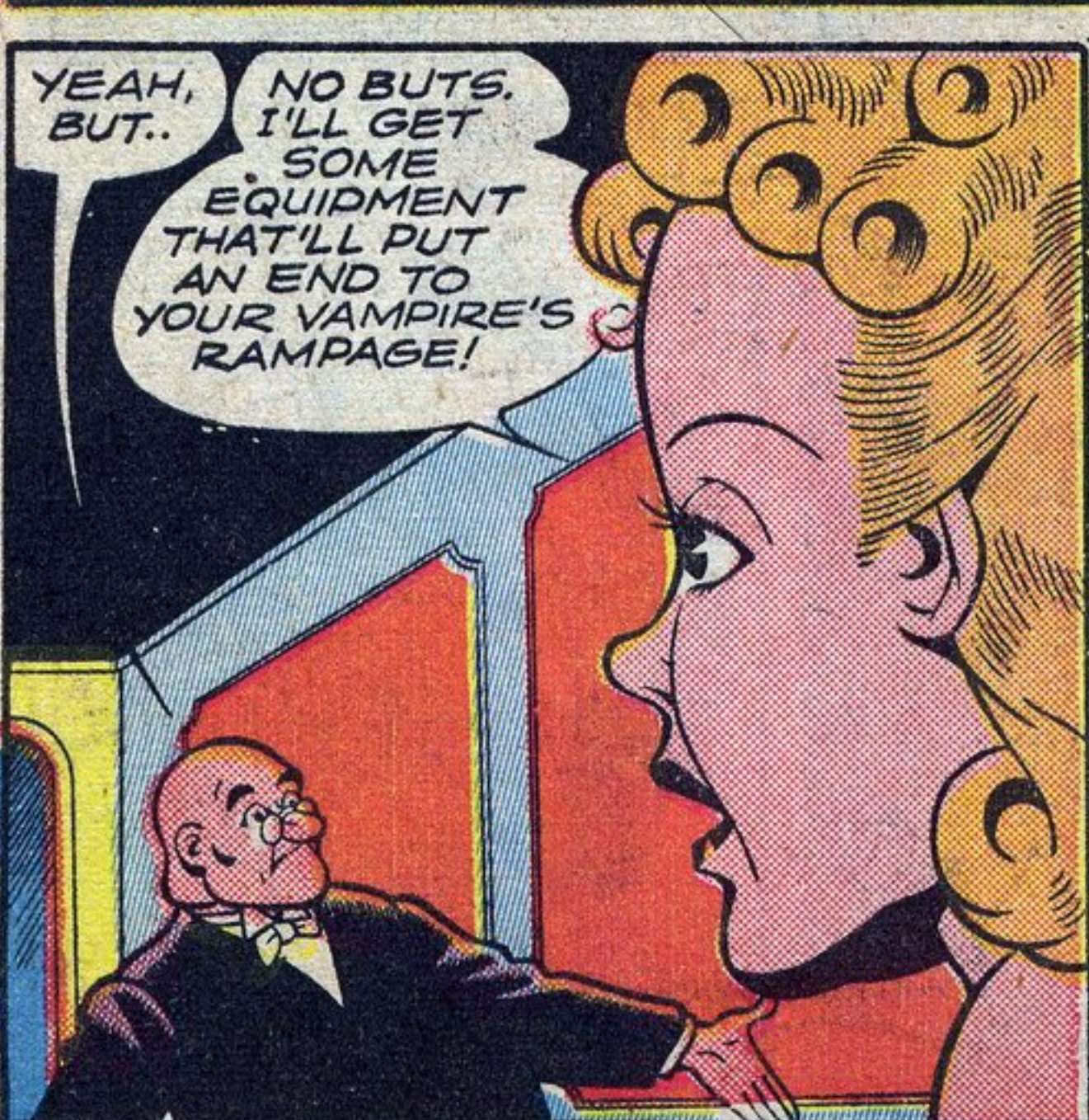
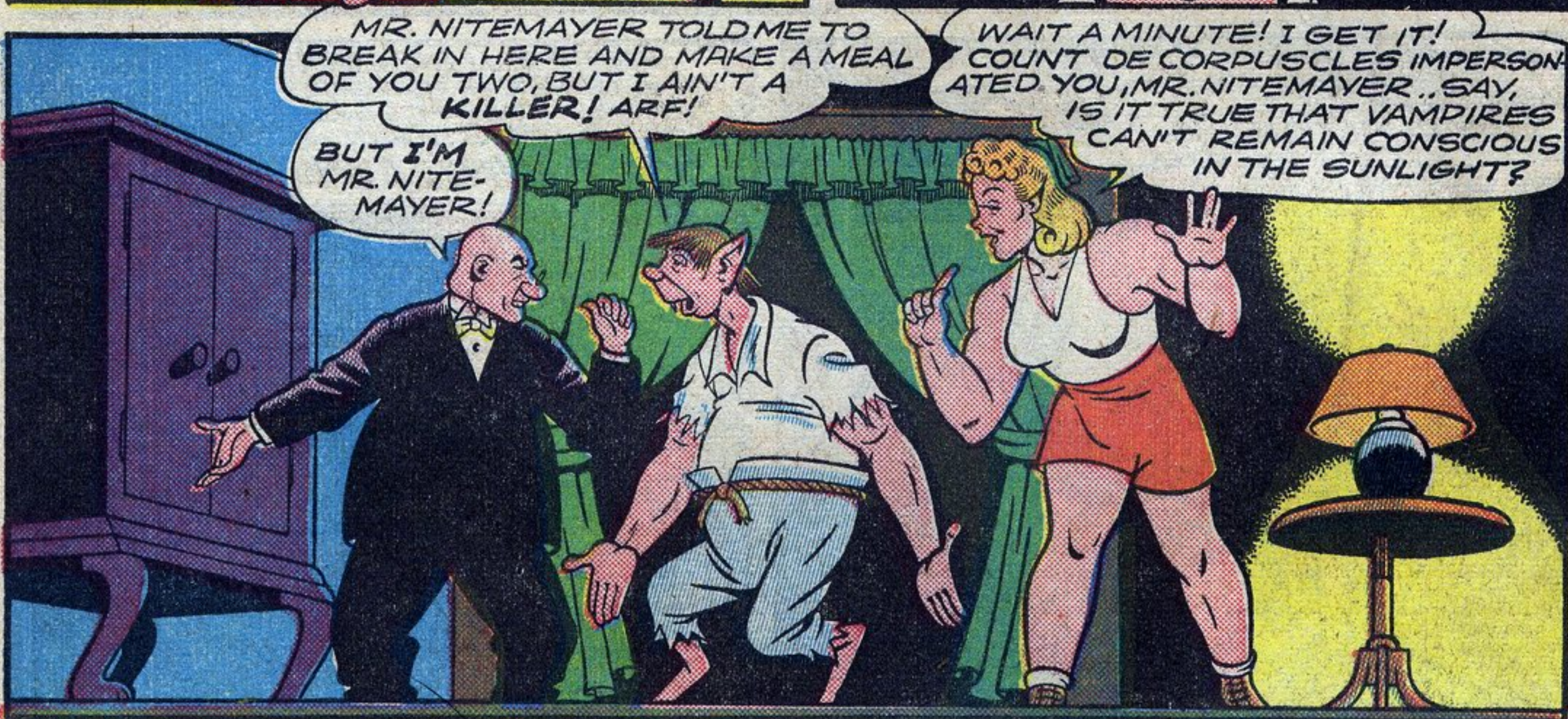
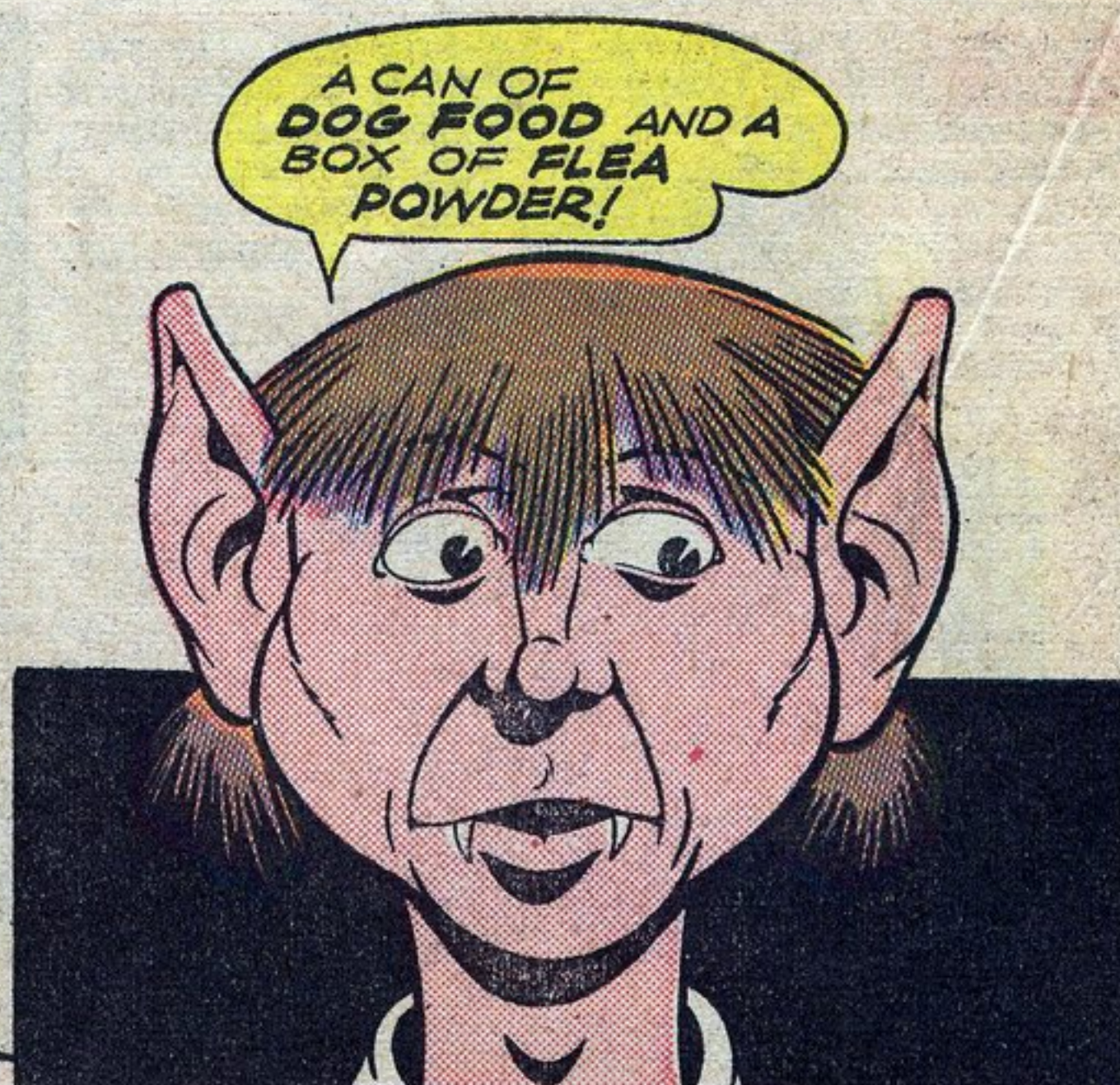
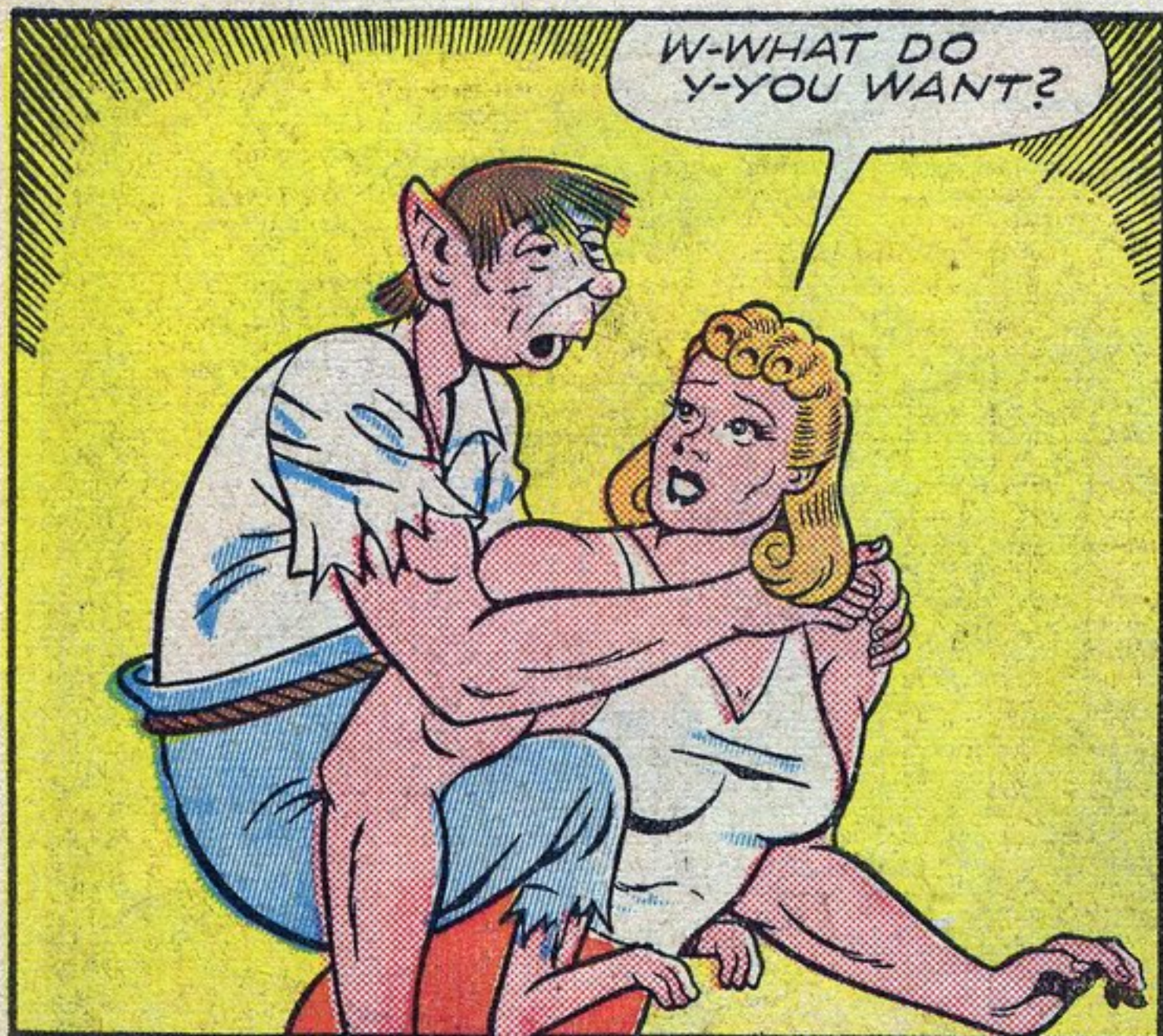


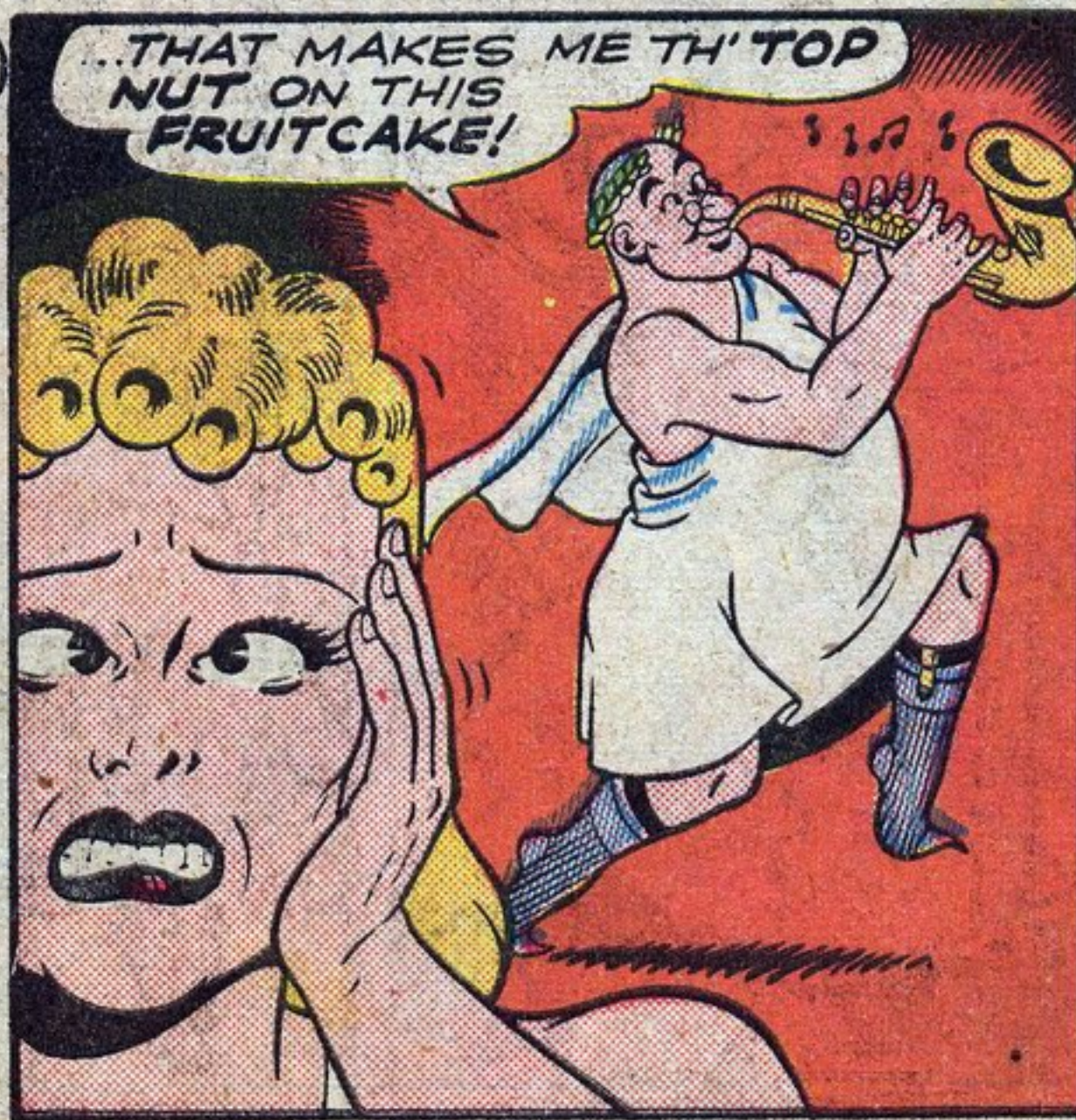
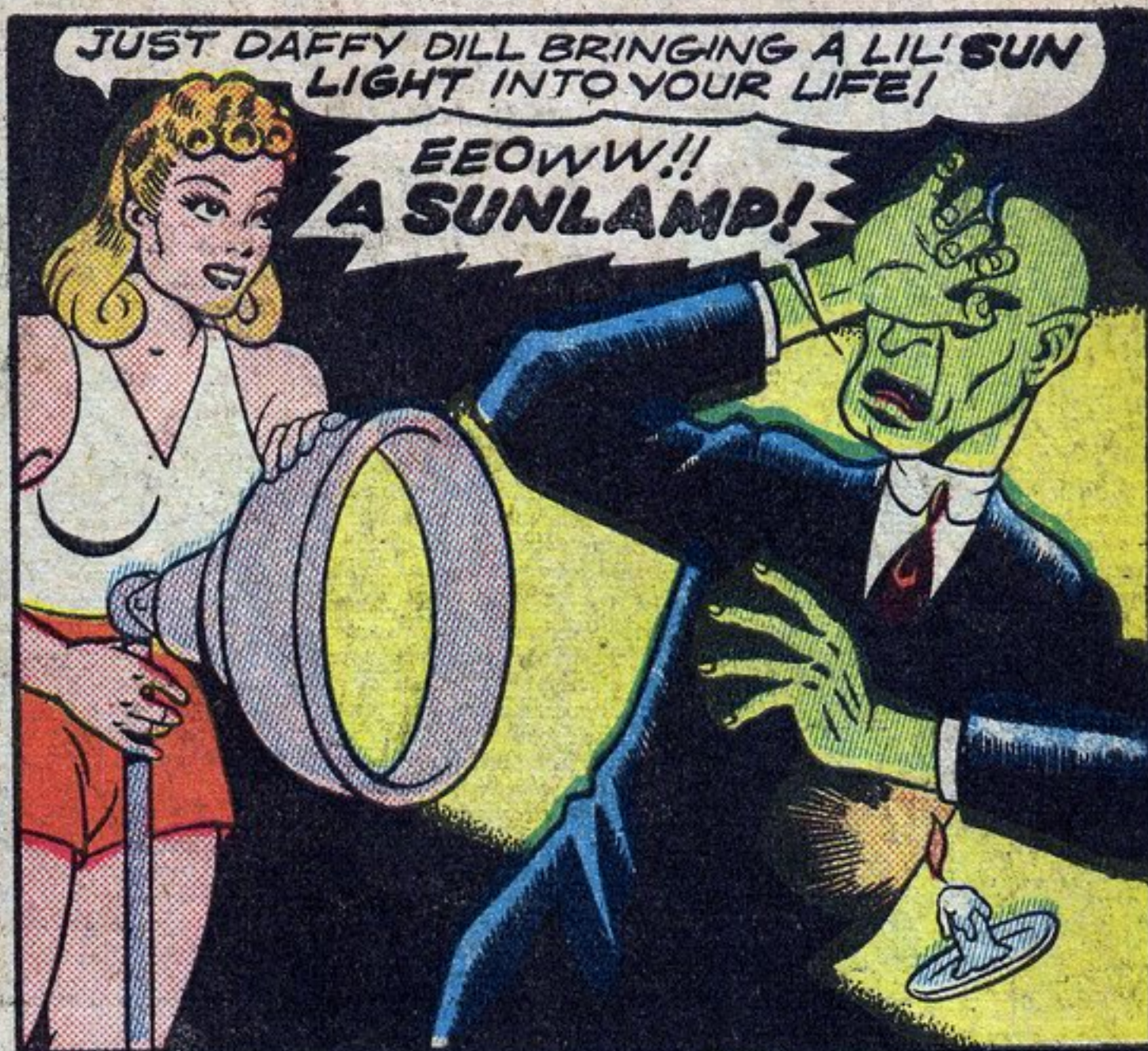
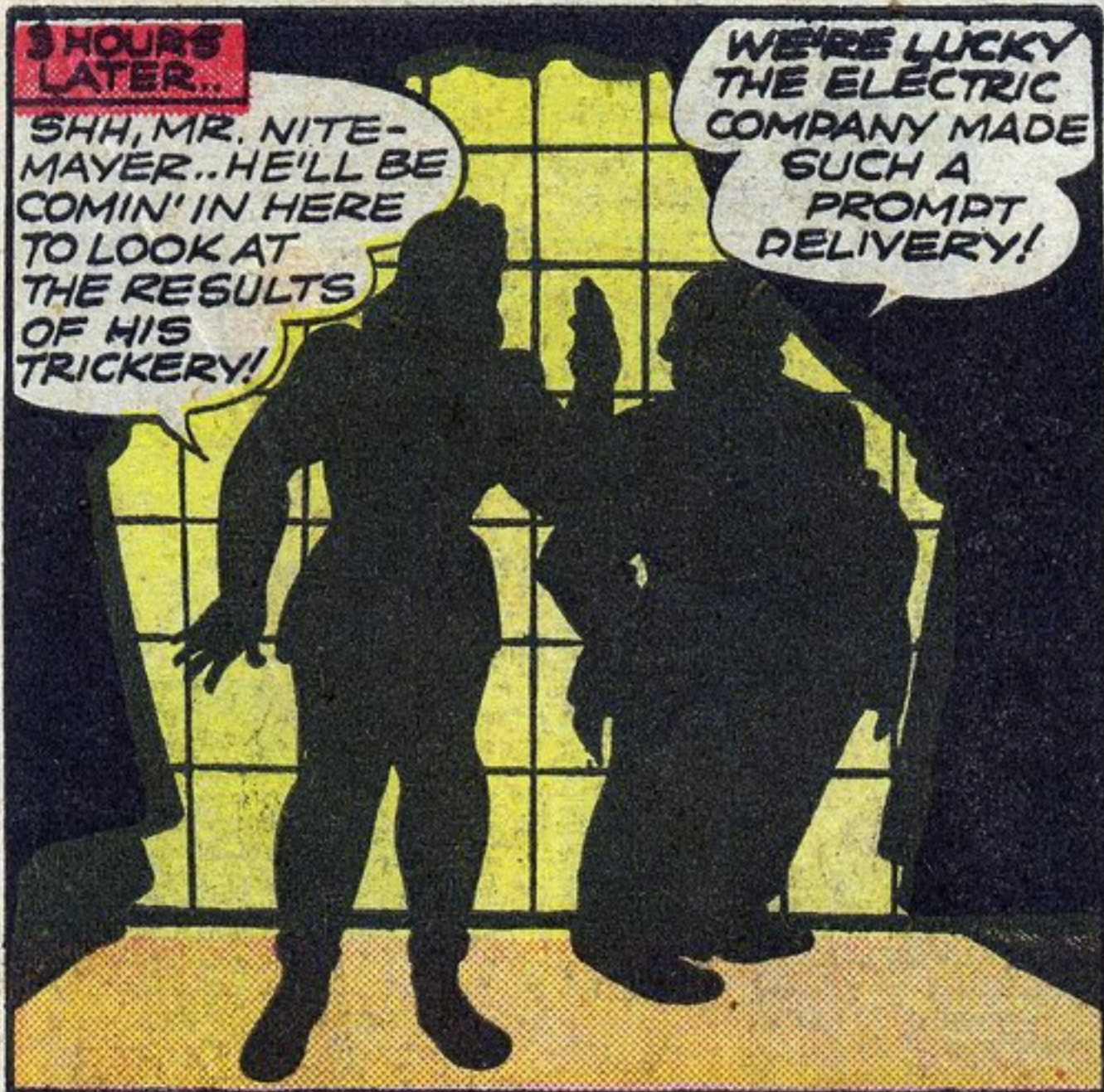
I TOLD YOU WHAT'D HAPPEN TH' NEXT TIME YOU ATE BETWEEN MEALS!

AW, MR. NITEMAYER, WHAT'S A PINT OF BLOOD BETWEEN FRIENDS?









SO YOU THINK THIS STORY IS DAFFY, EH? WELL, DON'T FORM ANY OPINIONS UNTIL YOU'VE READ DAFFY'S ADVENTURE NEXT MONTH IN **SMASH COMICS**... "THE TERRIBLE INHERITANCE OF LITTLE ATMOS FEAR!!"

7

ROOKIE RANKIN

DO YOU LIKE TO BET?...
THE ODDS ARE FIVE-TO-
ONE AGAINST ROOKIE
RANKIN AS HE PITS HIS
WITS AGAINST THE
CUNNING OF A CROOKED
GANGSTER GAMBLER!
... WITH THE ODDS
AGAINST HIM, CAN
ROOKIE BEAT FOXY
HARRIS AT HIS OWN
GAME? PUT YOUR
MONEY ON YOUR
CHOICE! -- THEN
READ ON





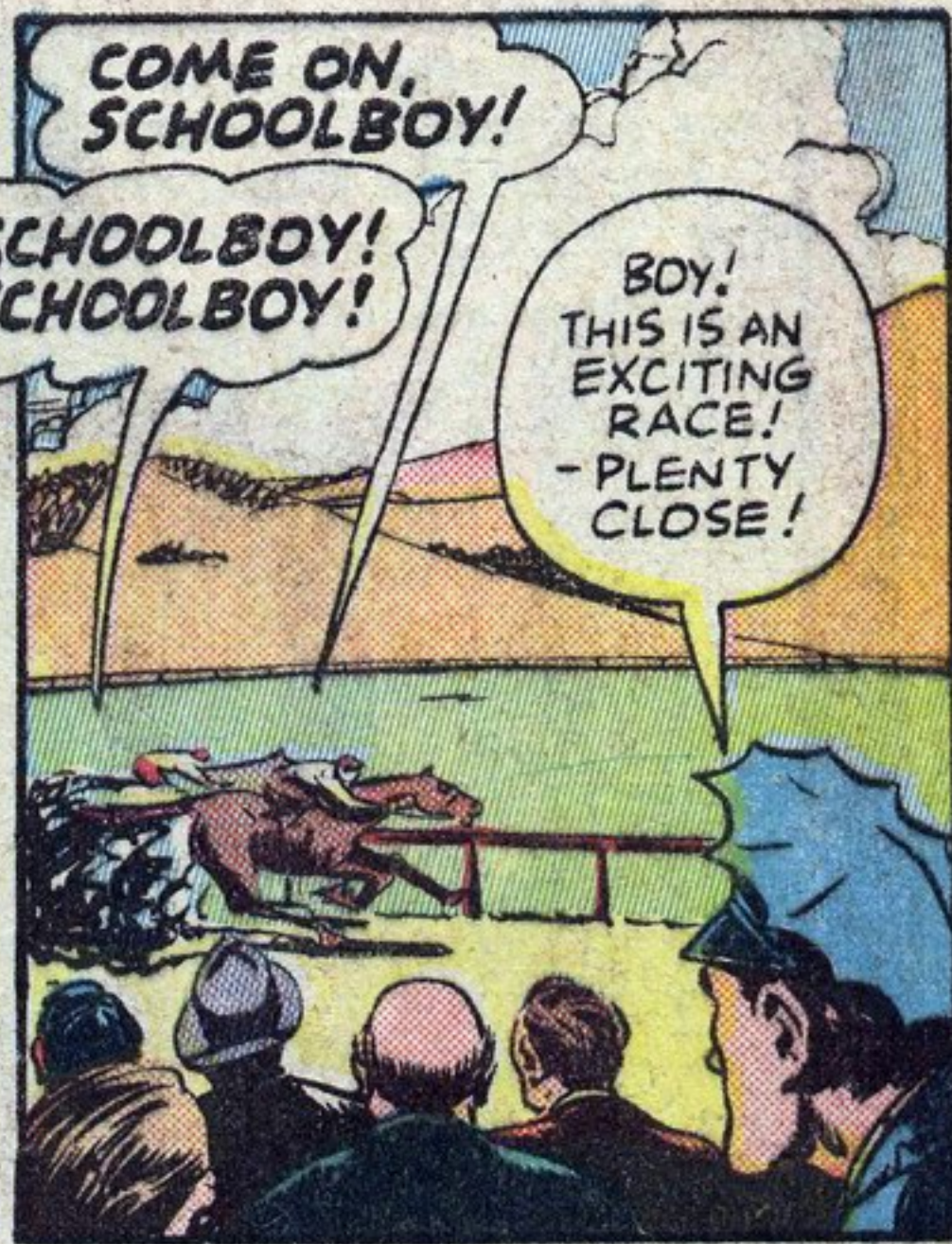
NOW I'M PLAYING NURSE-MAID TO A BUNCH OF HORSES! I WONDER WHAT NEXT?



I'M PUTTING MY DOUGH ON "SCHOOLBOY"! HE'S A CINCH TO WIN!

ME, TOO! IT'S A SURE BET!

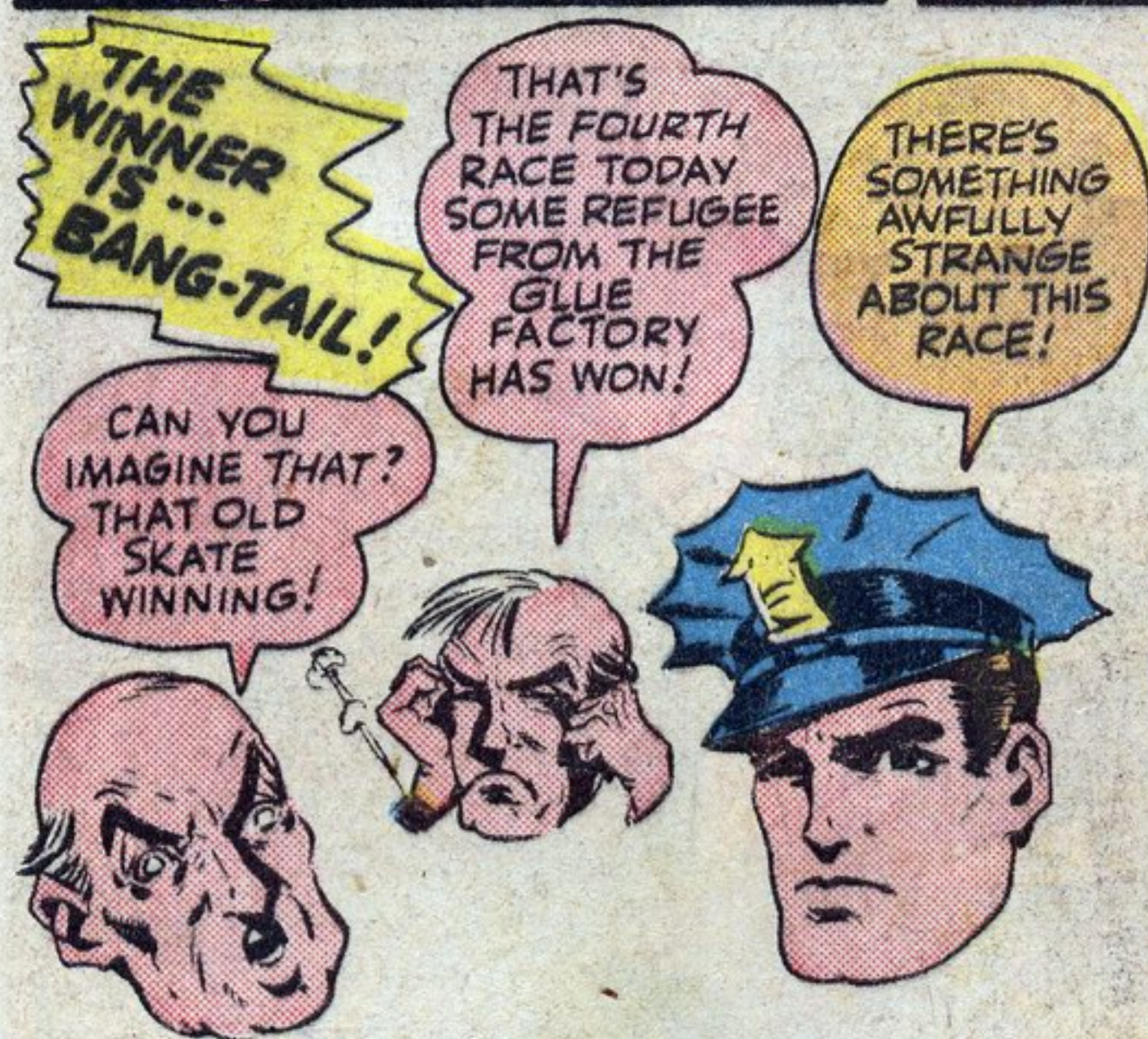
JUST MY LUCK TO BE IN UNIFORM SO I CAN'T PUT ANY MONEY ON THE FAVORITE!



COME ON, SCHOOLBOY!

SCHOOLBOY! SCHOOLBOY!

BOY! THIS IS AN EXCITING RACE! - PLENTY CLOSE!



THE WINNER IS... BANG-TAIL!

THAT'S THE FOURTH RACE TODAY SOME REFUGEE FROM THE GLUE FACTORY HAS WON!

THERE'S SOMETHING AWFULLY STRANGE ABOUT THIS RACE!

CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT? THAT OLD SKATE WINNING!



CHIEF -- THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THOSE RACES! EVERY RACE WAS AN UPSET - AND ALL THE FAVORITES LOST!

AW, ROOKIE, YOU'RE JUST IMAGINING THINGS! - JUST A BAD DAY! HOPE YOU DIDN'T PLACE ANY BETS!



NO! BUT THERE WERE A LOT WHO DID BET AND LOST PLENTY! I THINK THEY WERE SWINDLED OUT OF THEIR DOUGH!

RING... RINGAH... RING!



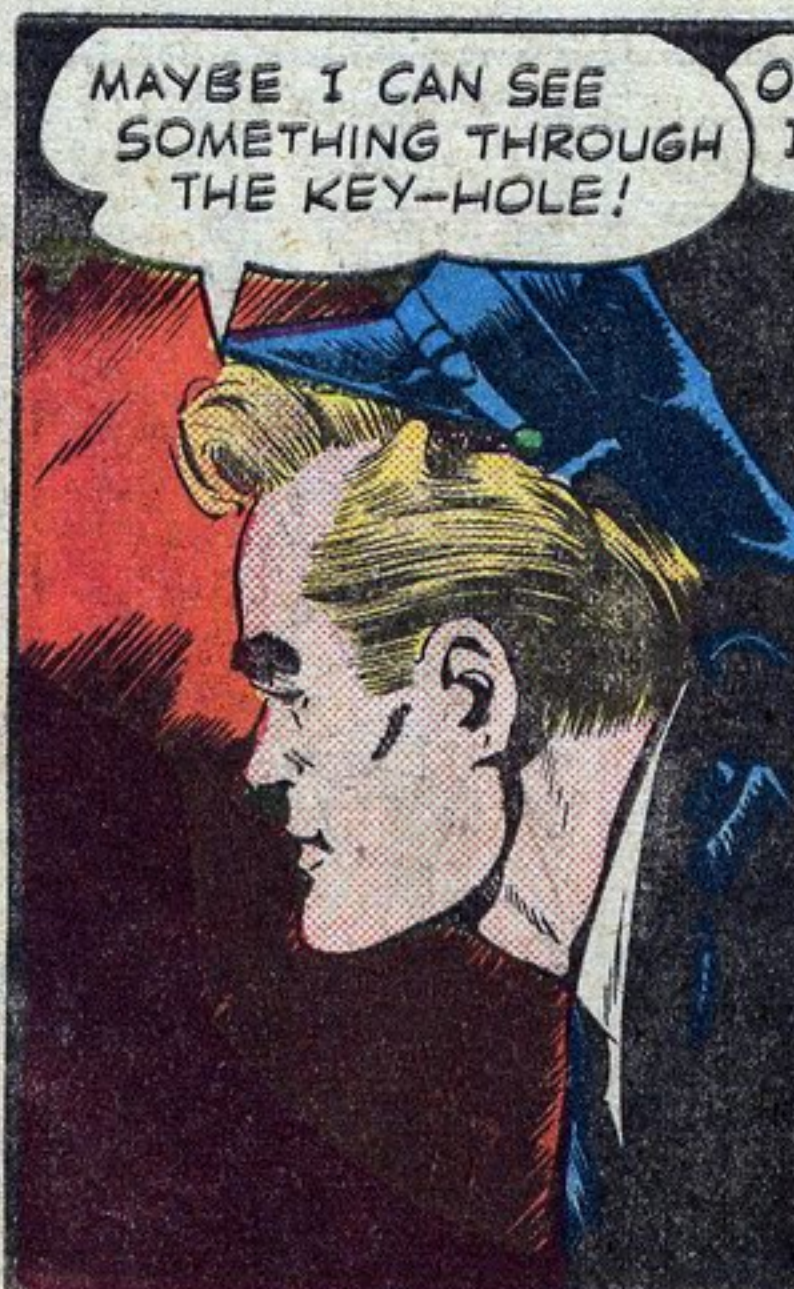
THIS IS THE CHIEF ..

I WANT A COP AT MY HOUSE - QUICK! I'M AFRAID TO LEAVE HERE - AND I CAN'T TALK OVER THE 'PHONE!



YOU'RE OUR BETTING EXPERT, RANKIN! SPIKE TOLAN, THE BOOKIE, WANTS PROTECTION-- QUICK! GET GOING!

OKAY, CHIEF!





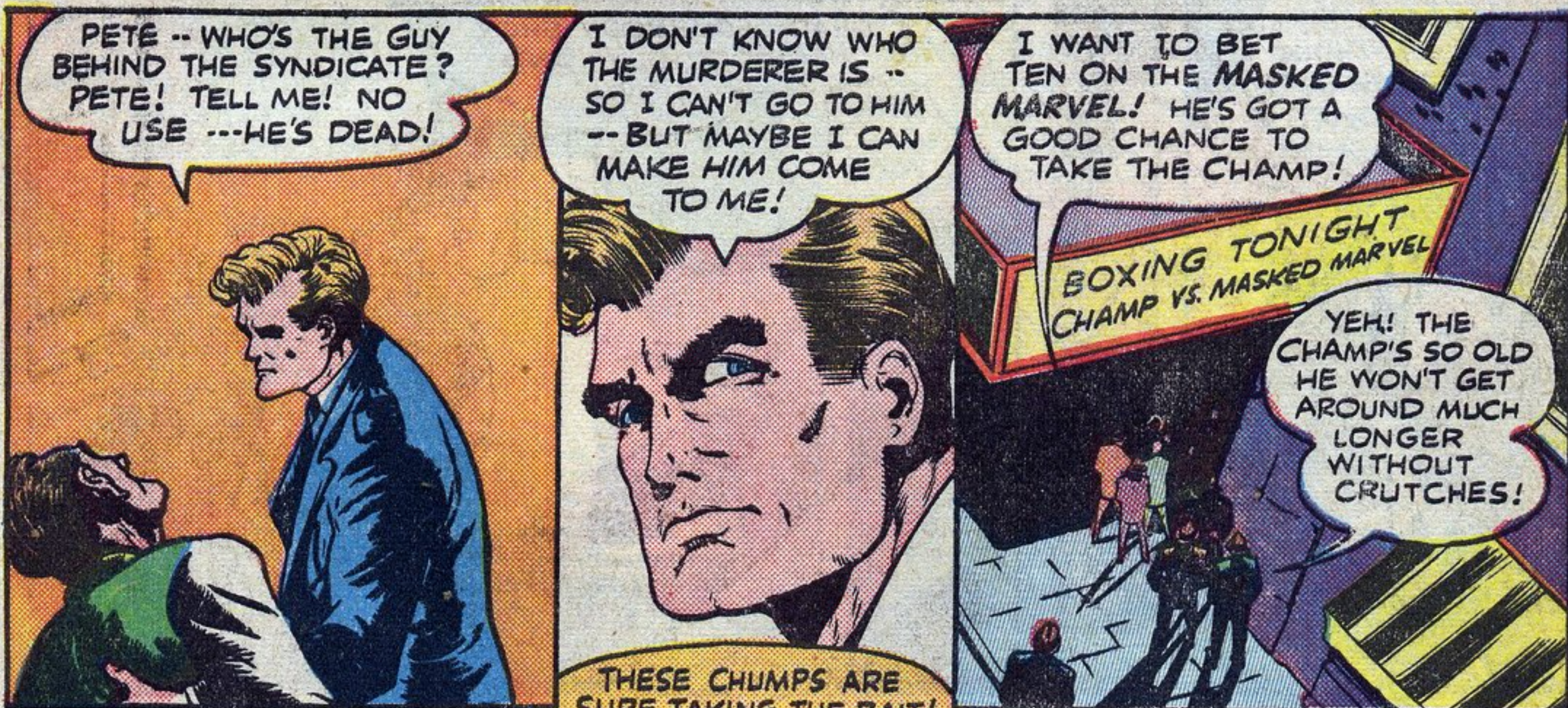
THIS IS
ROOKIE
RANKIN!

ROOKIE? LISTEN, ROOKIE,
I'M SCARED! I'M HIDING
OUT IN MY APARTMENT!
I WAS GONNA WARN
SPIKE! I--I--
--UGH-GLUB-
GLUB---

THAT SOUNDS
LIKE MORE
TROUBLE!

PETE!

ROOKIE--WE
TRIED TO BEAT
THE SYNDICATE!
THEY GOT US--THE
FIGHT--IS--FIXED--
---GLUG--OHHHHHH



PETE--WHO'S THE GUY
BEHIND THE SYNDICATE?
PETE! TELL ME! NO
USE---HE'S DEAD!

I DON'T KNOW WHO
THE MURDERER IS--
SO I CAN'T GO TO HIM
--BUT MAYBE I CAN
MAKE HIM COME
TO ME!

I WANT TO BET
TEN ON THE MASKED
MARVEL! HE'S GOT A
GOOD CHANCE TO
TAKE THE CHAMP!

BOXING TONIGHT
CHAMP VS. MASKED MARVEL

YEH! THE
CHAMP'S SO OLD
HE WON'T GET
AROUND MUCH
LONGER
WITHOUT
CRUTCHES!



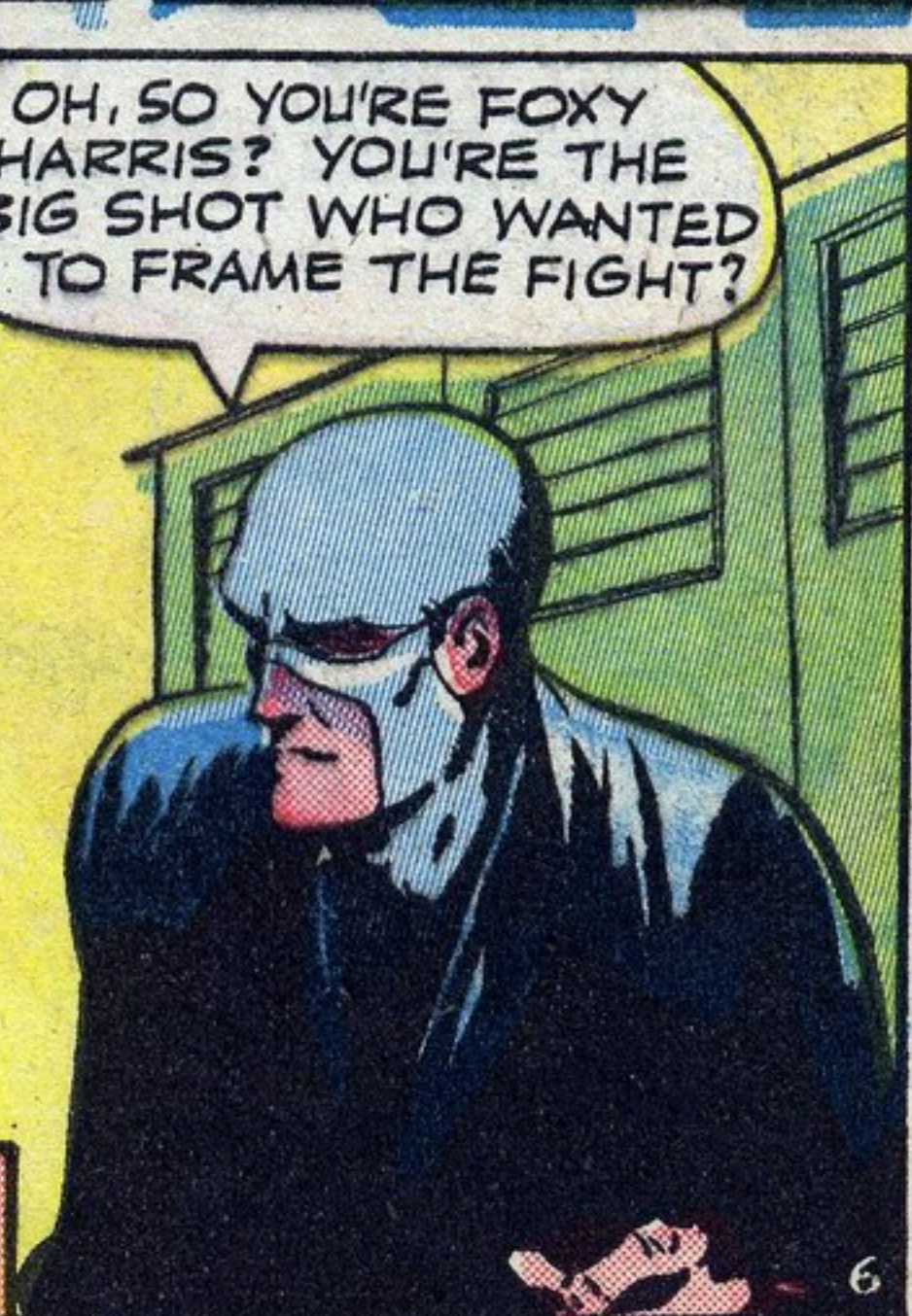
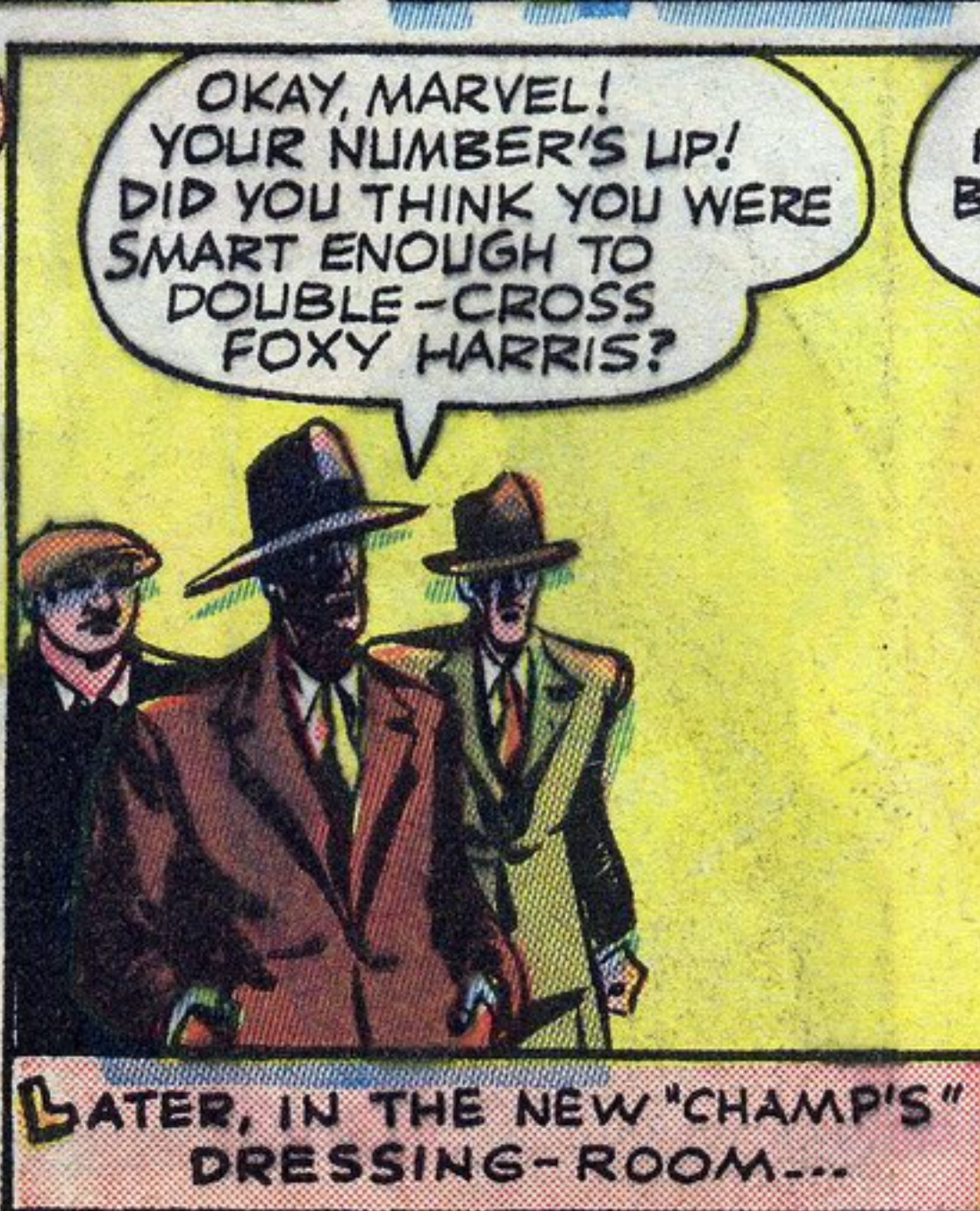
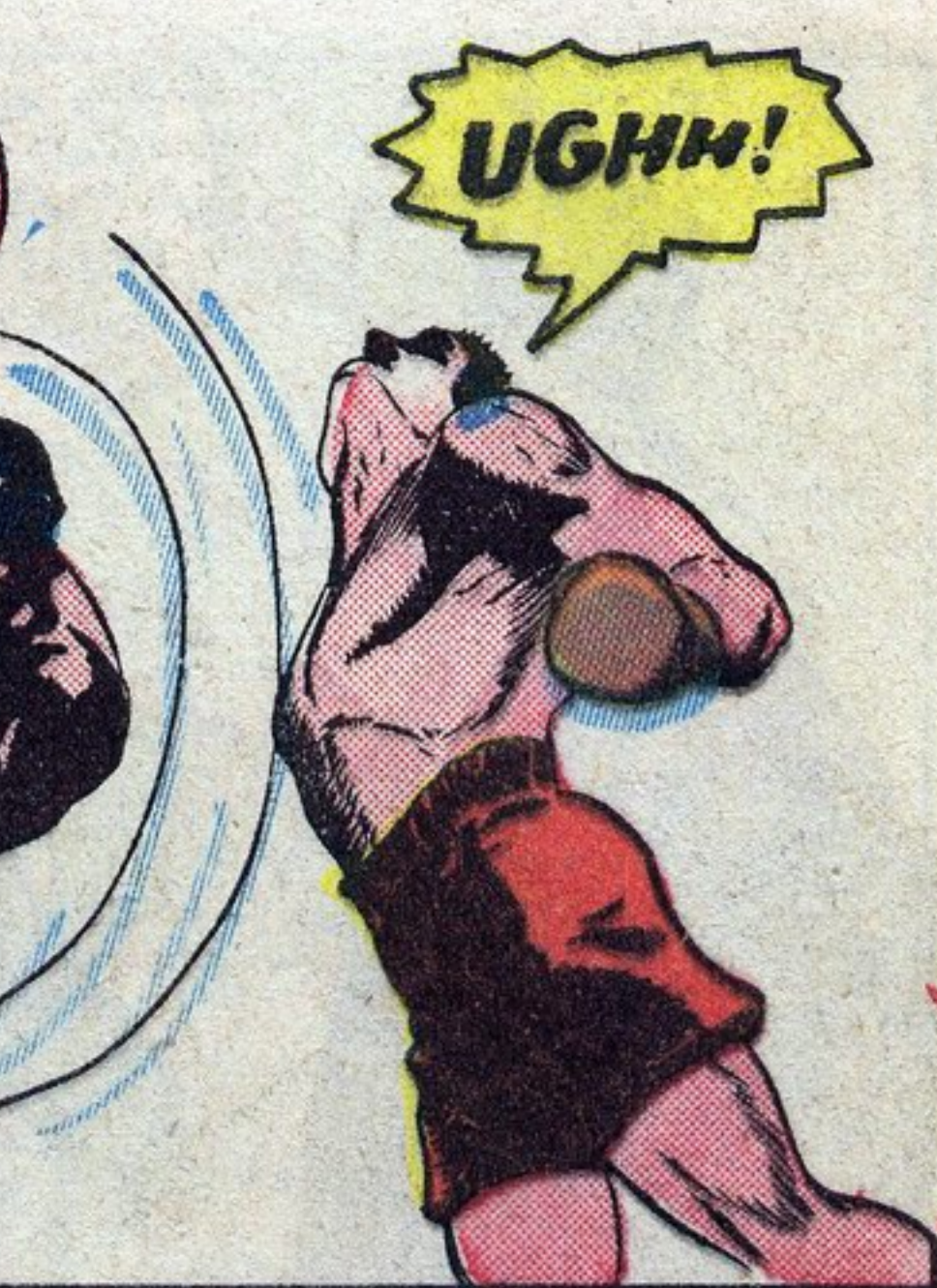
IT SEEMS LIKE
A CRIME TO SPEND
DOUGH TO SEE THE
CHAMP KNOCKED
OUT IN THE FIRST
ROUND!

I'VE
ALREADY
BET FIFTY
ON THE FIGHT!

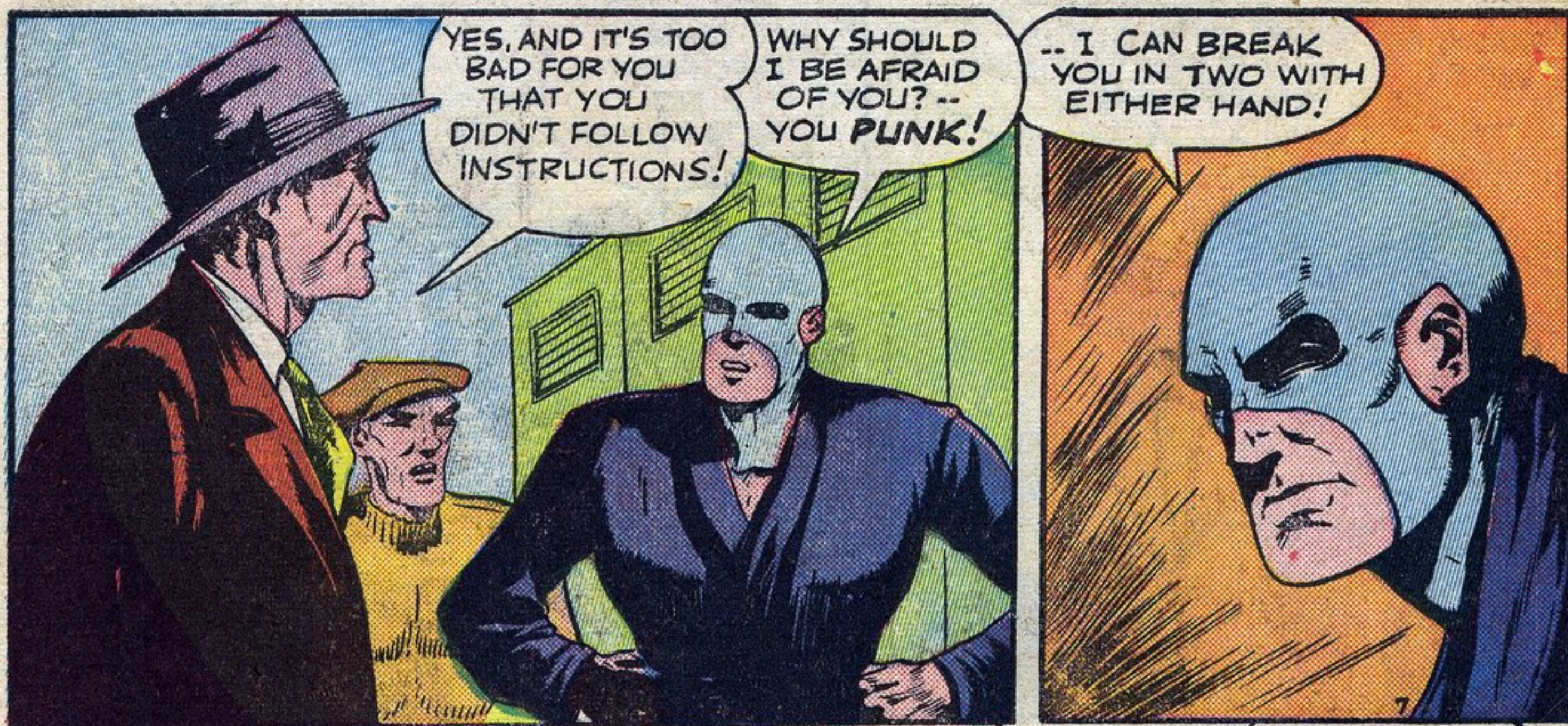
THESE CHUMPS ARE
SURE TAKING THE BAIT!
THE BOSS'LL MAKE A
CLEANING ON THIS!

HI, ROOKIE!
WHATCHA DOIN'
HERE?

OH,
NOTHING--
JUST THOUGHT
I'D SEE THE
FIGHT!



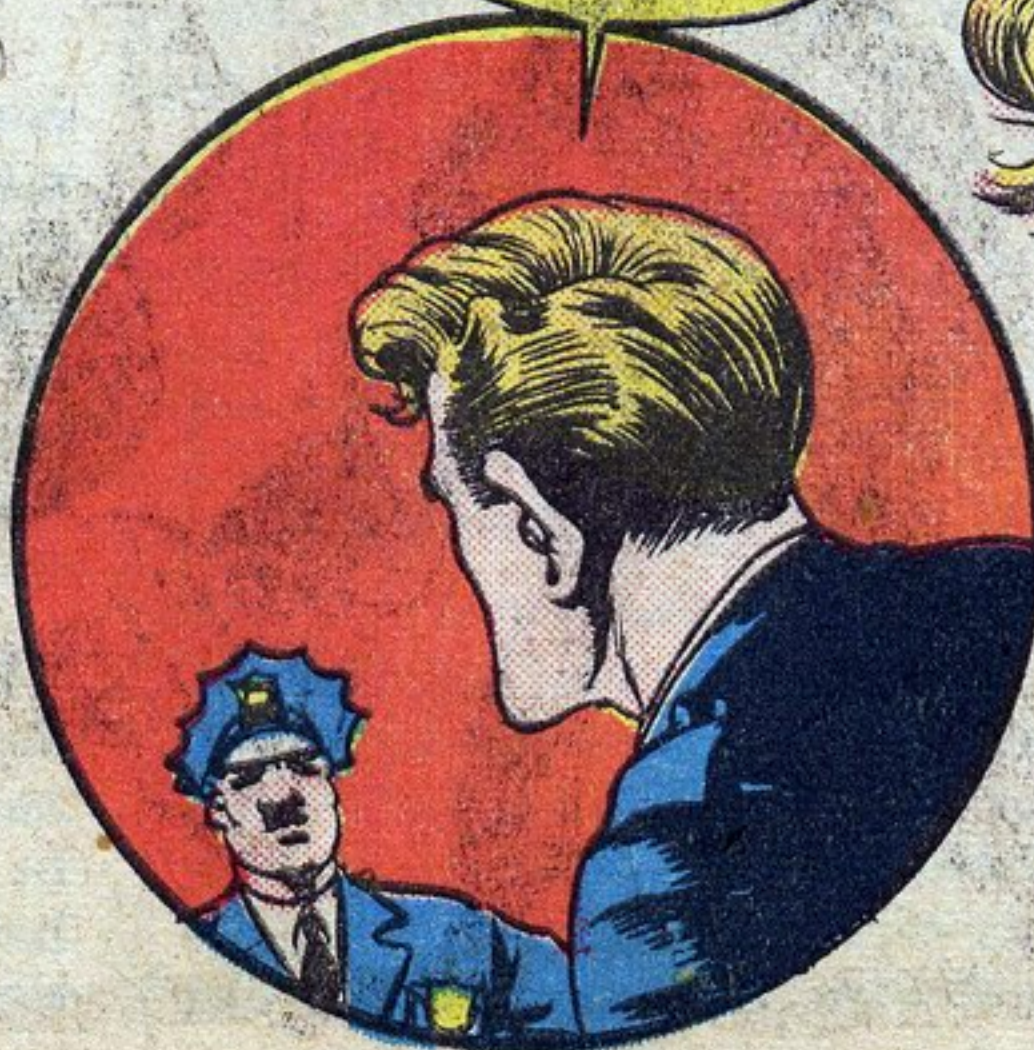
LATER, IN THE NEW "CHAMP'S" DRESSING-ROOM...



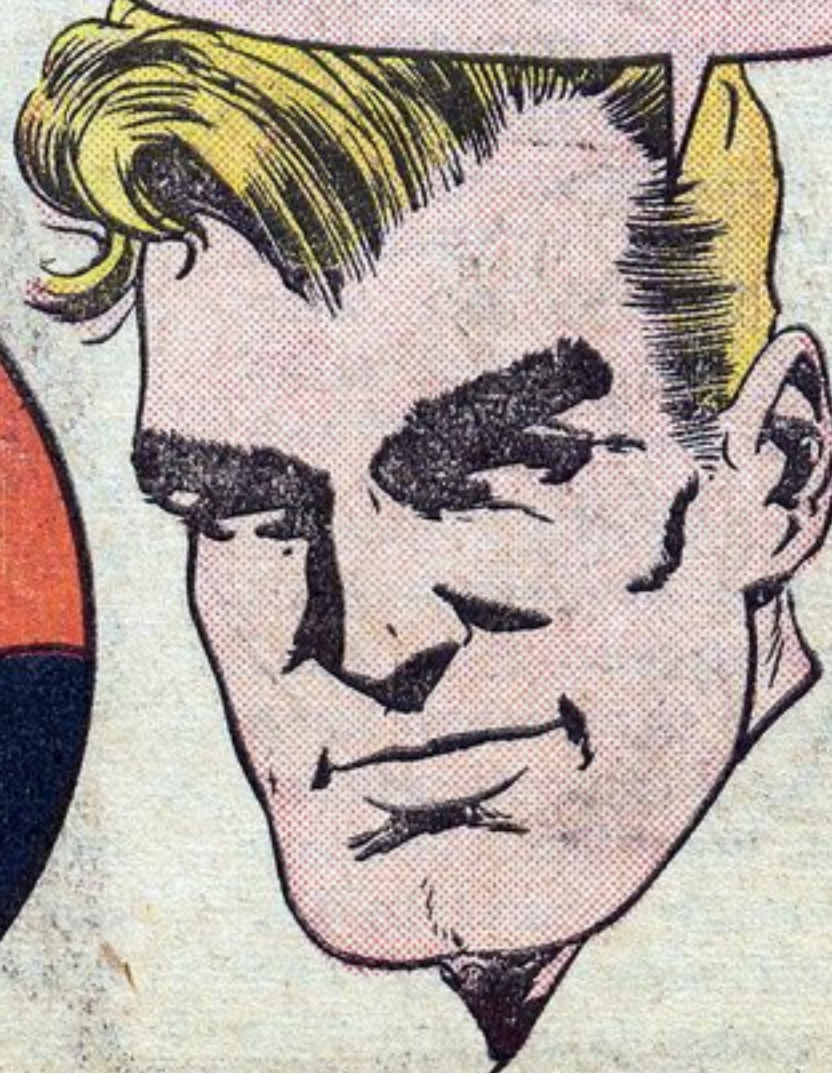


HE'S ALREADY ASKED FOR YOU TO REPRESENT THE FORCE IN THE BOXING TOURNAMENT!

NO, THANKS! I'M NOT SURE, BUT I THINK I LOST MY AMATEUR STANDING!



REMEMBER, CHIEF, I'M THE WORLD'S CHAMPION!



THE YUKON MURDERS

JIMMY CHRISTIAN paused in the lee of some bushes to get out of the terrific wind that howled down out of the northern tundra. It was almost too much for him, and he had stamina such as few others.

"Man," he breathed. "I've never seen anything quite like this, not even in the Yukon." The words were whicked from his lips and in their place ice froze immediately. His heavy fur parka was coated with ice and frost clung to his eyebrows and lashes.

He was on the track of a killer. A half-breed named Lefty Joe, who had murdered three people in their cabin and stolen a poke of gold dust. Or at least that was what the Mounted Police thought. They too were on Lefty's trail. But somehow Jimmy didn't think Lefty had committed the crimes. He knew Lefty from several years back when he had employed the breed to guide him on a hunting trip. Lefty had seemed to be a pretty good sort. He made money from guiding American hunters during the season, and his trap line brought him considerable income. Jimmy couldn't figure what had possessed the breed to kill for a paltry sack of gold dust.

"I don't believe it," he told himself. But he had accepted the job of tracking Lefty down, and he meant to do it. He didn't know where the M. P.'s were who had set out on the same mission; they had parted two days back.

The evidence of Lefty's guilt was circumstantial, but ugly: the three dead bodies had been discovered by the mail carrier lying in their beds. Each of them had a bad knife wound in the side—the *left* side! Lefty had gained his name from the fact that he was left-handed. No

other Indian or breed in the territory was known to be a "south paw," so it was that the blame naturally fell on Lefty.

That was all the evidence to be gained, however. Nothing else was in the cabin of death to pin anything on Lefty, or anybody else for that matter. Only those left-handed knife wounds. There was a dim trail leading from the cabin, north. Snowshoe tracks. But such tracks don't last long in the Yukon, when winter comes with its wild storms and heavy snow falls. The trail had petered out three miles from the cabin. That's where the police and Jimmy had separated. The Police took trails leading out fanwise, west and east; Jimmy stuck to the northern trail. Or lack of a trail.

Now, six days out, Jimmy faced exactly nothing in the way of a clue. He had seen nobody, not even an animal in all those miles. He had kept up a killing pace. His legs ached from the weight of the snowshoes, and he was a trifle snowblind from the intense glare during the day. The last few hours had given him a respite from the glare, however, since snow was falling.

It was turning into a blizzard. The wind roared, hurling the flinty grains of snow into Jimmy's face with the force of buckshot. He was in flat country and there was no protection from the blasting wind. He almost wished he was back in the Headquarters House where a big fireplace was burning merrily and people laughed and ate hot food.

That night was almost unbearable. The windbreak would not stand up under the terrific blasts of wind and so Jimmy was forced to cower in the gale and wish for morning. It was

impossible to build a fire, or to even light the alcohol stove he carried. Hence, no tea for dinner.

After an interminable length of time, a gray dawn broke and the wind fell. It had snowed two feet and Jimmy had to dig himself out. The snow had served to keep him warm during the night; otherwise he might have frozen. He lit the alcohol stove and brewed a pot of tea. Then he ate some cold jerky, frozen solid. He was low on food. He wished he could find a covey of ptarmagin. . . .

Lefty Joe panted as he topped the last rise and paused to catch his breath. He had kept up a terrific pace, knowing that the man ahead of him was the fastest man on snowshoes in the north. Yes, Goering was a fast man, in more ways than one. He was fast on the trigger; faster in the use of a knife!

Lefty had constantly repeated, during the last few days, "I mus' catch heem, or else Lefty Joe he get caught an' blamed."

Now as Lefty stood there in the Arctic evening, with the falling wind making a mournful dirge in the low conifers, he repeated again, "Hurry, Lefty. Yo' gotta catch heem!"

It was good that Lefty had come upon the cabin before the mail carrier, and discovered the three bodies. It was good because, by now, Lefty would be in the Headquarters House prison awaiting—maybe execution! The Mounted Police didn't waste time with breeds.

Lefty knew why Goering had murdered the Dulacs. Goering had once owned the largest mine in the north, and Antoine Dulac had been his foreman for a long time. Then Antoine had discov-

ered a rich vein of his own. Goering had demanded fifty per cent, which Antoine refused. The mine was his, in every sense of the word.

But Fritz Goering was not one to forget anything. Naturally, Antoine had left his employ and worked his own mine. Goering awaited his chance to get even. It had not come until one night, some months later, Goering had occasion to go south for supplies. Passing the Dulacs' cabin, he had entered while the three slept, and murdered Antoine, his wife and son.

Fritz Goering was nobody's fool. He knew Lefty Joe. Knew he was left-handed. Why not pin the crime on the breed, he had reasoned. So he had wielded the knife as would Lefty—on the left. Then Goering had sped north in a heavy snowstorm. There would be few tracks, if any. And what was the difference? When the bodies were discovered, they'd set out looking for Lefty!

As easy as that. . . .

Lefty had come upon the scene of tragedy early the next morning, an hour or two before the mail carrier had knocked with a letter from one of Antoine's relatives in far-off France.

But Lefty had not departed from the cabin empty-handed; he had picked up an odd-looking button from the floor, a button he had seen before, one of several on Fritz Goering's coat. Lefty lacked the reasoning ability to take this button immediately to the Police. Instead, he had thought, "They will come for me, 'cause thees Fritz he make heem look like left-hand business. Lefty get heem queek!"

Hence, Lefty Joe had taken up the trail of the real murderer at least two hours before anyone else. Now he was far to the north, many miles from the spot where Jimmy had spent the bleak night.

It was again nearing night.

Goering couldn't be far ahead, as Lefty saw it. This was somewhere near the German's mine, Lefty knew. But he didn't know exactly where, having never been there.

Jimmy was nearly out of food. He had gone all day without a bite, and was feeling the weakness of fatigue. Where the dickens had that dratted Lefty Joe gone? He wondered if the Police had picked up his trail. . . .

But through these thoughts Jimmy couldn't help thinking that Lefty was innocent. He had absolutely nothing to base this on, only a hunch, and the fact that the breed had always seemed like a pretty level sort. He wished fervently that he would come across the chap.

The terrain had become rugged, so that there were places where the soft snow lay five and six feet deep. Once Jimmy slipped into one of these holes and buried himself. He was so tired that he felt like simply lying down and sleeping when he had dug himself out. But he knew that was fatal in this country. You went to sleep—and never wakened. You merely froze solid in your sleep.

In falling into the hole he had snapped one of the cross-ties on his right snowshoe. He had nothing with which to repair it and all the rest of the day it had kept slipping off his foot. This slowed him down.

It was almost dark—as dark as it got in this northern latitude—when Jimmy heard a sound. It was a sort of thrashing, like a large animal plunging through thick brush. There was brush ahead about a mile. It might be a caribou, he thought. Yet he hadn't seen a caribou in all his trek. They were getting scarce in the north country, and many Eskimos were starving as a consequence.

A low range of snow hills rose just beyond the fringe of brush he saw ahead. They were white,

silent. The sound wasn't repeated, and so he forged ahead. It was just possible, he figured, that Lefty might ambush him. . . .

Then Jimmy heard the shot, a single rifle shot. The sound seemed to come from off on his left, and just ahead. He hurried on.

Entering the fringe of brush, he saw a shallow ravine about a hundred yards to the left. Thrashing about in the snow were two men. Jimmy could see red stains on the white snow. He yelled. The men kept on and Jimmy saw one of the men—yes, it was Lefty Joe—lift up a gleaming knife and plunge it into the other's neck.

It was then that Jimmy saw a Mounted Police running toward the ravine, from the other side. He held a smoking rifle. Jimmy waved. The officer was Sergeant Blaine. They both reached the spot about the same time. Lefty had ceased his movements. The other man lay still, breathing heavily and gouting blood from a deep neck wound.

"It's Fritz Goering!" cried Sergeant Blaine. "That rat Lefty Joe knifed him!"

Jimmy still wasn't convinced. He saw that Lefty had his left hand clenched tight. He pried it open and out toppled a button. It was torn from Goering's coat.

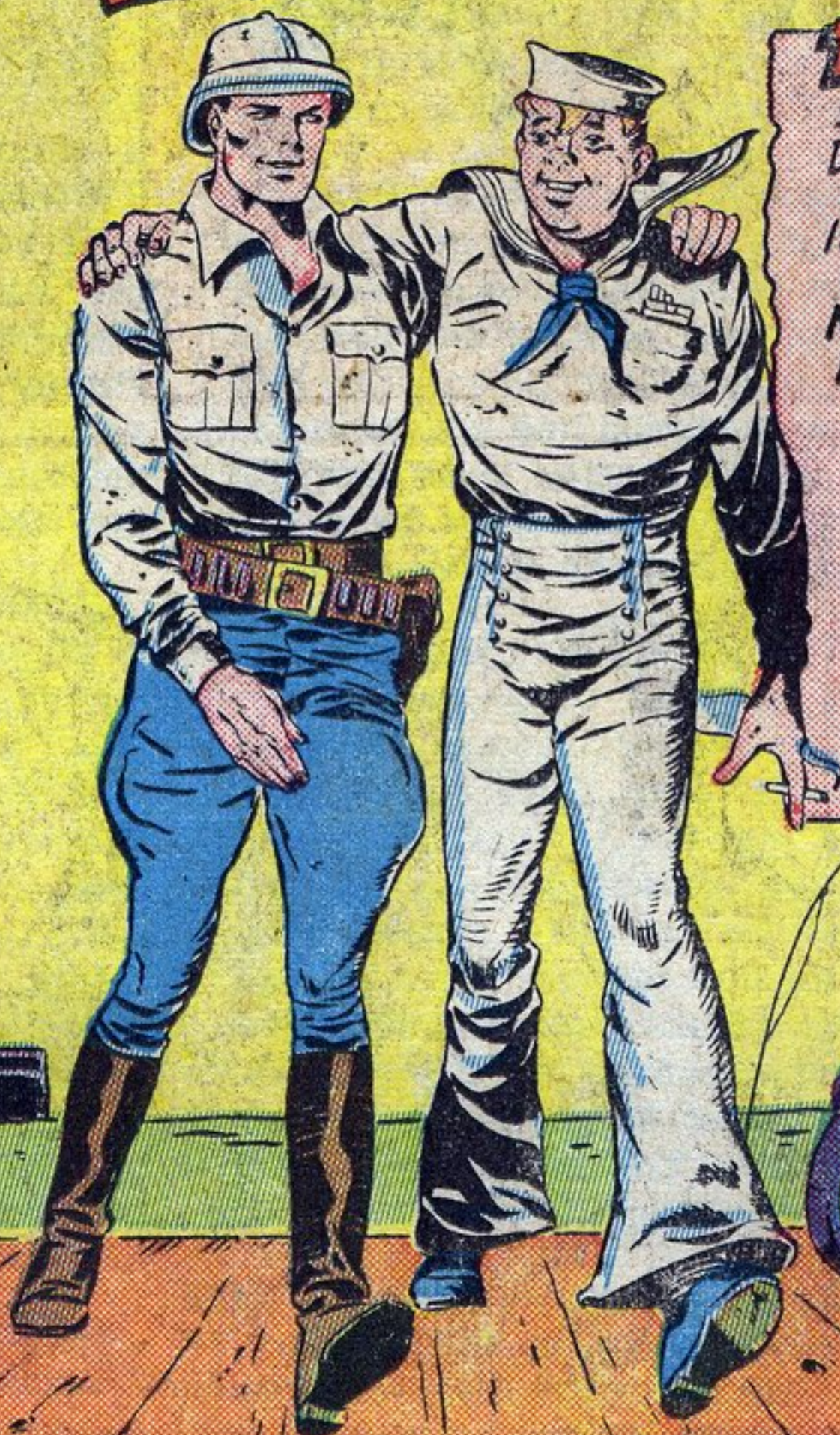
"It's a good thing that blasted breed got his!" cried the officer. "I see that my bullet got him in the back."

Goering was muttering. They bent over him.

"It wasn't Lefty," he whispered. "I killed the Dulacs. I hated Antoine. Let Lefty go. I tried to put the blame on him. I—I—" His voice ceased and he lay still.

"Well, I'll be—" stammered Sergeant Blaine. "Lefty knew all the time it was Goering. He was chasing him—"

YANKEE EAGLE



THE SAILOR MISSED HIS BOAT, SO TECHNICALLY HE WAS A DESERTER -- AND THE PUNISHMENT FOR DESERTION IN WAR TIME IS DEATH! ON THE WHOLE, IT WAS A GOOD THING THAT **LARRY NOBLE**, THE **YANKEE EAGLE**, DIDN'T BELIEVE IN LIVING TOO CLOSELY BY THE RULES!

OTHERWISE THE JAPS MIGHT NOW HOLD THE TINY ISLAND OF JAWALLA, ATHWART THE ALLIED SUPPLY ROUTE TO AUSTRALIA! ... AND THE **YANKEE EAGLE** WOULD HAVE MISSED OUT ON THE MOST PERILOUS AND THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE OF HIS EXCITING CAREER! ...

LARRY NOBLE, EX-STUNT MAN IS STRANDED AT THE ISLAND OF JAWALLA ON HIS RETURN FROM THE ORIENT. ...

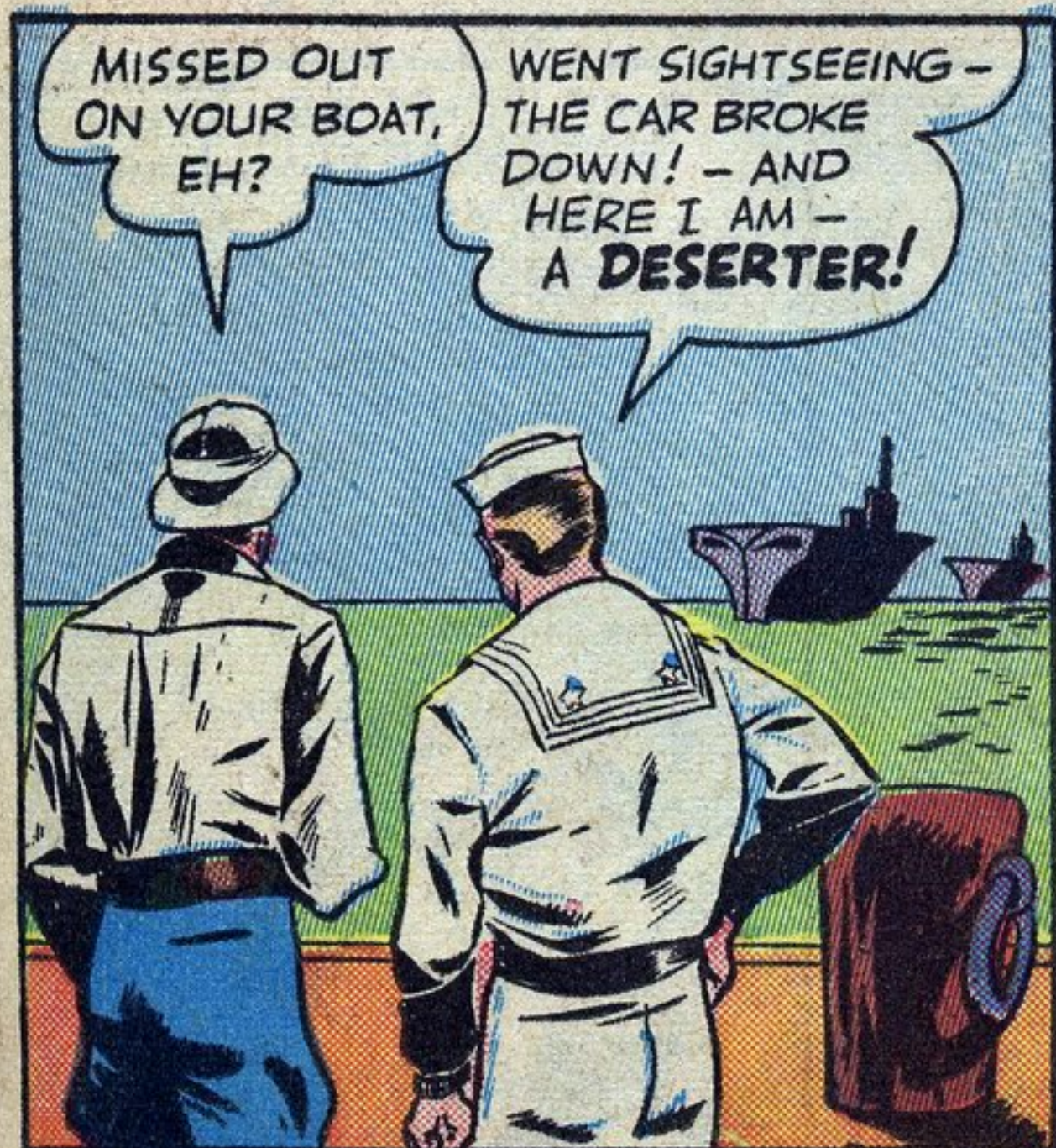
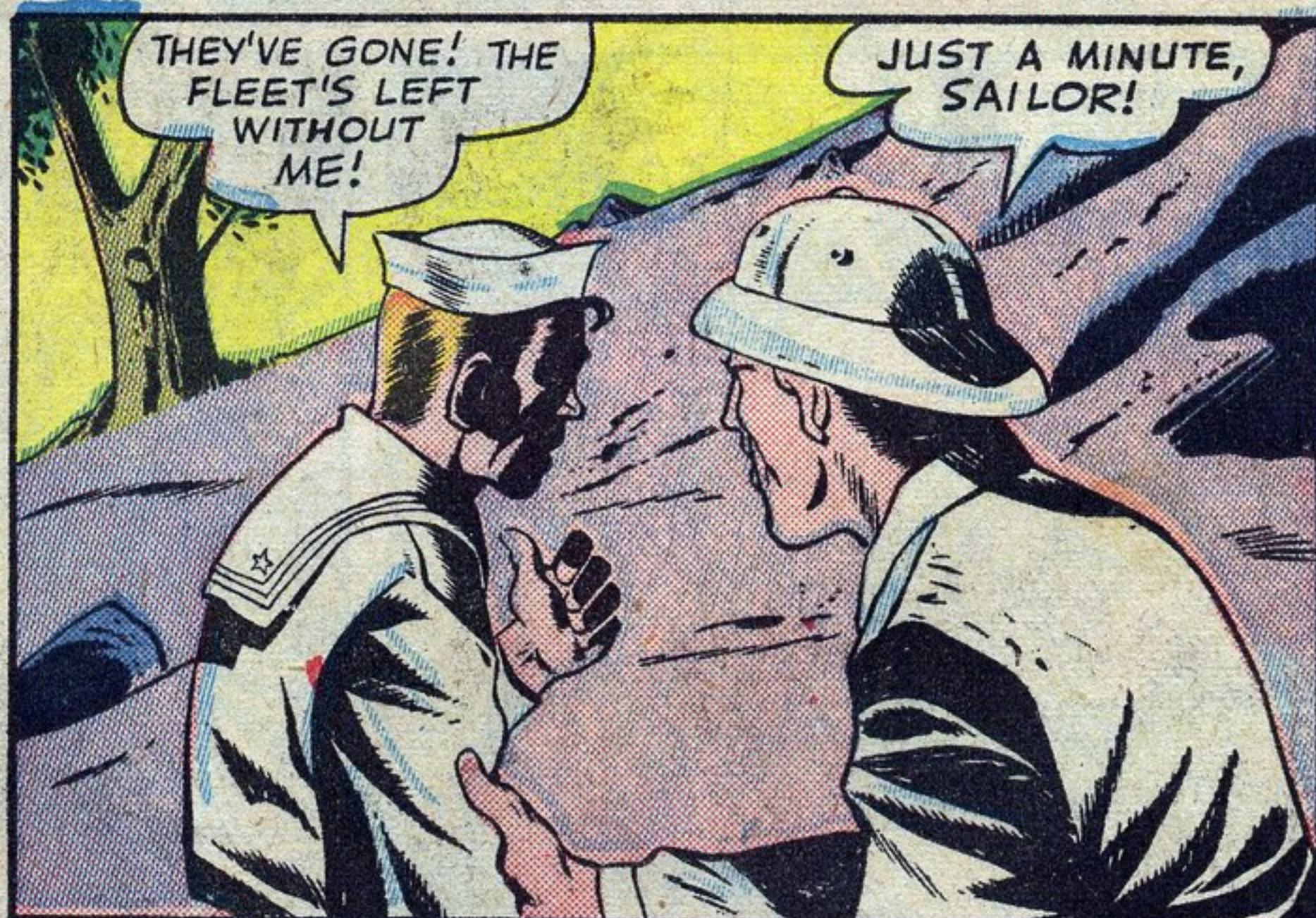
THERE MUST BE A BOAT OUT OF HERE! I'M DUE BACK IN HOLLYWOOD IN TWO WEEKS TO START WORK ON A NEW PICTURE!

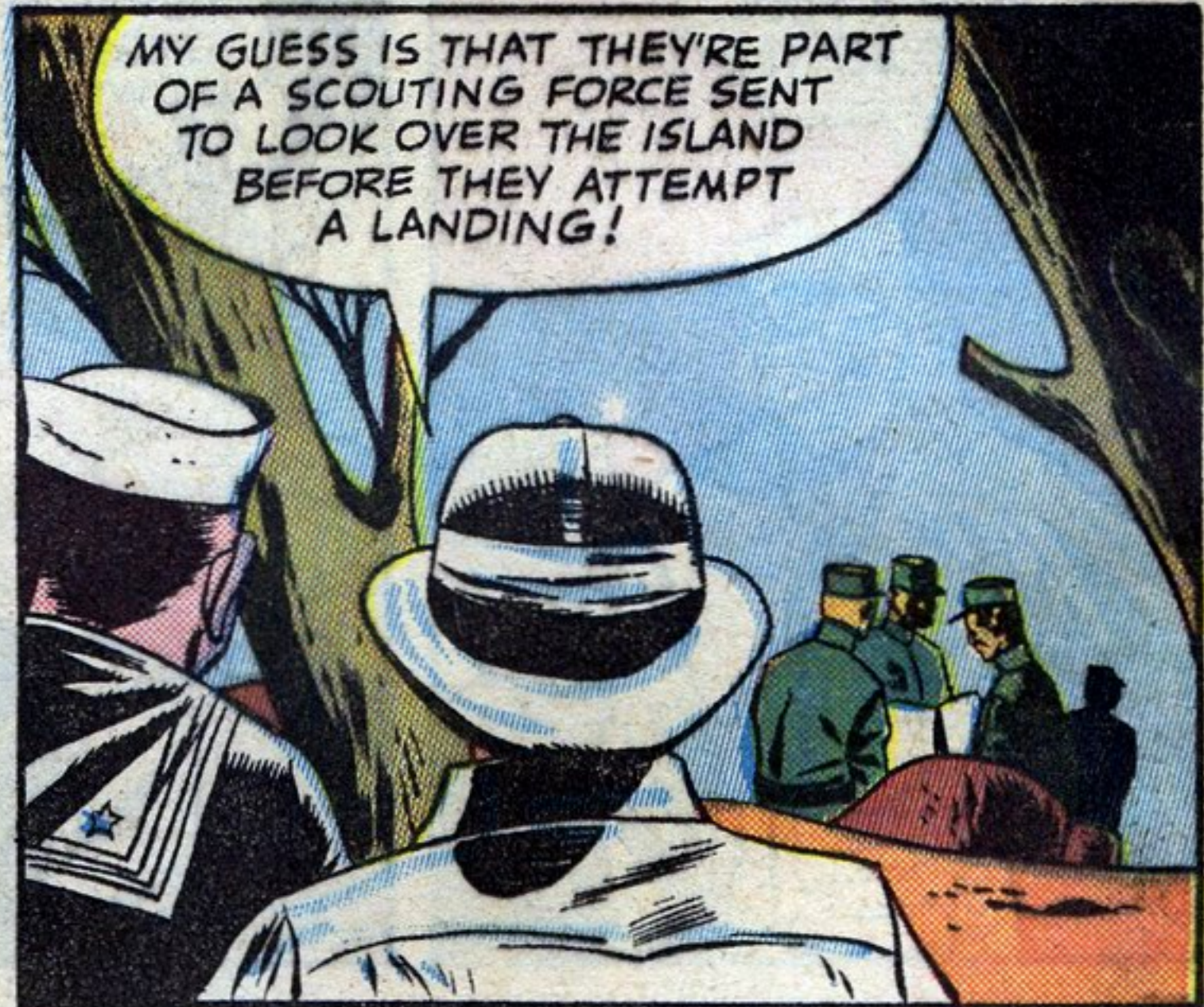
SO SORRY, SEÑOR! NO BOATS WILL LEAVE JAWALLA FOR FIVE-SIX DAYS!

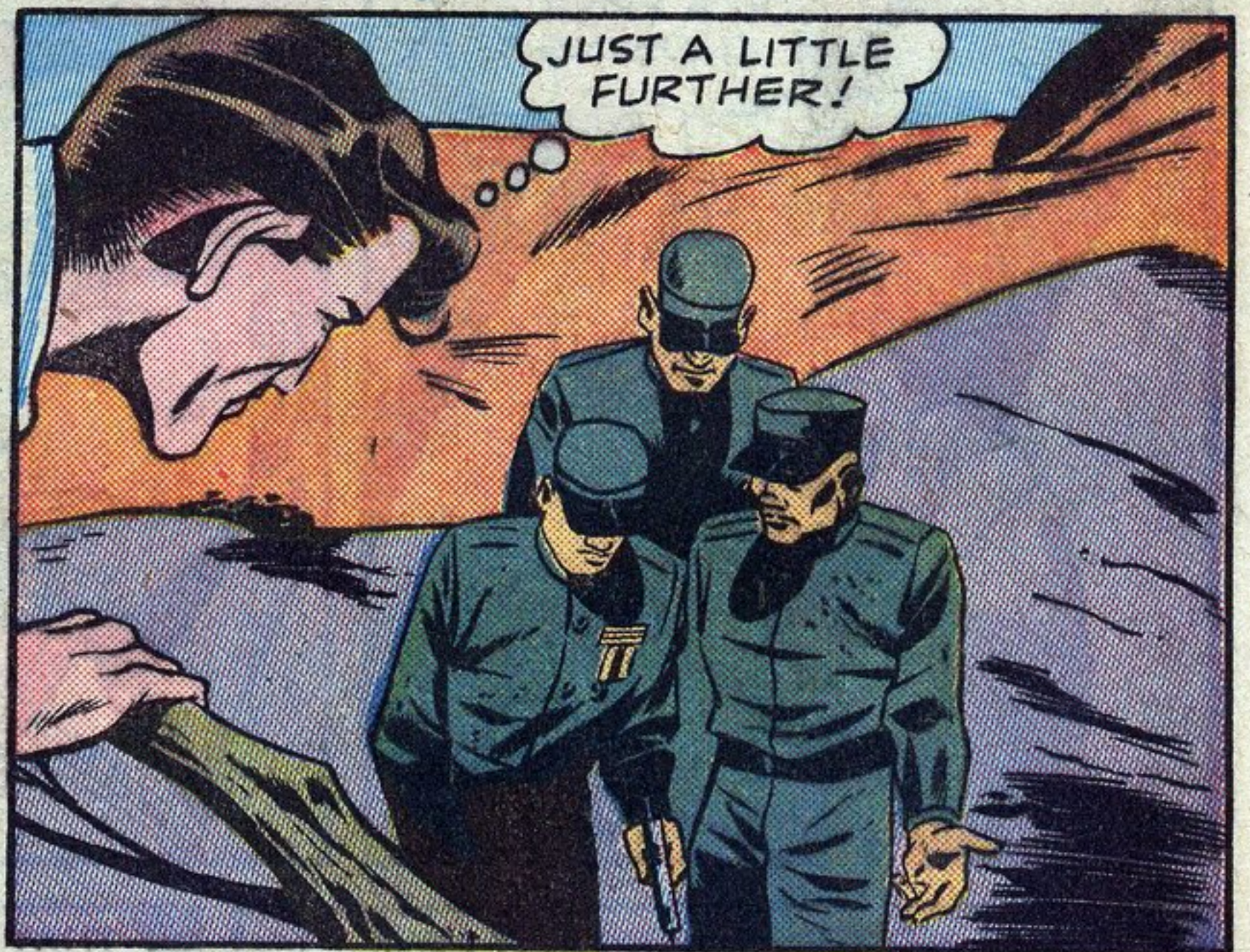
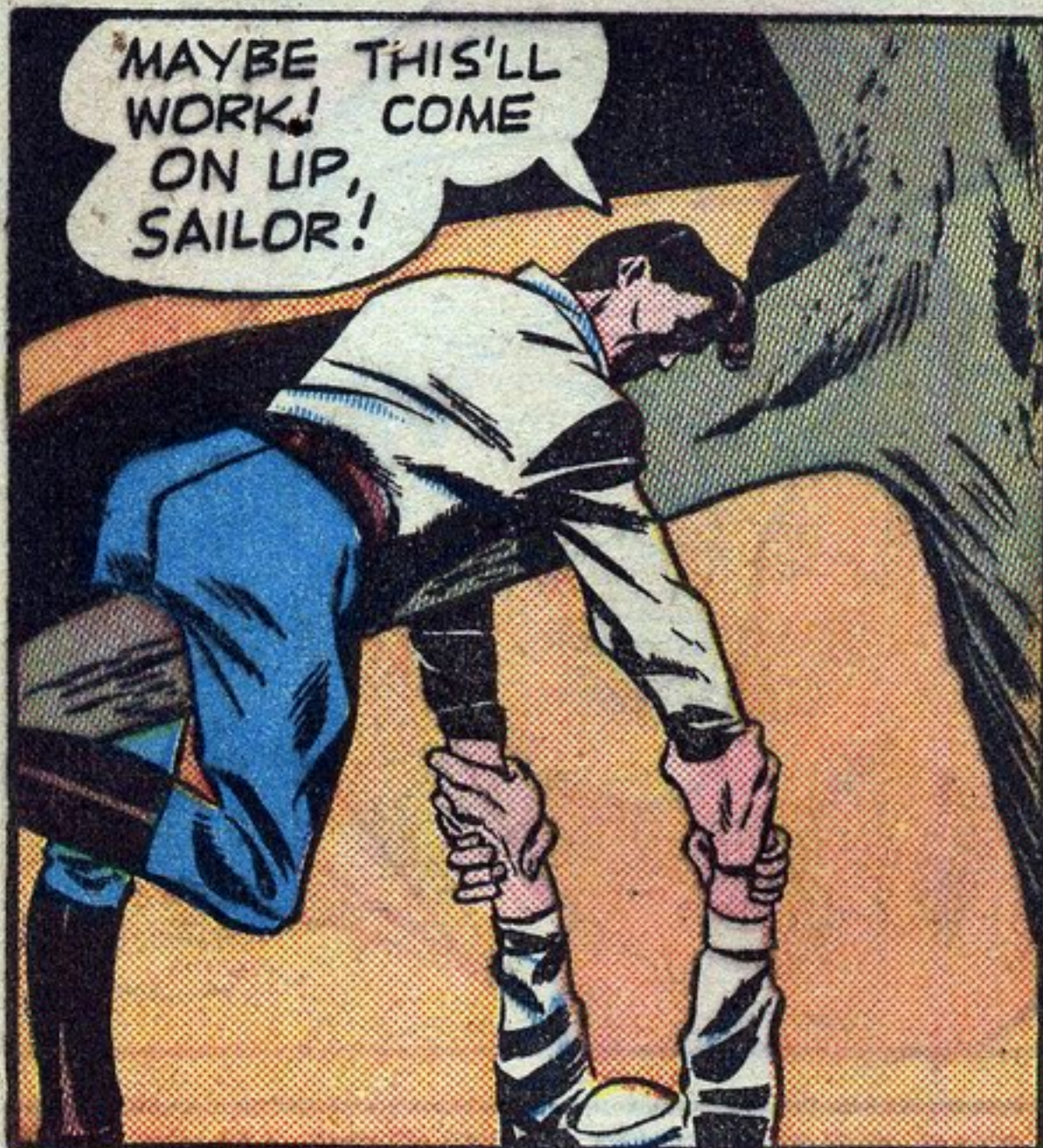
I WISH I COULD STOW AWAY ON ONE OF THOSE SHIPS! BUT THE U.S NAVY IS TOO BUSY TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING ME BACK TO HOLLYWOOD!

I WOULDN'T CARE SO MUCH IF I DIDN'T KNOW THAT FAKE ACROBAT, NICKY MALONE, WOULD GET MY JOB! A FINE STUNT MAN HE IS! HE'LL RUIN THE WHOLE PICTURE!







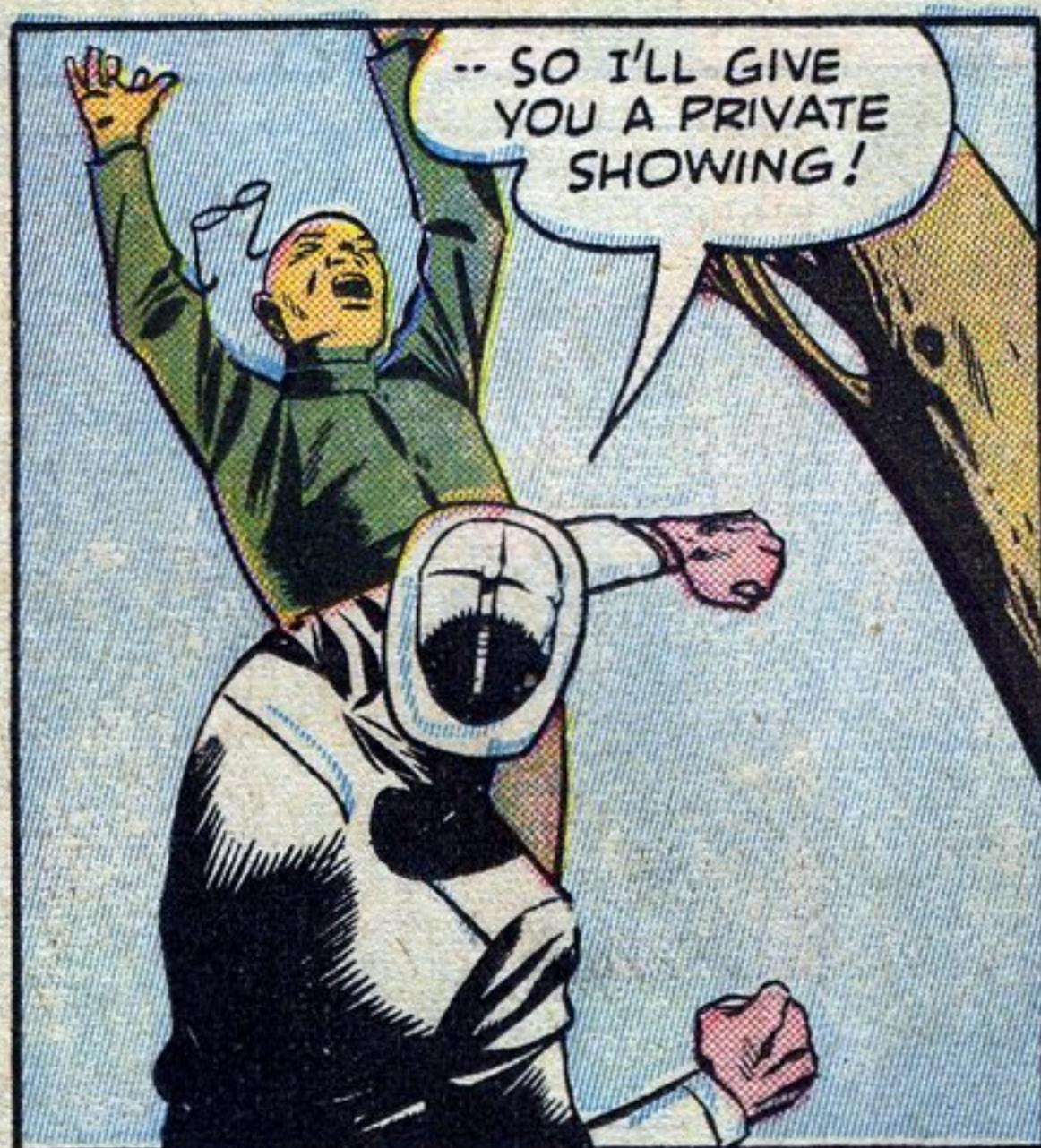




PLEASE TO RAISE
THE HANDS!



YOU NEVER SAW ME
DO THIS IN THE
MOVIES!...



-- SO I'LL GIVE
YOU A PRIVATE
SHOWING!

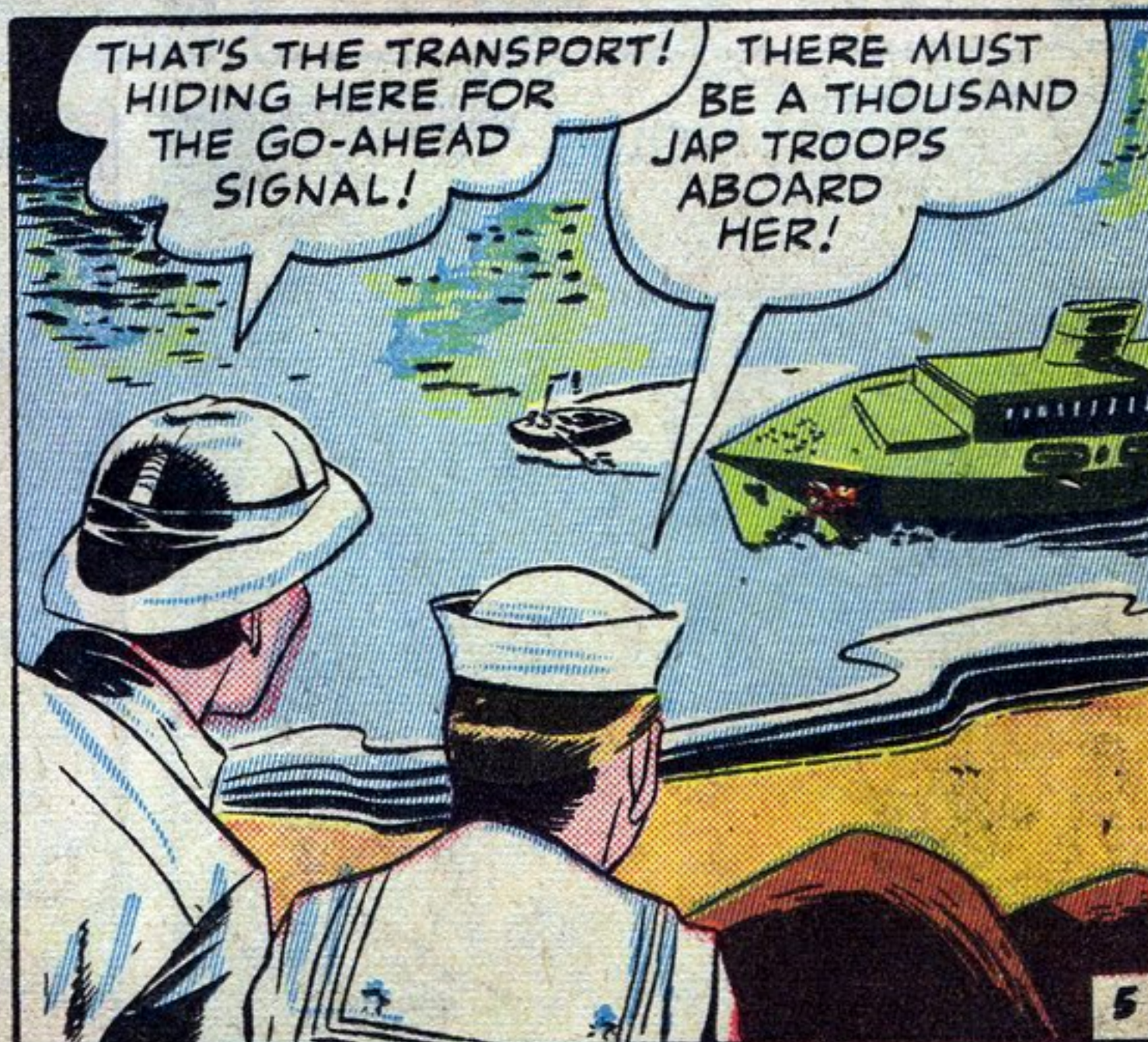


WHAT NOW?

WE'LL TIE
THEM UP
WITH THEIR
BELTS!

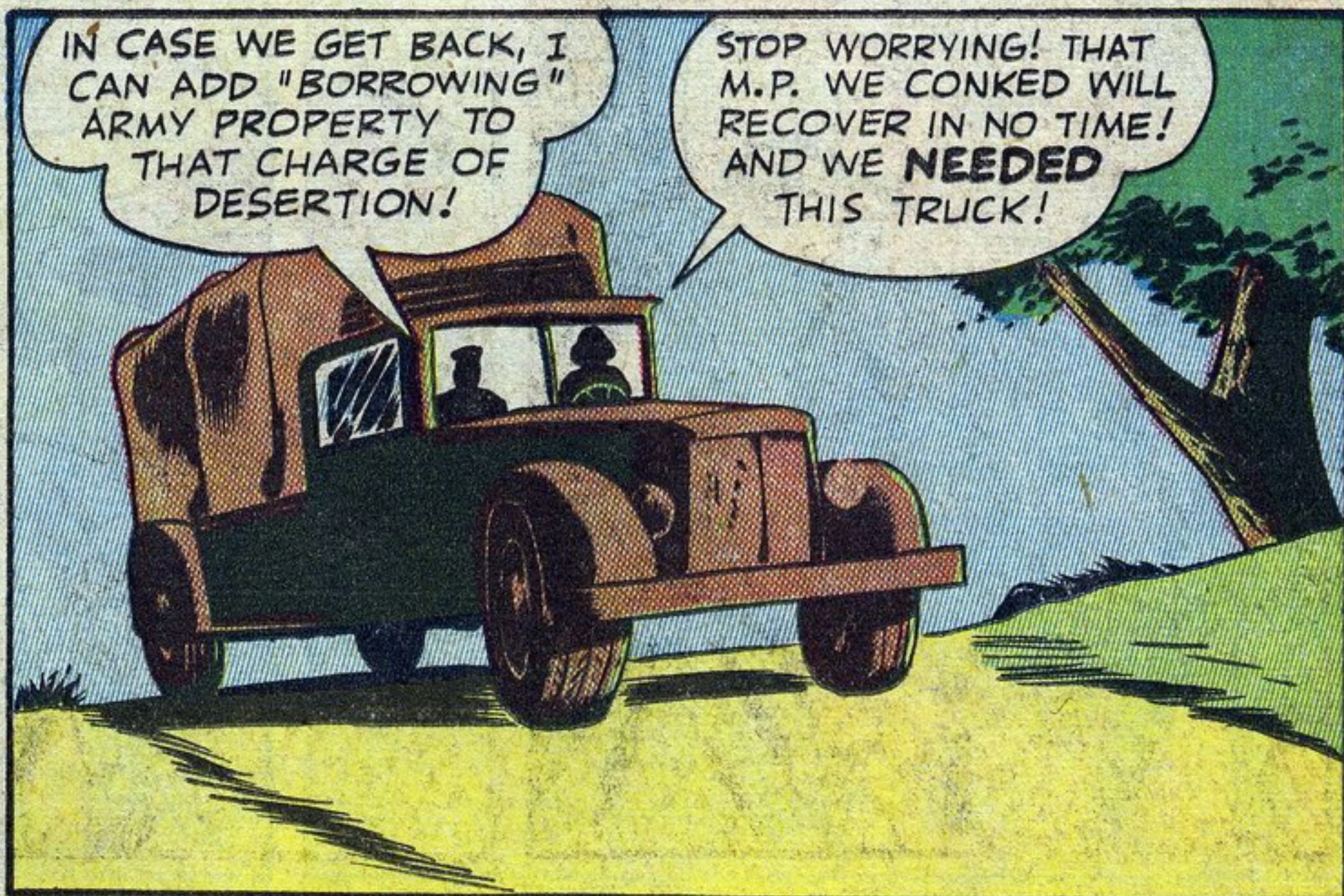


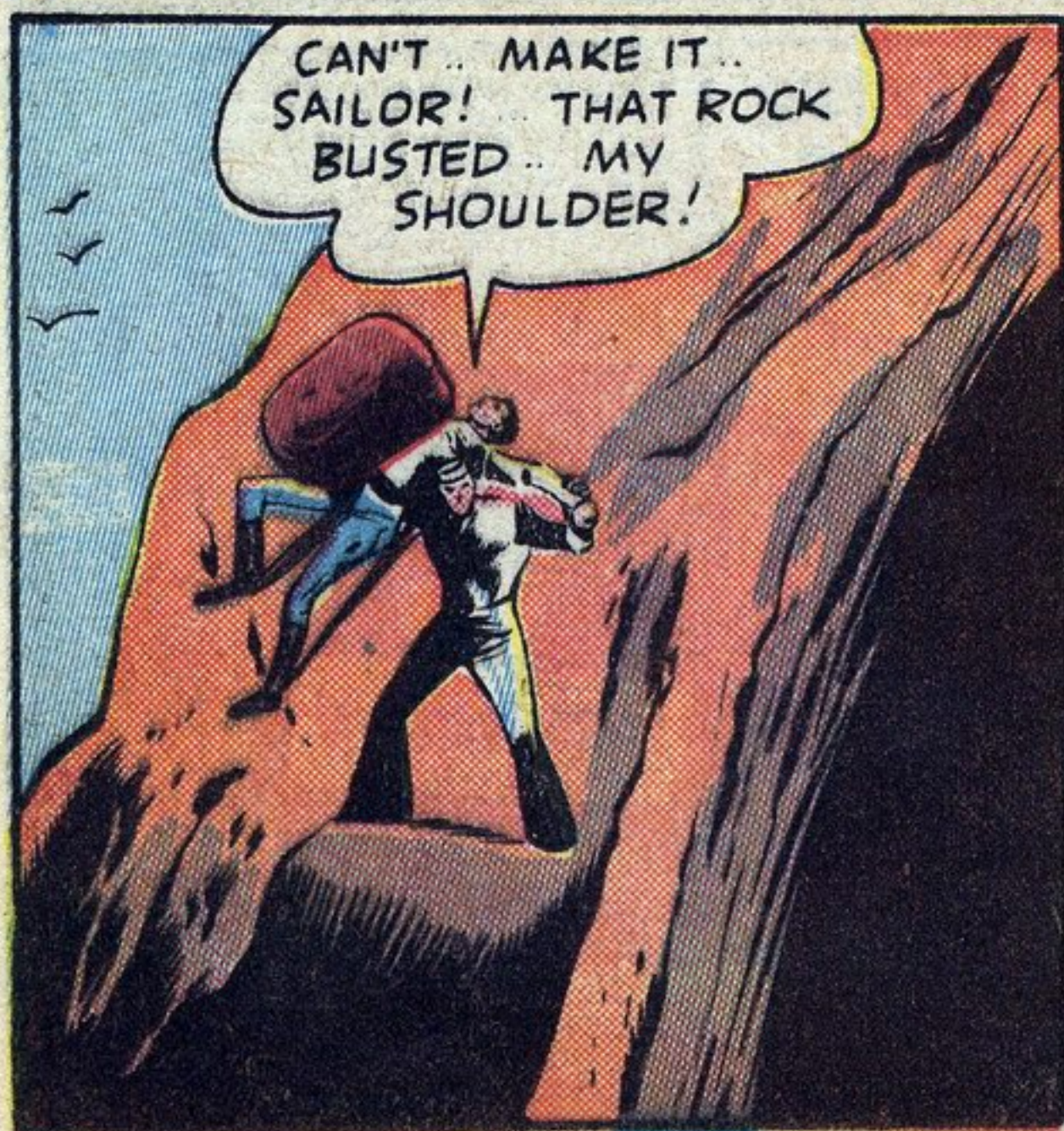
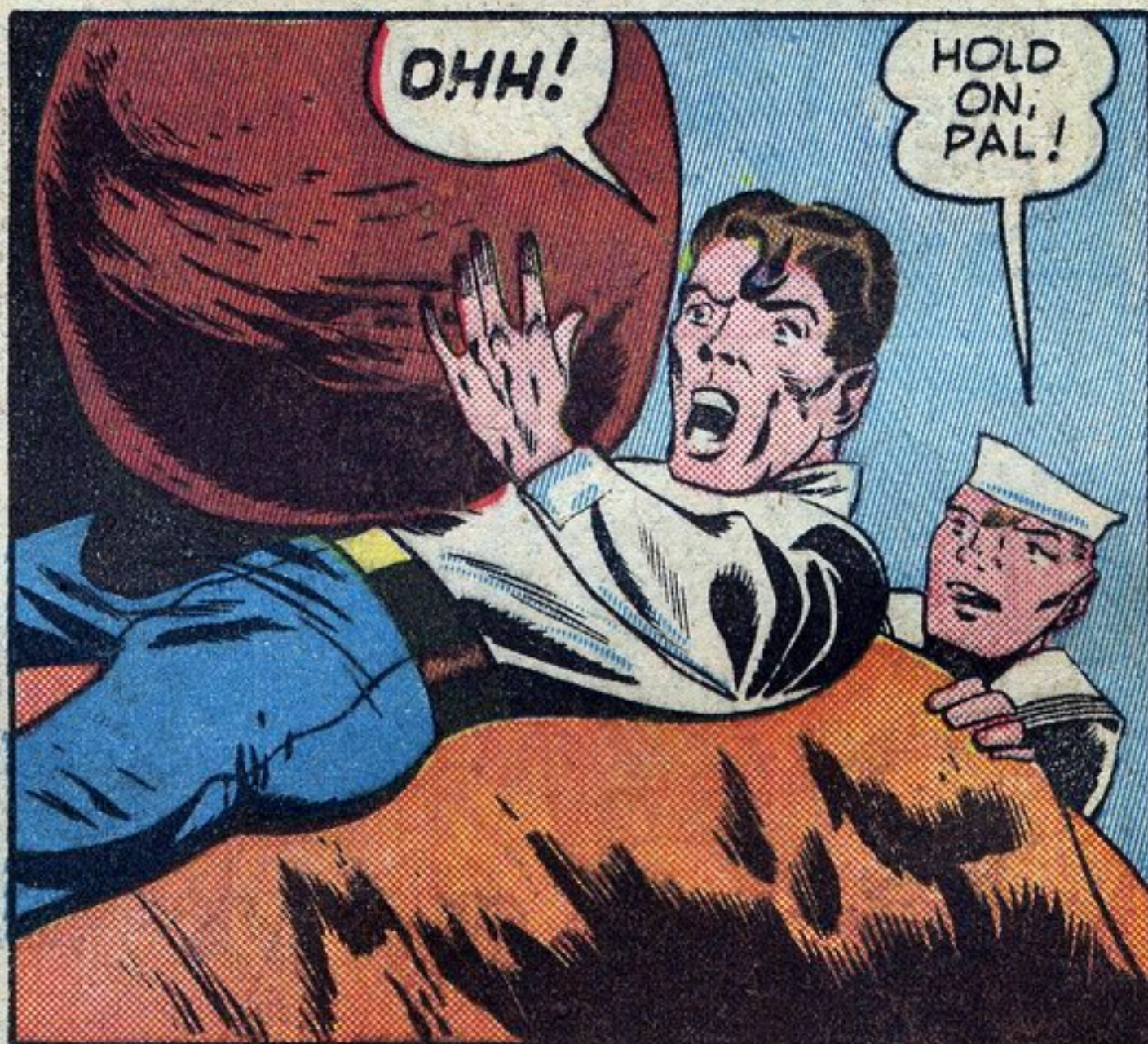
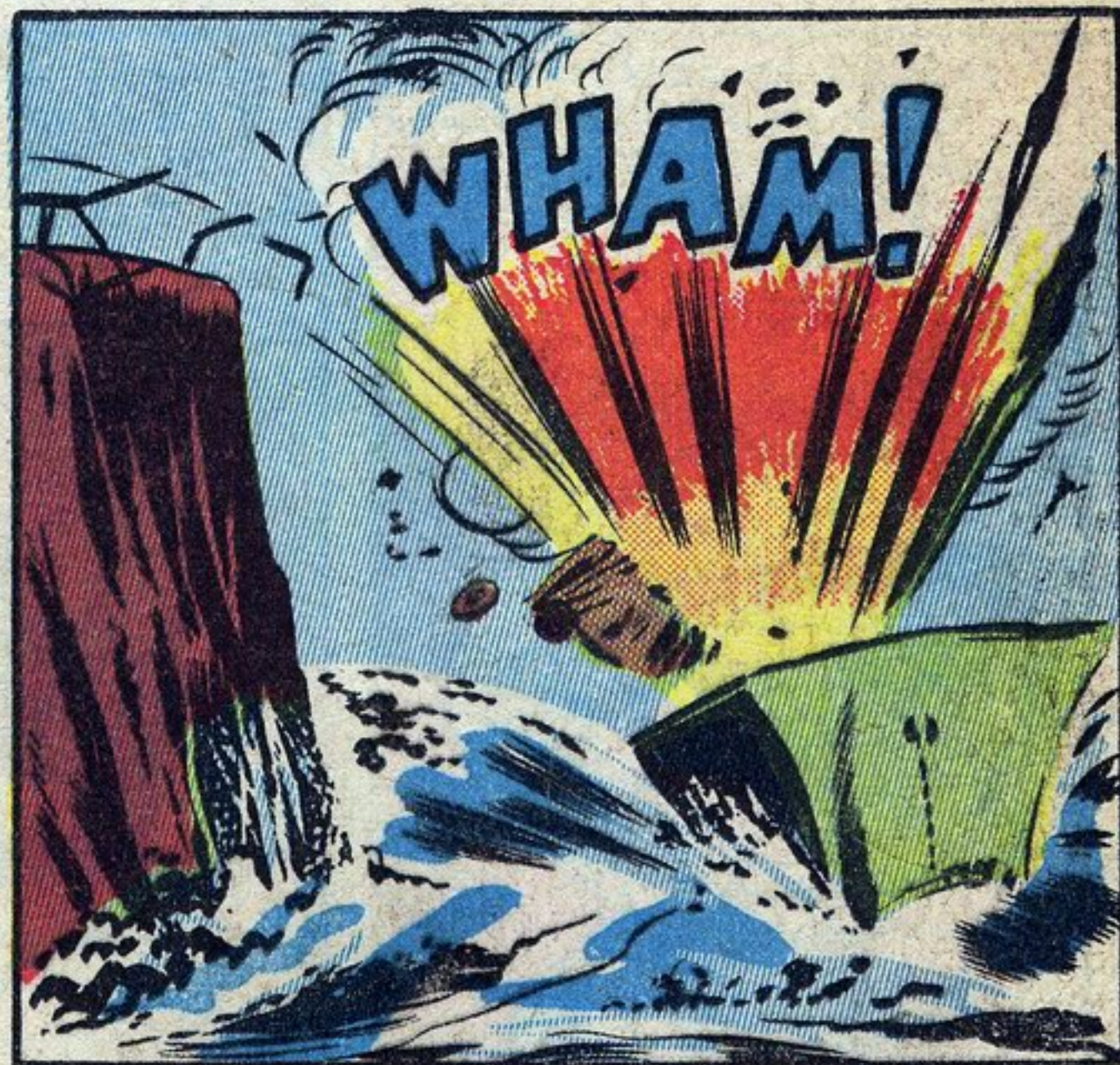
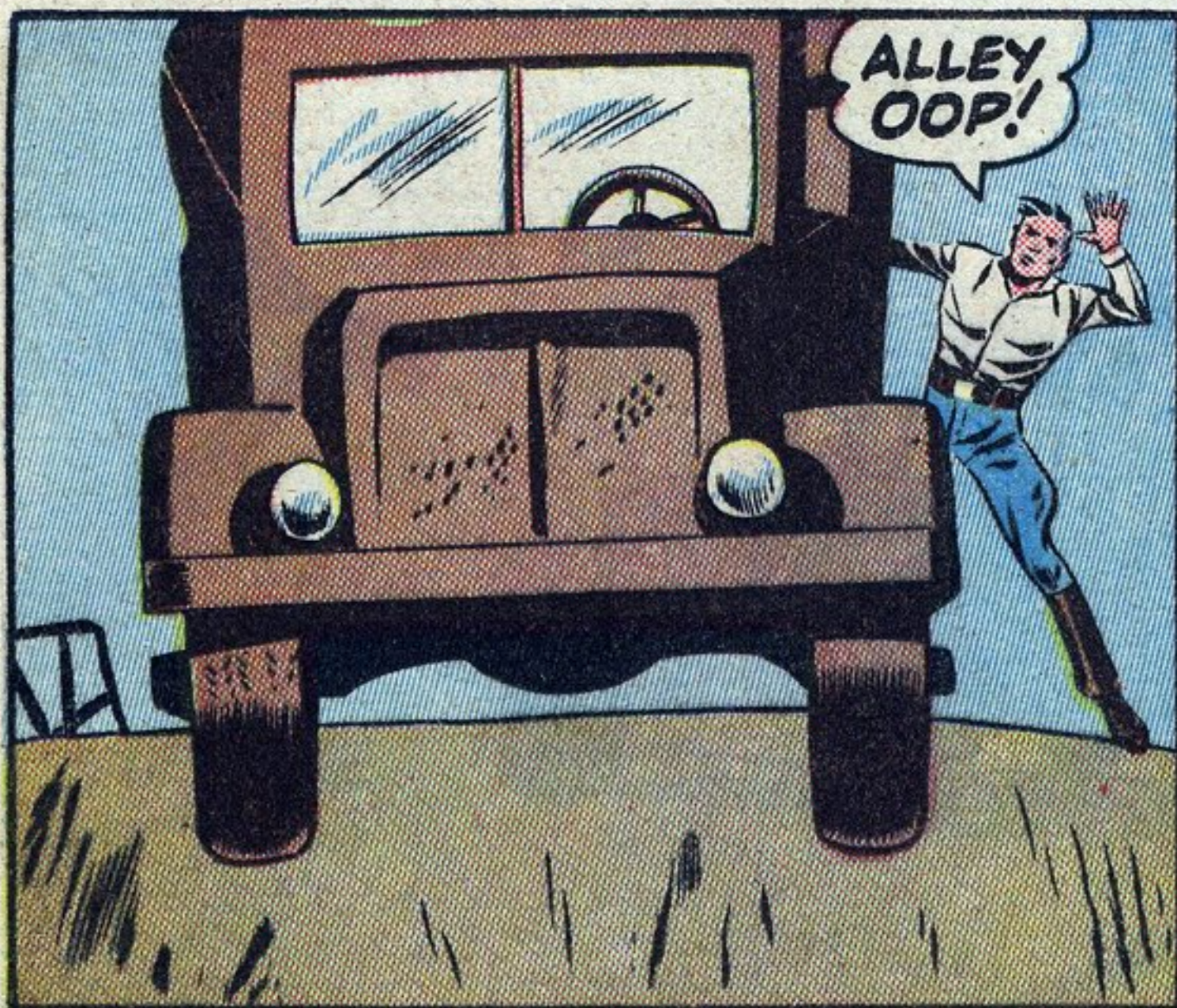
THAT MOTOR LAUNCH MUST HAVE
SET OUT FROM A JAP TRANSPORT!
WHEN THOSE BOYS DON'T SHOW
UP, OTHERS MAY COME IN
FOR A LOOK-SEE!

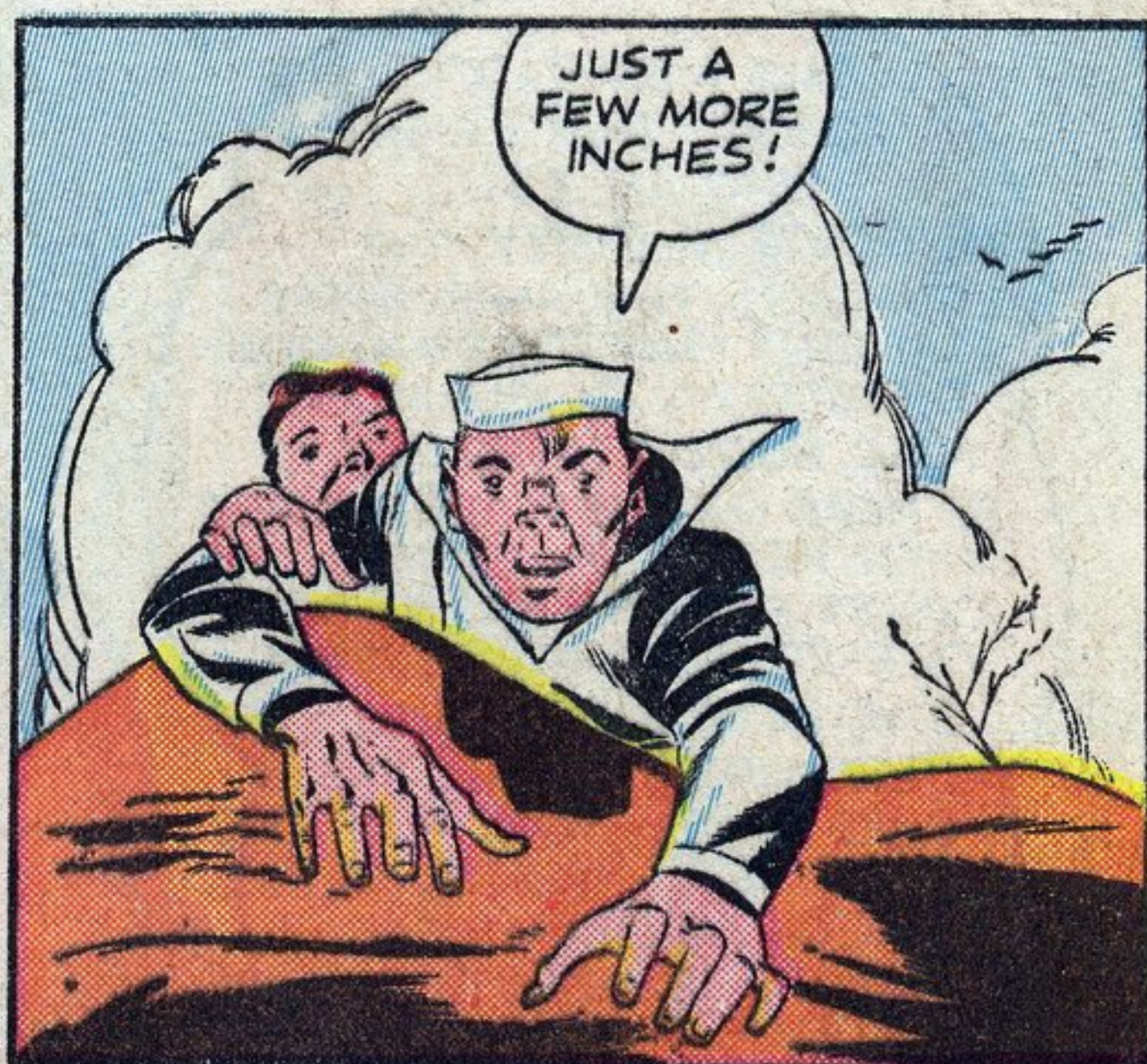


THAT'S THE TRANSPORT!
HIDING HERE FOR
THE GO-AHEAD
SIGNAL!

THERE MUST
BE A THOUSAND
JAP TROOPS
ABOARD
HER!







TAKE A GOOD LOOK,
FOLKS! THAT'S RIGHT!
WHO AM I?

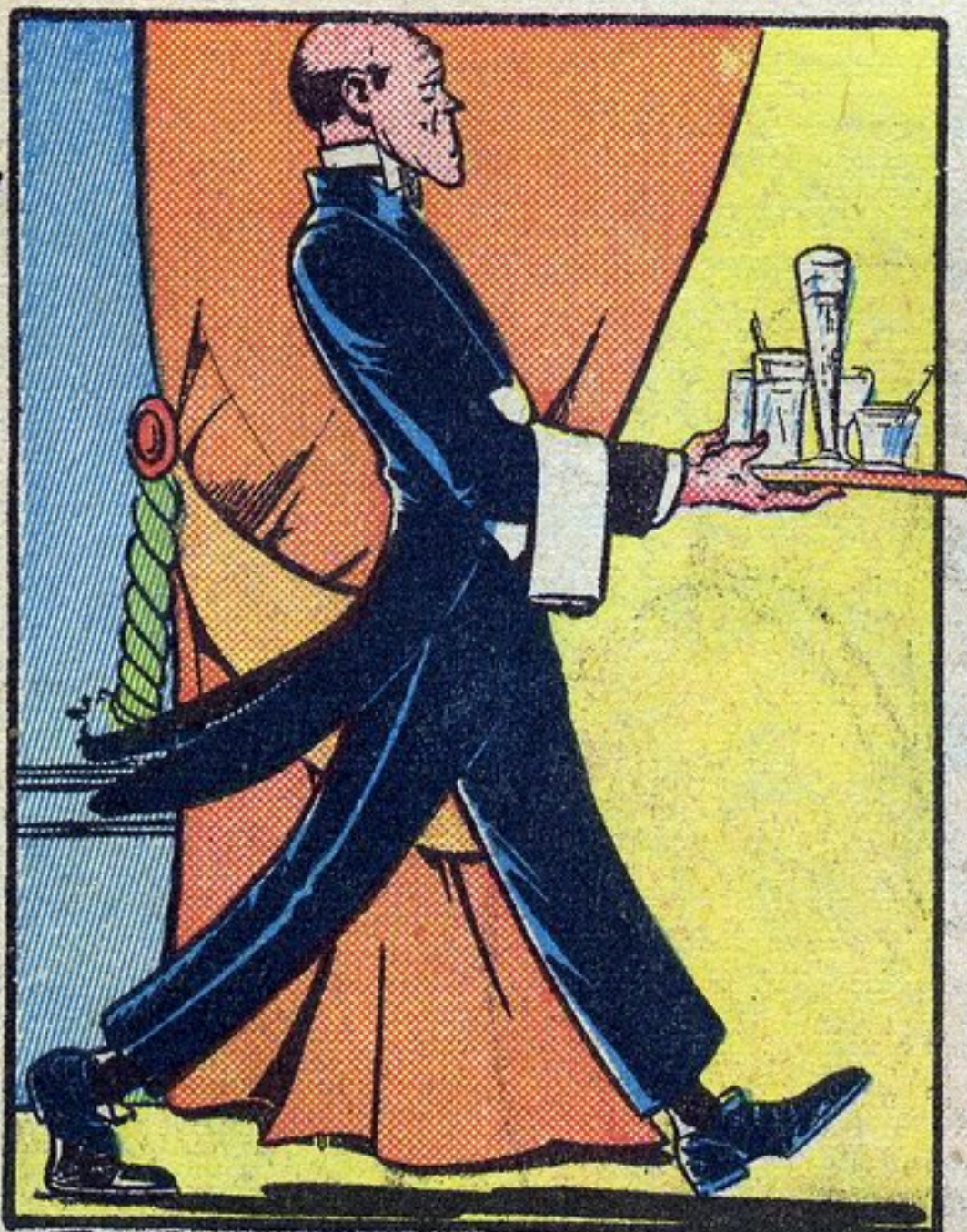
HUSTACE MCGINTY, THE
DUMBEST, THICK-HEADED
FLAT-FOOT THAT EVER WALKED
THE STREETS OF NEW YORK!
WELL, HOW'D I EVER GET TO
BE HEAD OF THE PLAIN-CLOTHES
MEN HERE? BY TAKING
CREDIT FOR THE BRAINWORK
OF EVERYBODY ELSE! WHY
I'VE DONE MORE "BULL
THROWING" THAN ALL THE
COPS IN NEW YORK PUT
TOGETHER! FR'INSTANCE,
CHUCK LANE... WHY IS
HE THE DUMBEST
ROOKIE ON THE
FORCE?? **I**
TAUGHT HIM!

THAT'S
MCGINTY,
ALL RIGHT...
AND YET--IT
DOESN'T
SOUND
LIKE HIM!

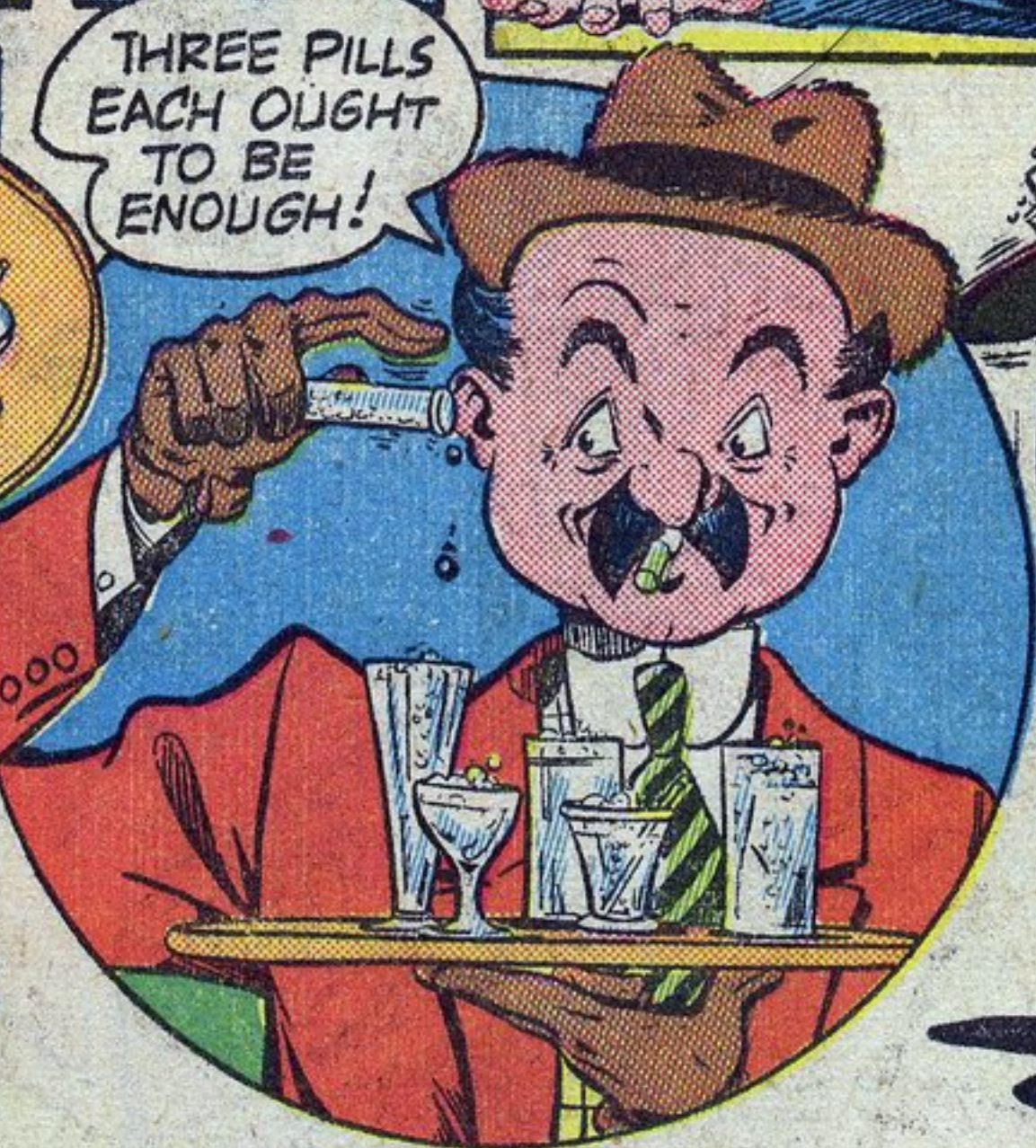
I
DOOED
IT!

JESTER

AT THE SNITZY
MILLIONAIRES' CLUB ...



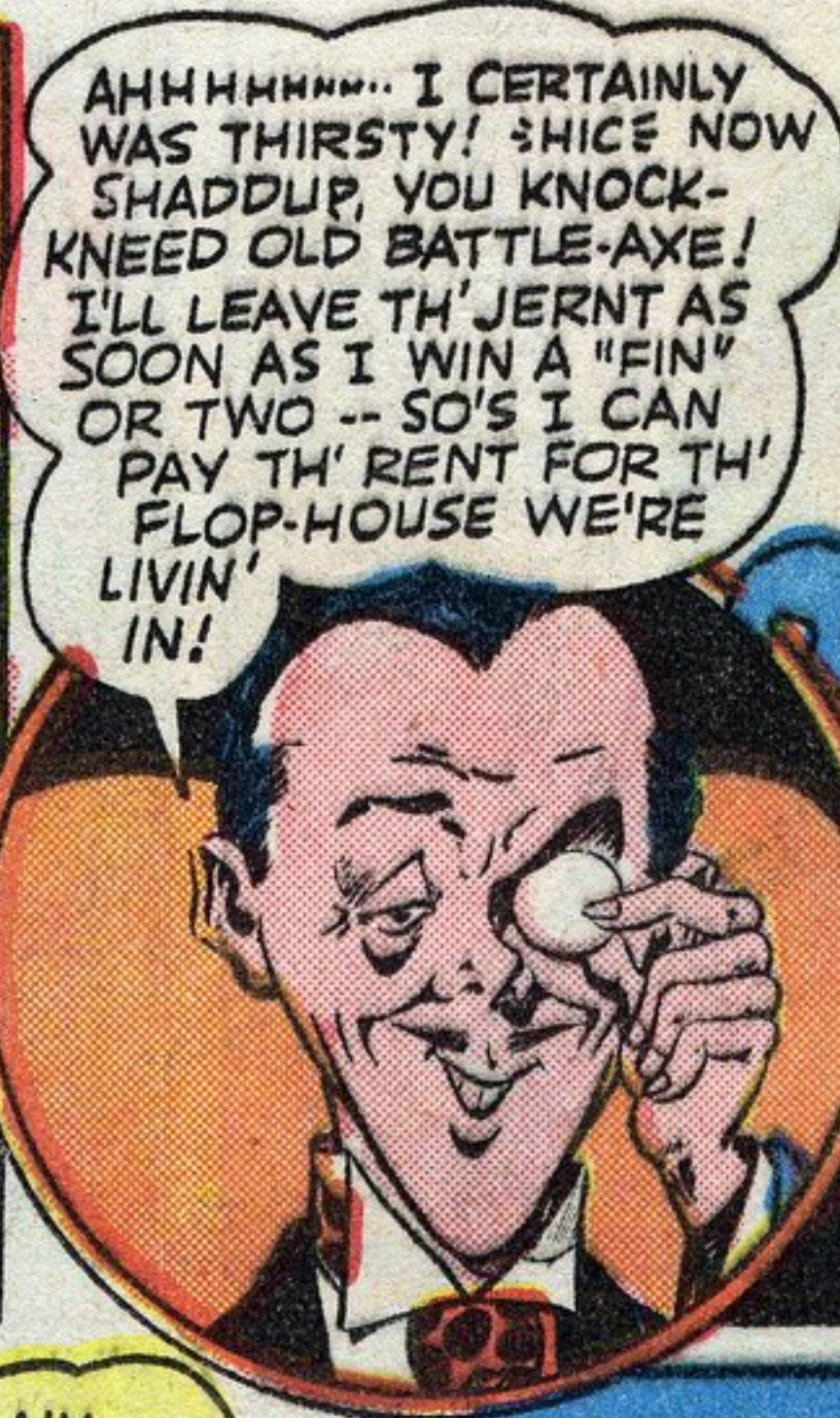
K L A N K !





MARVELOUS
DRINK THIS
IS!

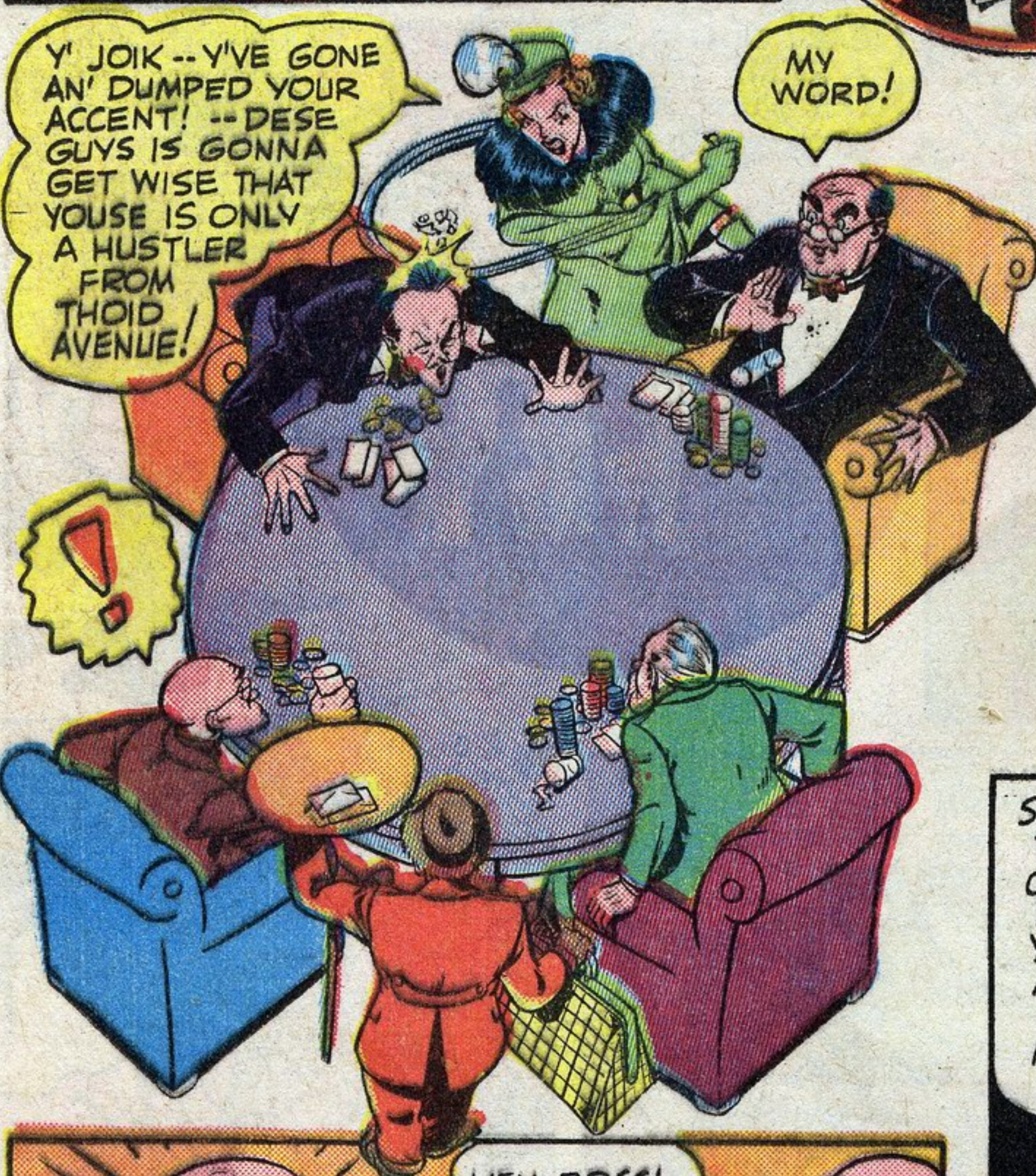
LORD ANDREW,
I MUST INSIST
THAT WE
LEAVE



AHHHHHH... I CERTAINLY
WAS THIRSTY! SINCE NOW
SHADDUP, YOU KNOCK-
KNEED OLD BATTLE-AXE!
I'LL LEAVE TH' JERNT AS
SOON AS I WIN A "FIN"
OR TWO -- SO'S I CAN
PAY TH' RENT FOR TH'
FLOP-HOUSE WE'RE
LIVIN'
IN!



DID I SAY
THAT?

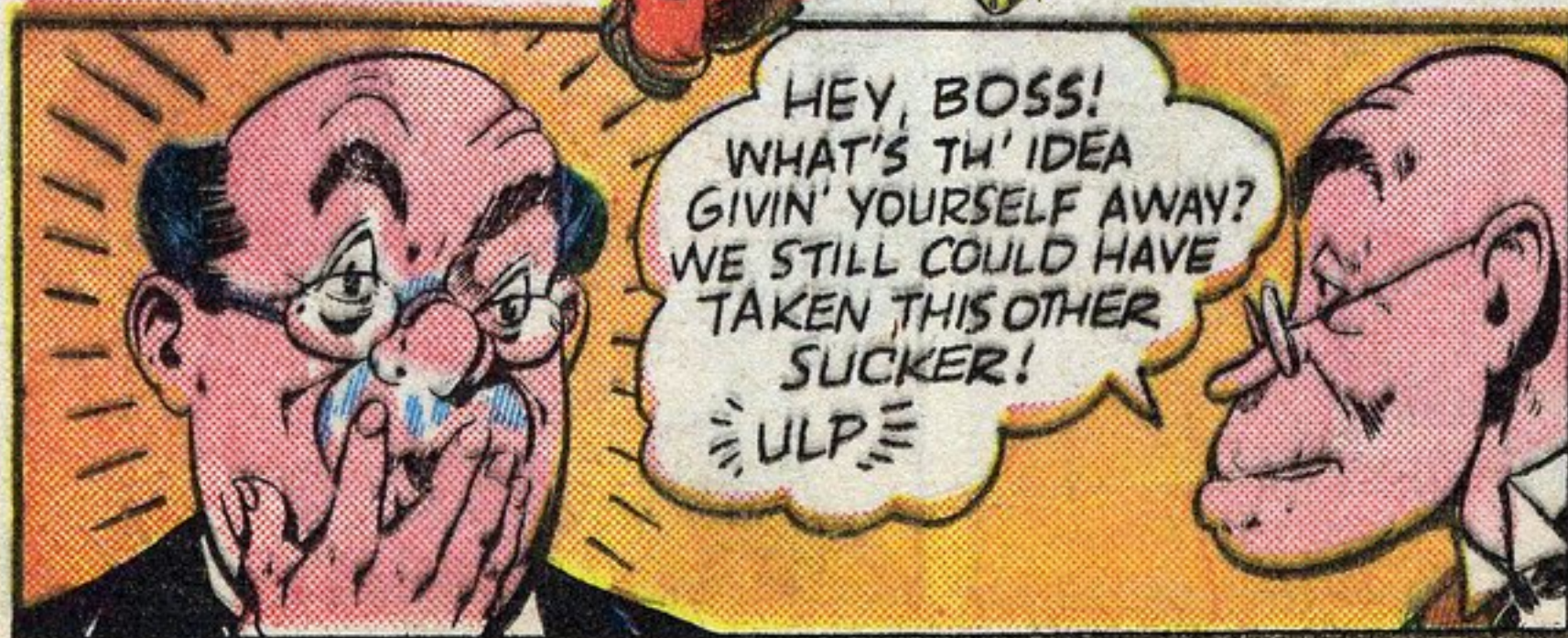


Y' JOIK -- Y'VE GONE
AN' DUMPED YOUR
ACCENT! -- DESE
GUYS IS GONNA
GET WISE THAT
YOUSE IS ONLY
A HUSTLER
FROM
THOID
AVENUE!

MY
WORD!



THROW THE
BUMS OUT -- NO
THIRD AVENUE
HUSTLER IS
GOING TO
MUSCLE IN ON
THIS CLUB!
THIS IS MY
TERRITORY!
"ACE"
MORGAN'S
!!



HEY, BOSS!
WHAT'S TH' IDEA
GIVIN' YOURSELF AWAY?
WE STILL COULD HAVE
TAKEN THIS OTHER
SUCKER!
ULP



SUCKER, EH?? TAKE ME FOR A
TRIMMING? WHY, YOU BUNCH
OF CHISELERS! -- HOW DID YOU
EXPECT TO BEAT ME WHEN
YOU'RE PLAYING WITH MY
MARKED CARDS? I COULD
TELL EVERY CARD YOU
HAD IN YOUR
HAND!

CROOK!
 CHEAT! **BAM!**
WHAM!
 SWINDLER!
 CARD-SHARK!
CRASH!
CRACK!
BOP! CHISELER!
 HUSTLER!

THIS IS THE MILLIONAIRES' CLUB! SEND THE POLICE OVER!! THERE'S A RIOT IN THE CARD ROOM! HURRY!!

AND-WITH THE COPS COME MCGINTY AND CHUCK LANE...

BREAK IT UP!
 CUT IT OUT!

OKAY! OKAY! SHADDUP AN' TELL ME WHAT STARTED THIS?

THESE TWO PHONIES WERE TRYING TO TAKE US FOR A SHELLACKING!

AN NOBODY'S GONNA PLAY ACE MORGAN AN' HIS PARTNER FOR SUCKERS!

AND THAT GOES FOR "THE MAJOR," TOO!

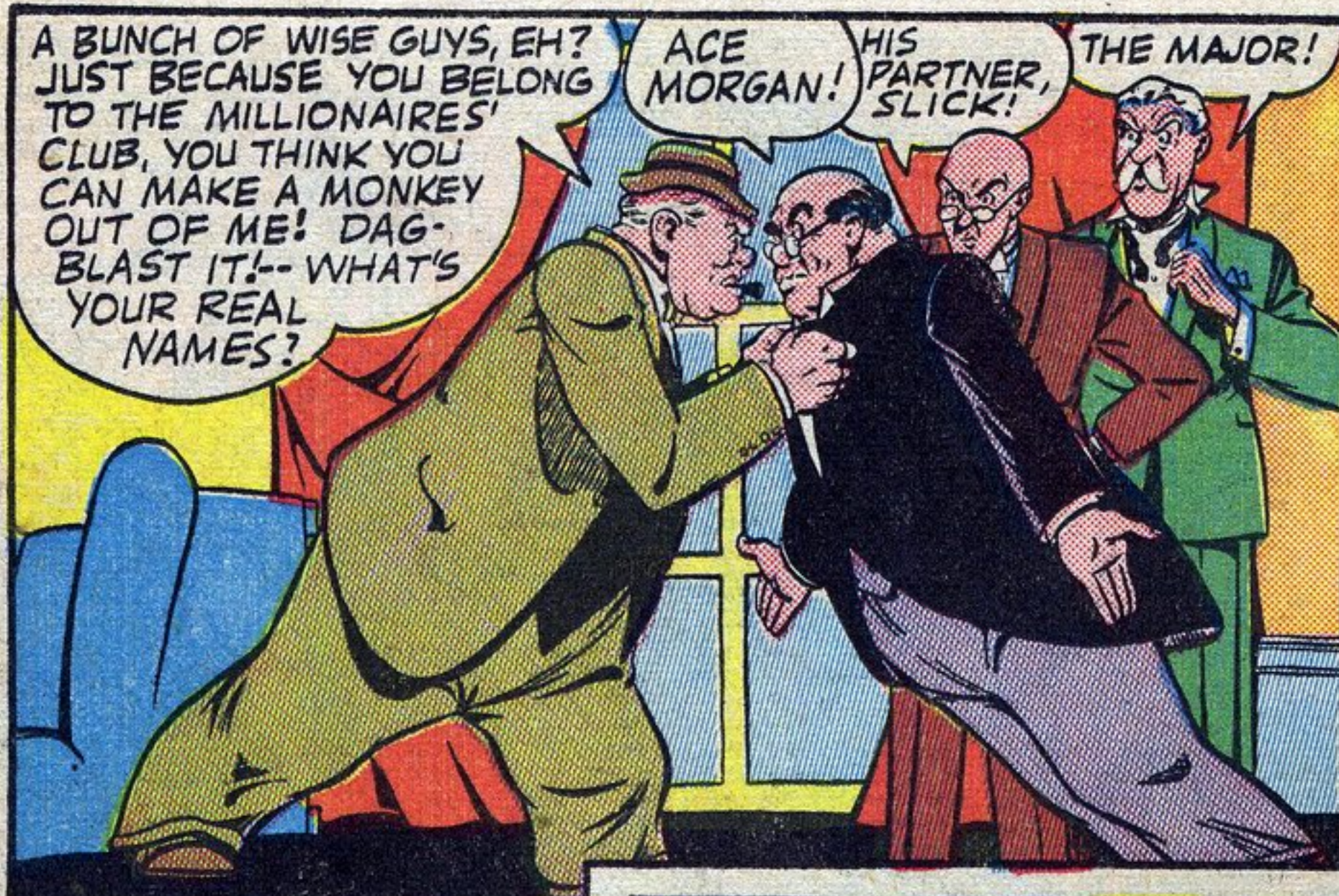
WHAT?

ACE MORGAN AN' HIS PARTNER... AN "THE MAJOR"?? HARUMP!

THREE OF THE SLICKEST "CARD SHARKS" THAT THERE ARE... HUNTED BY EVERY COP IN THE COUNTRY!...

AND THEY ADMIT WHO THEY ARE-- TO ME!





A BUNCH OF WISE GUYS, EH? JUST BECAUSE YOU BELONG TO THE MILLIONAIRES' CLUB, YOU THINK YOU CAN MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME! DAG-BLAST IT!-- WHAT'S YOUR REAL NAMES?

ACE MORGAN!

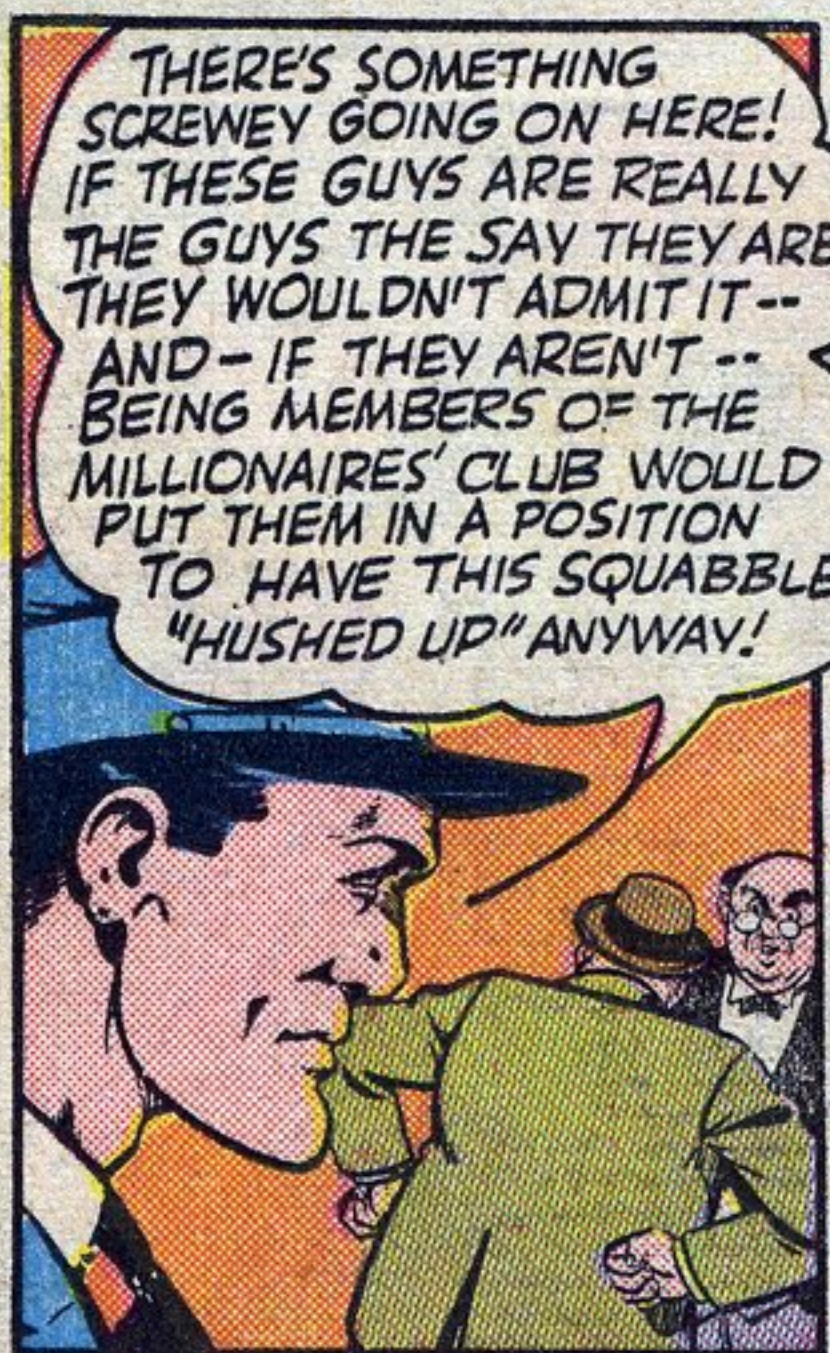
HIS PARTNER, SLICK!

THE MAJOR!



OH! -- AFRAID YOU'LL GET SOME UNFAVORABLE PUBLICITY? DO I HAVE TO DRAG YOU DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS AND MAKE YOU TELL ME?

NO--I'M "ACE" MORGAN! HONEST!



THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWEY GOING ON HERE! IF THESE GUYS ARE REALLY THE GUYS THEY SAY THEY ARE, THEY WOULDN'T ADMIT IT-- AND-- IF THEY AREN'T -- BEING MEMBERS OF THE MILLIONAIRES' CLUB WOULD PUT THEM IN A POSITION TO HAVE THIS SQUABBLE "HUSHED UP" ANYWAY!



WHAT TH--?? SAY--? WHO'S THAT LITTLE GUY UNDER THE TABLE?



OSCAR OOPLE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE!

PICKING UP A DOLLAR OR TWO!



SO I SEE! --GIVE!

BEAT IT, LANE! I MADE IT- IN AN HONEST WAY!



YOU DID, EH?

SURE! I GAVE THESE GUYS A FEW OF MY "TRUTH" CAPSULES AND WHEN THEY STARTED TO TELL THE TRUTH, THEY ALL BEGAN SLUGGING ONE ANOTHER --AND THIS DOUGH FELL OUT OF THEIR POCKETS!



I'M JUST PICKING IT UP NOW SO IT'LL SAVE ME THE TIME OF COMING BACK FOR IT! --FOUND I COULD COVER MORE PLACES THAT WAY!



TRUTH CAPSULES! NOW I'LL TELL ONE! GIMME THAT MONEY!



DON'T BELIEVE ME, EH? HERE-- HAVE ONE!

GULP!



WHOSE DOUGH IS THAT NOW?

YOURS! IT BELONGS TO THE FINDER-- UNLESS THE RIGHTFUL OWNER CLAIMS IT WITHIN A REASONABLE TIME! ??!! WHAT MADE ME SAY THAT ??



THANKS! NOW GO OVER AND STRAIGHTEN MCGINTY OUT AS TO WHO THOSE GUYS ARE!



HEY! MCGINTY! THESE GUYS ARE TELLING THE TRUTH! THEY'RE REALLY "ACE" MORGAN, SLICK, AND "THE MAJOR"!

SURE

WE CAN'T CONVINCE HIM!

YOU, TOO! I SUPPOSE THE NEXT THING YOU'LL DO IS TELL ME THAT YOU'RE THE JESTER!



THAT'S RIGHT... HERE! ---

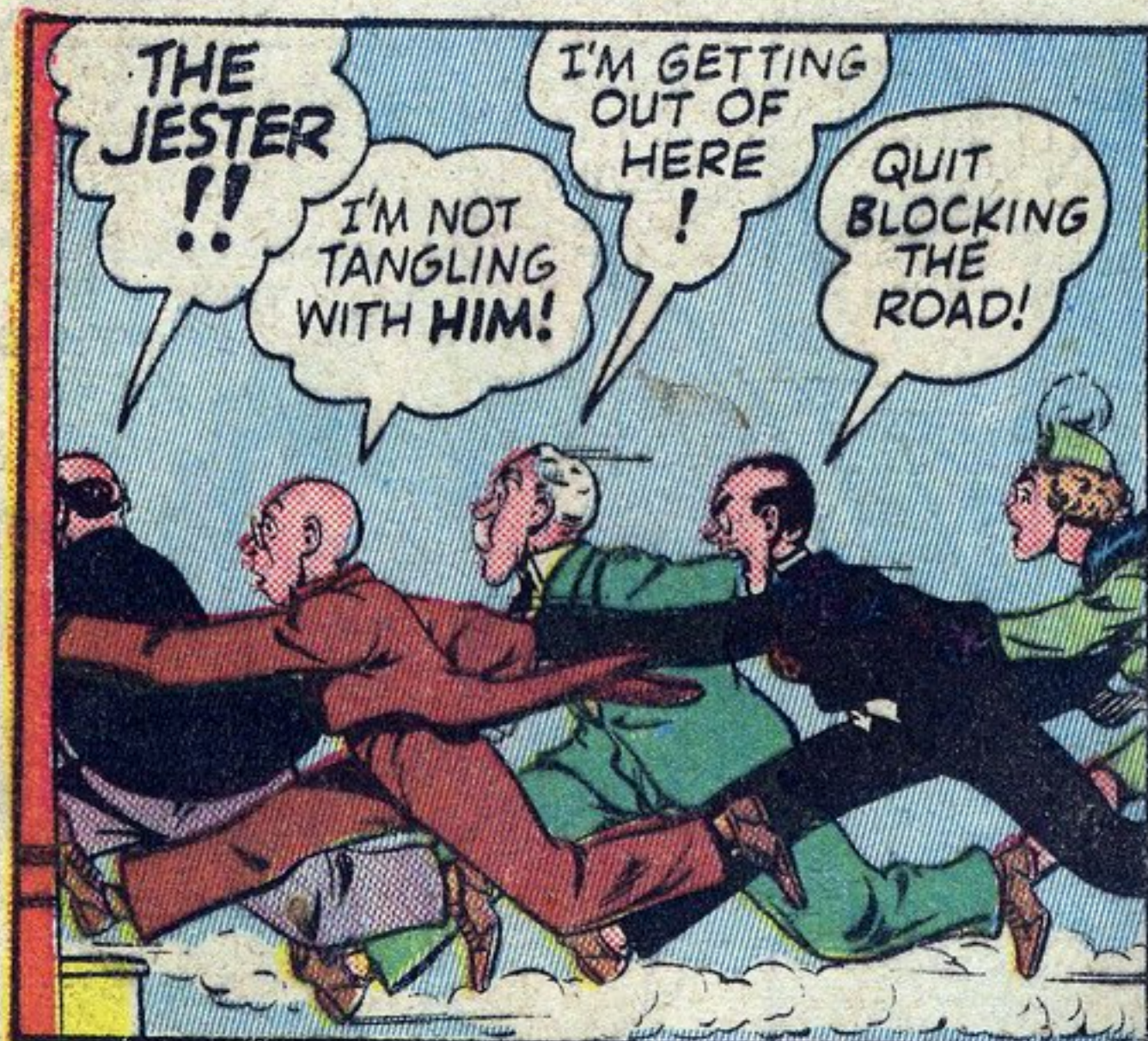
☆◎!#%◎!! I AIN'T IN IN NO MOOD FOR HUMOR!



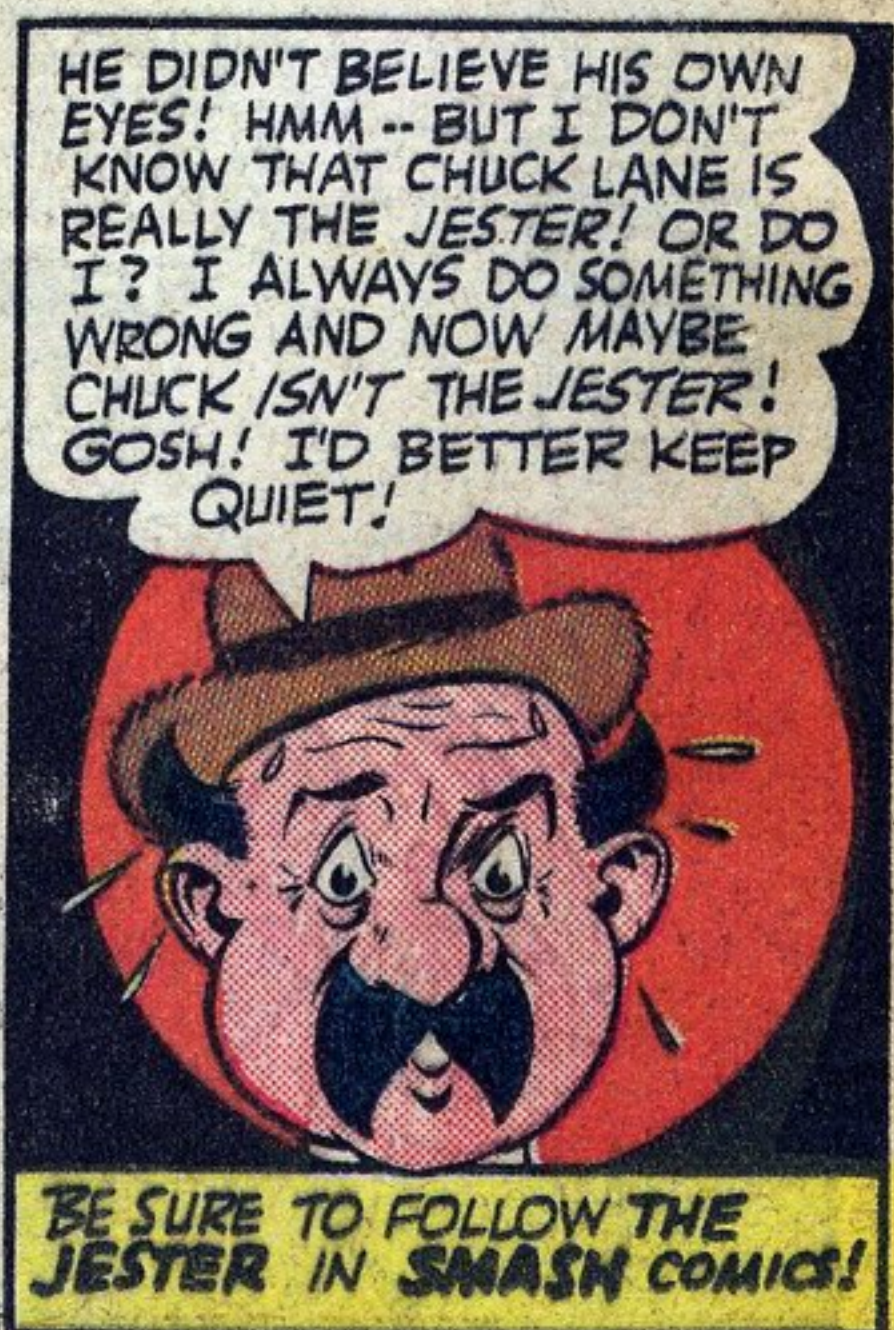
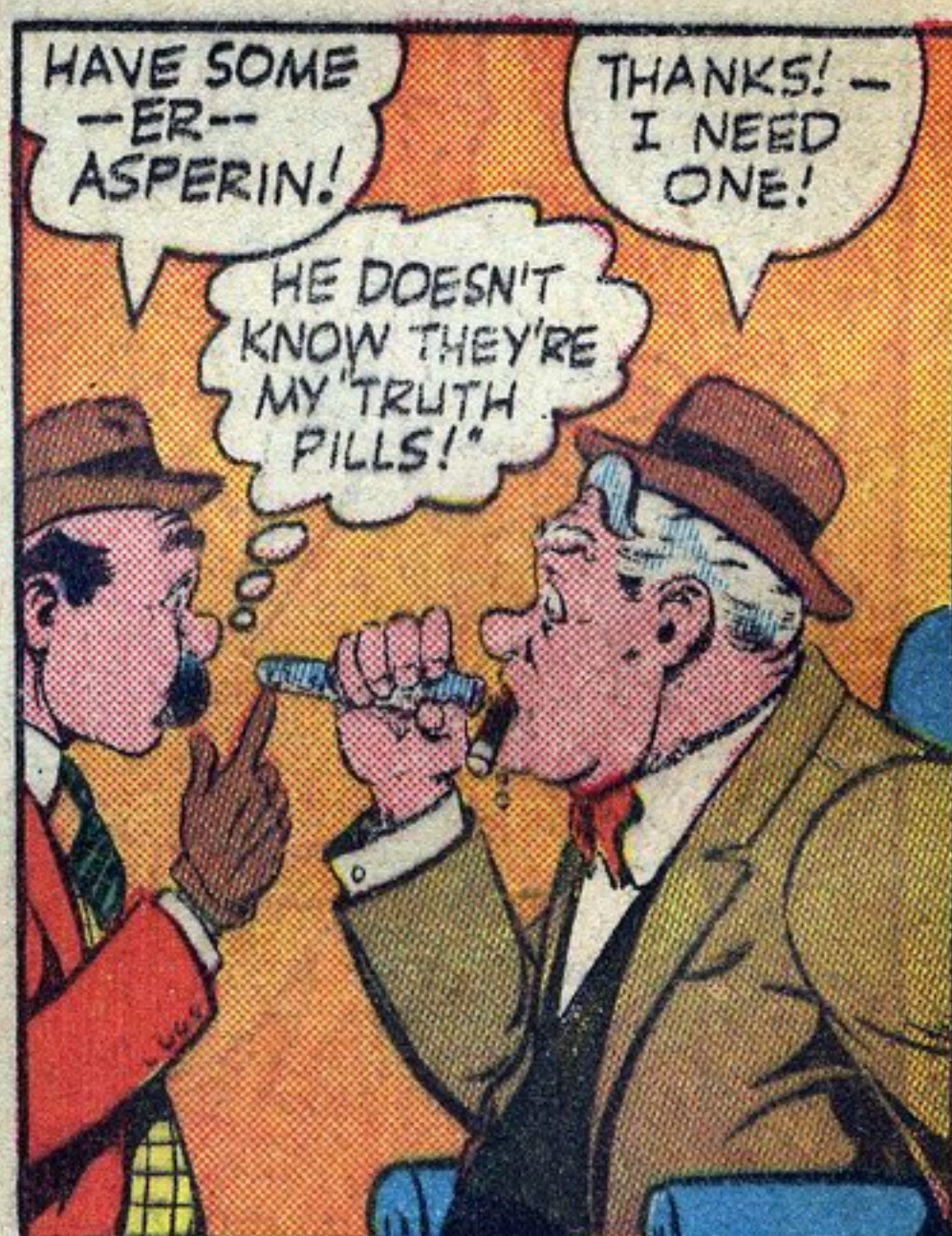
I'M NOT KIDDING, MCGINTY!



SEE!... I AM THE JESTER!



A FEW SHORT MINUTES LATER!...



BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE JESTER IN SMASH COMICS!

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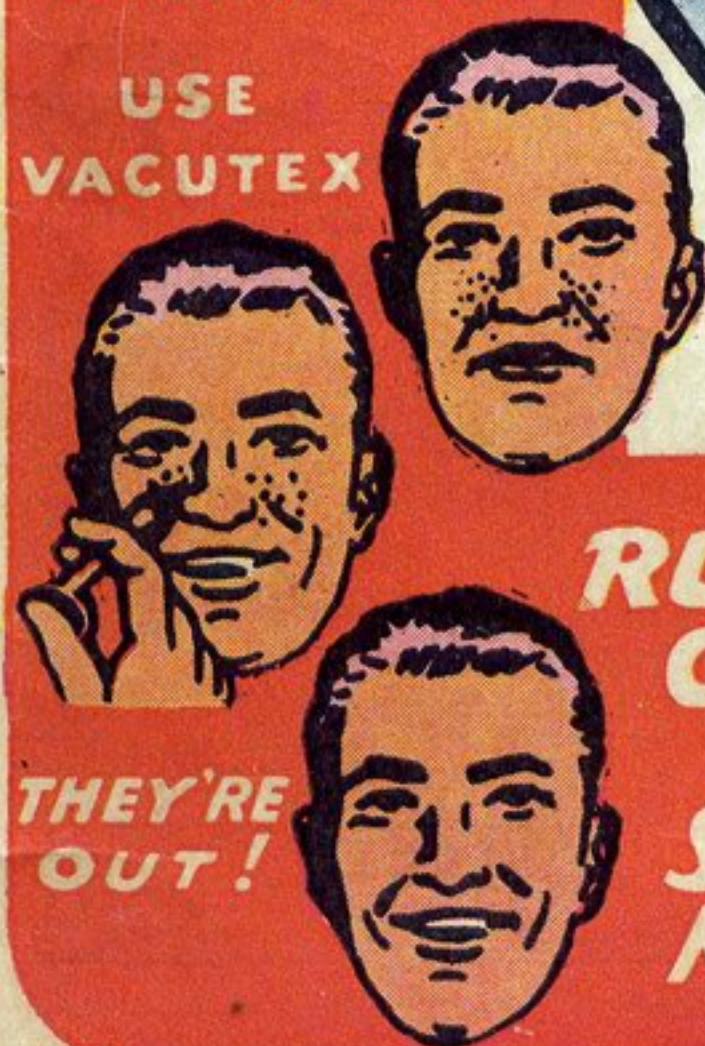
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